THE TRUE LAFAYETTE

BY

GEORGE MORGAN

THE TRUE LA FAYETTE

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LA FAYETTE AS HE APPEARED AT YORKTOWN
From a drawing by Alonzo Chappel

The True La Fayette

By

George Morgan

Author of "The True Patrick Henry"
"John Littlejohn of J," "The Issue," etc.

WITH TWENTY-SIX ILLUSTRATIONS

PHILADELPHIA AND LONDON
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TO

DELAWARE COLLEGE

IN

MY MUCH-LOVED NATIVE STATE OF DELAWARE

PREFACE

At the very crest and crisis of the World War, La Fayette's name was spoken by an authoritative voice in the most dramatic, the most magical manner that could well be imagined.. Immediately, the incident was taken to heart by our millions. It became popular because it had in it the right ring, the true appeal. The moment was ripe for it—the American mind receptive. Most people had faith in the Allies, in the ultimate confounding and overthrow of the enemy; but the pessimist in us often darkened our hope with the whisper: "Nay, be not too sanguine! They may drive through to Paris, to the sea." There might be a reversion to military despotism—that seemed a haunting and horrible possibility; or, as all America hoped, there might be a complete reëstablishment of free government, such as La Fayette had fought for from boyhood on till his last breath.

One may be pardoned for recalling the exact circumstances of the incident referred to. The situation was simple. All clouds, all complexities (if not all doubts) had been swept away when the United States resolved to strike for the liberties of mankind. The enemy, by reason of enormous successes in the East, was concentrating in the West. His submarines were in the full fiendishness of their activity. Then it was that General John J. Pershing, Commander-in-chief of the American Expeditionary Forces, having arrived in France with the vanguard of our overseas army of two millions of men, made a pilgrimage in Paris to Picpus Cemetery and, standing by one of the tombs, said reverently: "*La Fayette, we are here.*" That

utterance—those four words [1]—meant much to us and a great deal to the hard-pressed French. One meaning was that we were about to pay something on our inextinguishable debt to France. Another meaning was that America, with its three millions in young La Fayette's time, had enlisted, with its one hundred millions, in the very cause La Fayette had championed.

Thus once more in the world's history La Fayette's name became a word to conjure with. From beginning to end, his was a life of action. With his one great creed—Liberty—he was the Man of Two Worlds (Beranger's "*l'homme des deux mondes*"), two ages, two civilizations—that of *l'ancien régime* and the latter-day democracy. One cannot add: "The Man of Two Centuries," since he labored in the eighteenth and nineteenth and now, in the twentieth—dust though he be—is still enlisted in the cause of freedom. Nor may one say, "the Man of Two Revolutions," seeing that he was a chief participant in two major revolutions and the deciding force in not a few minor revolutions.

Manifestly, a review of La Fayette's life and labors is in order. Approaching the centenary of his death, we still need to know more of the man who said: "The welfare of America is closely bound up with the welfare of mankind."

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[1] Various versions of the saying soon were heard. At a Victory dinner, with distinguished speakers, one said: "La Fayette, we have come." Another: "La Fayette, here we are"—a ridiculous paraphrase. A letter from the writer of these pages to Headquarters brought forth the following statement:

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES,
Office of the Commander-in-Chief.
France, January 4, 1919.

DEAR SIR:

General Pershing has received your letter of December 9, and directs me to advise you that the words spoken by him at the tomb of La Fayette were: "La Fayette, we are here."

Sincerely yours,
G. E. ADAMSON,
Captain, A. D. G.,
Private Secretary.

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The True La Fayette

I

CHAVANIAC—A LORDLING OF AUVERGNE

La Fayette is made alive for us, at the start, by his own story of the wolf he yearned to meet and do to death in the woods at Chavaniac, in Haute-Loire, where he was born on the sixth of September, 1757, and where, next day, in the church by the château, he was christened Marie Paul Roche Yves Gilbert du Motier. This posthumous child, this lordling with names strung upon him like beads upon a rosary, this lad who, at eight, as champion of his mother's flocks, bristled against a depredating wolf, was destined, we now know, to meet many terrible wolves, to go out into the big world as a hunter of wolves; and such wolves!—wolves of thousand-year-old privilege, of despotism, of anarchy.

Remembering these things, La Fayette is no longer a name merely, a figure stalking, ghost-like, from date to date in history; he gains in human warmth; his strong pulsations grow recognizable under the reader's touch; he becomes for us a being with breath in him, boy, impetuous youth, man, patriot, a wrestler who threw and was thrown.

In those Bourbon days, the game laws of France protected ravaging wild animals in order that the nobles might disport themselves through woods and fields; by and by, indeed, we shall see how the *droit de Chassé* figured among the causes of the French Revolution.

Nor does one need to recall La Fontaine's fables to realize that wolves abounded. A traveller, telling of the depredations of *loup-cerviers* and animadverting upon the legendary *loup-garou,* writes of a midnight

raid of wolves passing like a whirlwind through the main street of the village.[1]

Wolves! Cæsar! Vercingetorix! These must have been in the boy's thoughts as he followed the hunter's paths in the dark forest of Chavaniac. His own lineage reached much less than half way back to Cæsar's age; but the wolf's, one fancies, went surely and darkly all the way back to it, and beyond. As La Fayette, the young learner, thumbed his copy of "De Bello Gallico," and especially as he pondered over its Seventh Book, he must have felt himself on Cæsar's own particular ground. Certainly Julius Cæsar was well acquainted with Auvergne, the country of the Arverni. Hereaway campaigned against him Vercingetorix, the Arvernian rebel, "chief of a hundred chiefs." Hereaway it was that, with battle-axe men, men with clubs and trained war-dogs, he made Cæsar taste bitter defeat, successfully defending Gerovina, his capital, on its hill within sight of what was later Augusto-Nemetum, home of the tutor of Marcus Aurelius, and what is now big and busy Clermont-Ferrand. Here it was that he made the last stand for the liberties of Gaul; and, finally, at Alesia,[2] in glittering armor with cloak and tunic, moustached, bearded, his long hair showing below the neck-flap of his two-winged helmet, the hero rode into camp a broken captive, destined to walk at Cæsar's chariot wheel; and so die the death.

As Brieude puts it, La Haute-Auvergne is, properly speaking, "a cordon of mountains which, joining the Velay and Vivarais, form a prolongation of the Savoyard Alps." In a sense, Auvergne is a segment of the backbone of France. Victor Duruy lauds it as

[1] "A Pilgrimage to Auvergne," by Louisa Stuart Costello, 2 vols., 1842.

[2] Or, as some claim, at Alise le Reine, in Auvergne, 47 B.C. Others insist that Alaise, in France—Comte was the place of surrender.

a unifying part of Nature's great framework of the country between the Alps, the Pyrenees, the Rhine, and the two salt seas.[3] Auvergne, with its high mountains—Puy de Sancy, 1897 metres—its three hundred extinct volcanoes, "has, like the Alps, its shepherds and its goatherds." M. Duruy sees in Auvergne a binding force that has held France together, "for if the East had only mountaineers and the West only sailors, two nations would have been formed in France."[4] Let us add that, from these midland heights of ancient Aquitania Prima, streams flow in every direction. It is the central watershed of France. Such, for instance, is La Fayette's own stream, the Allier, powerful affluent and, considered by some,[5] great fountain-feeder of the Loire, the longest river—*"le fleuve national"*—of a well-watered land. Peaks pierce the clouds in this La Fayette country; and Chateaubriand, visiting it, found breathing difficult on one of them. The land varies, like the people. It is a lesser Switzerland, with much grandeur, much beauty, much charm of contrast, such as is afforded by the Puy de Dome, an immense purple-shadowed mountain, and La Lamagne, a far-reaching valley, fertile and beautiful, green and gracious. At once there is that which is soft and fair and winsome, and that which is hard, wild, black,

[3] By parity of reasoning, the Appalachies and Rockies in America become advantageous; they help to diversify; and, in the diversification, as in union, there is strength.

[4] "Histoire de France." Here is the passage in full: "Yet the great valleys of the Rhine and the Rhone traverse the mountainous regions of the East, while the last spurs of the mountains extend far into the West; so that Auvergne, in the centre of France, has, like the Alps, its shepherds and its goatherds, while the valleys of the Rhone and the Rhine have, like those of the great western rivers, their trading or manufacturing towns. This parallelism is the foundation of the National Unity of France; for if the East had only mountaineers and the West only sailors, two nations would have been formed in France."

[5] "The Loire," by Douglas Goldring, 1913.

barren and forbidding. The crag, the precipice, the perilous pass, the castle-crowned hill, the arched bridge, the untutored mountaineer, the ravaging baron, the robber chief, the ugly legendary tale of death, the pretty tale of love and fairyland luck—all these come into the story of Auvergne. But the characteristic note, perhaps, is found in the volcanic origin of the numberless upheaved heights. It is the note of black—black dust, black rock, the white of snow on lava, black and brown barrens, with an occasional gray patch betokening ashes and scoriæ from some fiery vent. Boiling springs are found. Whole towns are built of dark stone of volvic, turned darker still by time. When La Fayette was a boy it was a custom on St. John's Eve to start great fires in the crater of the Puy de Dome. Thus would he behold an "eruption" of a local Vesuvius. Most likely he knew of the fossil monsters dug up at Issoire, a few miles from his home, whereby it was suspected that frosty Auvergne must have been tropical and fiery in the days when its volcanoes were active. What a land for a lad with a predilection for science! But science was not his bent—not at all. He saw forests of pine, larch, beech, aspen, fir. A mountain echo to him was *filetta muda*—Fickle Maiden. Perhaps, at that time, there was a soft southern cadence in his speech which might have served him well when he went to Court. In Haute-Auvergne the ancient *patois,* like the Provençal of Roumanille and Mistral, is a Latin-descended dialect of the *language d'oc.* But one should add that the traveller fails to find in Auvergne this charm of speech that is discoverable in Mistral's land.[6] The Auvergne *patois,*

[6] Of Joseph Roumanille (1818–1891), writes Charles Alfred Downer, is told the touching story, that one day, while reciting in his home before a company of friends some poems in French that he had written, he observed tears in his mother's eyes. She could not understand the poetry his friends so much admired. Roumanille, much moved, resolved to write no verses that his

often soft and sweet when spoken by women and children, loses its fascinating quality when bellowed or grunted by the gruff mountaineers, accustomed to calling from hilltop to hilltop. The Auvergne's dance, too, is in keeping with the shrillness of the cornemeuse, his barbaric bagpipe. By the spring freshets he sends down wool and wood and marble. He is lumberman, raftsman, and out-of-doors man; and his *gaucherie* is known as far as Paris.

But there are individual Auvergnats far better known to Paris and the world—historic personages, indeed. At Clermont-Ferrand, Urban II, in 1095, gave body and being to the First Crusade; French Kings favored the place in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; and Pascal[7] (1623–1662) was born there. Natives, too, were Delille, the poet, and General Dessaix; and the great Massillon, though born elsewhere, was so much esteemed that when he passed along the streets the people were wont to kneel, crying "*Vive notre père!*" Nearer than Clermont-Ferrand to La Fayette's old home—only six miles away, in fact—stood, and stands, the considerable town of Brioude. Froissart, in his "Chronicles," tells us how Sir Seguin de Batefol (Simon Batefol) "took by escalade a good city in Auvergne called Brioude, and which is situated on the river Allier." Then Sir Seguin preyed upon Auvergne until the King of Navarre got rid of him "by giving him poisoned oranges at dinner." There is

mother could not enjoy, and henceforth devoted himself ardently to the task of purifying and perfecting the dialect of the Saint-Rémy. It has been said no less truthfully than poetically that from a mother's tears was born the new Provençal poetry, destined to so splendid a career.

[7] Of Pascal, in truth, the Clermontoises are particularly proud. And other celebrities are identified with Auvergne—Geoffrey of Tours; Domat, the jurisconsult, who insisted that law shall proceed from common sense, not from custom, and shall draw its precepts from an eternal code; Michel de l'Hôpital, Chancellor under Catherine de Medici, who upheld toleration; d'Estaing and Abbé Girard.

really no end to the romance of this region, with its Roman prelude, its feudal story and its chapters belonging to the annals of France herself.

However, let us make no overuse of local or historical color. It is La Fayette we are concerned about —his people, his environment, the character-forming influences of his early days. We want to know the world he opened his eyes upon—the eyes of his mind. Perhaps Americans will draw nearer to him in spirit when they begin to see as he saw; they will find him all the more life-like when they visualize Auvergne and its lordling who was to do things of consequence, or at least try hard to do them, whether or no.

But many of us can gain a topographical grasp only from the high road. We have the habit; it is inveterate. Even a view of the domes and puys and intricate convolutions of the "massif Central" taken from the commanding cockpit of an aeroplane would do us little good. Hence it will be well to follow the old diligence road from Clermont-Ferrand. Like the railroad, it ascends where the Allier descends. The current comes north; we are speeding south. We are in the lovely valley of La Limagne. It is an undulating road; walnut trees shade it and between their branches are glimpses of blue horizons, purple mountains and much that is grand, since some of the peaks stand up 6000 feet. If fogs thicken and veil the view, it may be that at some 'vantage point we shall have a Jovian scene-shifter in the wind, which, lifting the curtain, will disclose a panorama not to be forgotten.

We are in a mining country—that is clear. There are mines of lead, iron, antimony. The miner is the black-browned Auvergnat; and we see him on the road. Likewise, we shall see his spouse in her cowl-like cap, black velvet bodice and scarlet sash. "*Un gros rouge* is the delight of the dames of Auvergne,"

says Lady Morgan, "and *un bleu céleste* the passion of the elegantes of Limousin."

Thus we come to the ancient town of Issoire, famous for the copper kettles made there; to Brioude; to the crossing of the Allier by a stone bridge, long celebrated for the width of its single arch; and to St. Georges d'Aurat, with the Château de Saint Roch de Chavaniac nearby. We are at La Fayette's birthplace. To keep along the main road would be to ascend hour by hour until we should come to the crest of the watershed. At the crest we should be some 3000 feet above the sea. On the one hand would be the basin of the Allier; on the other the basin of the Loire. We should be about to pass from La Fayette's country into that of his kinsmen, the Polignacs, with is ruined Polignac castle on the very peak of a great rock, and its city of Le Puy, unrivaled in picturesqueness, built as it also is on steep basaltic rocks pointing towards heaven. In the South extend the Cevennes, whither the Huguenots fled during the religious strife of a past age.

So much for our La Fayette high road southward from Clermont-Ferrand to Le Puy en Velay. We could have taken another southward road that would have led us nearer to the mediæval La Fayette land of Forez, more to the east, past Thiers on its mountain-top, up the valley of cascades and so on over great heights from which the Dore and Dolore pour down their sparkling waters. Romance and legend are everywhere in this beautiful upland. From the mountain tops on a sunny day the eye ranges far and wide over central and southern France. To the east is the Rhone country, to the west the Garonne. Your guide tells you that with a good glass you could see Paris from the highest peak; but Paris is 110 leagues to the north, and you feel that it must be a very good day and a very good glass. He tells you also to beware

the Laveuse de Nuit. This goddess of the laundry washes with magic bluestone by moonlight; and the water she wrings out from the clothes turns to pearls. Seize the pearls, but avoid the goddess; for if she catches you she will fling you headlong down some cataract. There was a castle in almost every crater, on almost every fort-like eminence; and here La Fayette's antecedents held sway prior to the transfer of the head of the house over the ridge to the banks of the Allier.

All around appear reminders of the period when cardinals rather than Kings or Commune ruled in France. Such is the neighboring La Chaise Dieu—town and church—where St. Robert, a canon of Brioude, established the Abbey of Benedictines, the shrine from which Raymond, Count of Toulouse, celebrated by Tasso, departed for the Holy Land. This Casa Dei was the richest convent in Auvergne. Pope Clement was born at Chaise Dieu and Pope Gregory XI was entombed therein. Cardinal Richelieu owned it; so did Cardinal Mazarin; so did Cardinal de Rohan, who tried to give Marie Antoinette a diamond necklace and who was banished hither for his pains. Such a shrine by reason of its nearness and great celebrity must have been visited often by La Fayette's forbears, the occupants of the Castles of Saint-Romain, Vissac and Saint Roch de Chavaniac. In the Archives of France one finds[8] a copy of the Chavaniac parish register containing the baptismal record of "the very noble and very powerful gentleman," the self-same La Fayette of whom we are telling, the "lawful son of the very noble and very powerful gentleman, Monseigneur Michel - Louis - Christophle - Roch - Gilbert DuMotier,

[8] Historie de la Participation de la France à la Establishment des Etats-Unis d'Amérique," M. Henri Doniol; The Marquis de La Fayette in the American Revolution, 2 vols., Charlemagne Tower, Jr.

Marquis de La Fayette, Baron de Vissac, Seigneur de Saint-Romain and other places, and of the very noble and very powerful lady Madame Marie-Louise-Julie De Lariviere."

What a fine flourish of the clerk's quill is discernible in this entry! La Fayette's name was Motier—Gilbert Motier. "Sieur Motier," Carlyle delights to call him. "Citizen Motier" was his more democratic designation among the *sans-culottes*. Nevertheless, the high-flown record of names and titles in the parish register has its uses to us. It makes plain the fact that La Fayette's father, Colonel the Marquis de La Fayette, was also lord of Vissac and Saint-Romain, now in ruins like so many other feudal castles in La Haute-Loire. Let us not, however, obstruct the flow of our own story by the accumulation on these pages of too much genealogical data.[9] It is the helpful live fact rather than the dead and dry matter that shall be presented here. In feudal France, the Motier family held the fief called Fayette. One of the mediæval lords, in an existing document, wrote of the place as "Villa Faya"—our Fayetteville. Apparently the Motiers were one of the high families of the feudal order dating back nearly a thousand years. The crusading days, Pons Motier, Seigneur de La Fayette, was at the siege of Acre in the Holy Land. That was in 1250. It is well to make

[9] Yet much of it is interesting, as witness these facts from "The Marquis de La Fayette in the American Revolution," by Charlemagne Tower, Jr., Vol. i, p. 3 *et seq.*: "Pons Motier married, in 1340, Alix Brun de Champetières," making thus an alliance from which sprang two branches of the family, the elder known by the name of Gilbert Motier de La Fayette, and the younger by that of Roch Motier de Champetières. The elder of these branches inherited the estates and bore for many generations the title of Seigneurs de La Fayette; whilst the other, that of Motier Champetières, occupied for a long time a position of merely local importance, until, by the failure of male heirs in the elder branch and through substitutions made by will in favor of members of the younger, the titles and estates of the family descended to the Motiers de Champetiéres, who were ultimately known as the family of La Fayette.

especial note of Pons. He it is who first stands out without vagueness as an historic La Fayette. With him, too, the tree branches at the trunk. Later we hear of Jean Motier de La Fayette, who was slain at Poitiers (1356); then of Gilbert Motier III,[10] a great Maréchal under Charles VII; next of Charles Motier, knighted at Rouen; and we know that Gilbert Motier IV was similarly distinguished. It is a long roll—that of the illustrious de La Fayette.[11] In fine, the family sent its sons forth to fight, generation after generation.[12] Like some of the families into which it married, it came near destroying itself through excessive blood-tribute to warring kings and causes. It was Gilbert Motier IV of the elder branch, courtier rather than soldier, who found time to marry Isabeau de Polignac and move from the old Forez country to Saint Romain in Chaliergue; it was Jean Motier de Champetière, of the younger branch, civilian rather than military man, who likewise married a Polignac—Jean de Polignac, Baronne de Vissac, and likewise moved from the picturesque Dore region to the Chavaniac side of the ridge. Bloody battle might claim most of the La Fayettes, but not all. The elder branch, however, ran out, with the

[10] The most famous Gilbert Motier de La Fayette of the very old days was the one who figured in the English wars. Born in 1380, he died a Marshal of France in 1462. He commanded the Franco-Scottish troops in the Battle of Bauge, "though he did not, as has sometimes been stated, slay Thomas, Duke of Clarence, with his own hand."

[11] Antonie, commander of the King's artillery; Louis, governor of Boulogne, and the Comte René-Armand are historically notable Gilbert Motier de La Fayettes. Of the other branch, the Roch Motiers, Jean was Senechal of Auvergne; Jean Marie, Baron of Vissac, was a distinguished soldier, and Claude Motier, "Chevalier de Vissac" (d. Troyes, 1692), took part in sixty-five sieges, not counting the battles.

[12] The La Fayettes were widely related by marriage with prominent families in France, among them those of Polignac, Bourbon-Busset, Marillac, de Trémoïlle, Montboissier, de Lusignem-Lezay, la Rivière and De Bouillé."—"The Marquis de La Fayette in the American Revolution."

Comte René-Armand de La Fayette, who "by his will, dated the 11th of May, 1692, devised the estates of the house of Motier de La Fayette, and with them the name of La Fayette, to the great-grandfather of our Marquis de La Fayette, Charles de Motier de Champetières, Chevalier and Baron of Vissaç, Seigneur de Vedières, Fargettes, Jax and le Bouschet, to the exclusion of his brother, the Abbé Louis de La Fayette, who was in holy orders, and of his daughter Marie-Magdelaine Motier, dame de La Fayette, who had become by marriage Duchess de la Trémoïlle." This lady willed (July 3, 1717) to her cousin, Jacques Roch Motier, "the seigneurie of La Fayette, situate in the parishes of Fournols and Eschandelis, in Auvergne." As Jacques died without issue, the title passed to his younger brother Michel, La Fayette's father.

Let this brief mention of the men of the family suffice; the space given them is measured with stinting thumb in order that we may pay our respects to certain of the distinguished women.

One of the women to bear the name with high honor was Louise Angélique Motier de La Fayette (1615–1665). A Court cabal in Richelieu's time used her because of her beauty, her intellectuality, her accomplishments (especially as a singer and harpist), and her fascinating gentleness of mind and manner to win Louis XIII away from Mademoiselle de Hautefort. Here was one girl in a dramatic plot involving the King, the unloved Queen—Anne of Austria—the greatest statesman of his age, and over against the first girl another of rare charm and quality. Shakespeare himself might well have seized upon their story had it dated a century earlier. He doubtless would have given the twain fixed places as dramatic heroines in his sparkling sky. Mademoiselle de Hautefort—"Sainte Hautefort"—was of fine figure, tall, with blue eyes, large,

open and full of vivacity, aquiline nose, mouth small and rosy. Add pearls for teeth and a pair of dimples, and you have all the items of her good looks, save that "her abundant ringlets of a *blond cendre* fell around a beautiful and stately throat." She was sitting *tête-à-tête* with Anne in the Queen's closet one day when in upon them burst the King. Mlle. Marie thrust a letter she was reading into her bosom. She flushed, the King glowered, the Queen awoke the echoes with a laugh. Louis, suspecting treason, demanded the letter. Anne, in true comedy, imprisoning the hands of her *dame d'atours,* dared him to take it if he wanted it. The bashful Louis backed away a pace, hesitated, seized a pair of silver tongs, advanced again, retreated and finally fled with laughter at his heels.[13] Then they burned the letter—Richelieu's, it is said. That great statesman spun webs with the rest of them; and it was he who, being at odds with Anne, pointed out to the King Mademoiselle de La Fayette, shy, sedate, spiritual —a lovely brunette, with shining eyes, though less elegant in figure than the reigning platonic favorite. The Cardinal's gesture of appreciation was not lost upon Louis, who speedily fell under the witchery of Mademoiselle de La Fayette. She became his good angel. She was, intellectual, sympathetic and with a wide range of wholesome interests. She won the King's heart; and he, it seems, came near winning hers. And so a considerable comedy, with this pure-minded Motier maid as its heroine, was played, plot and counterplot, through its five acts; and Louise Angélique by and by became Mère Angélique—Mère Beauté, Superior of the Convent of Chaillot.[14] In his "Madame de

[13] "The Married Life of Anne of Austria," by Martha Walker Freer, 2 vols.

[14] The birth of Louis XIV was a sequence of the reconciliation of Anne and Louis brought about by Angélique after she had quit court for convent.

Hautefort," Victor Cousin characterizes Mademoiselle de La Fayette as *"Madamoiselle La Valliere qui n'a pas faillé."*

No less noted in the high annals of France was the great La Fayette bluestocking. She was Marie Madeleine Pioche de la Vergne (1634–1692) who, as "little Ménie," played wolf with her apron over her head"; grew up a court belle; and, at 22, married Jean François Motier, Comte de La Fayette, brother of the Angélique we have just described. After her first sight of the Comte, Mlle. De la Vergne [15] had said of this ancestor of our La Fayette: "He seems rather stupid—but he has so gentle and honest an air, I daresay he will do very well." "Booby," she called him later. But, though they had three children, he did not do well by her, nor did she do well by him. Bride and groom went down from bright Paris into dark Auvergne—not Chavaniac, but to the château of Espinasse. The bride's happiness was brief. "Instead of the cries and calls of the merchants and vendors of the Pont Neuf and the Vaugirard, her ears distinguished but the lowing of cattle, the dropping of water on the rocks, the strange sound of the bagpipe—Auvergne's national instrument. And, in place of the well-known noise and bustle of the greatest city in France, the deep solitude of the isolated château closed in upon her." Espinasse had belonged to the La Fayettes since 1543; there was much glory connected with the place, with its portraits of heroes; but what of these things? Nothing illumined such solitude. Nothing mattered in Auvergne; and she returned to Paris to become the friend of La Rochefoucauld and achieve

[15] See Mme. de La Fayette, par le Comte d'Haussonville, de l'Académie Français, Paris, 1891. Also "The Life and Times of Comtesse de La Fayette," by Lillian Rea, 1909.

distinction in literature. Boileau thought her "the most intellectual woman in France." "Her style was 'purity and transparency itself—the *liquida vox* of Horace.'" In such an age when a ten-volume novel not only could find a publisher but readers, Madame de La Fayette wrote "The Princess of Montpensier," "Zaida," "The Princess of Clèves," and much else besides. They are on the shelves still and have this glory: A Sainte-Beuve will dust them off and dip into them and write about them. Yet while the charming letters of her friend, Madame de Sévigne, are read in our day, the long romances are altogether out of date. "See how Mme. de La Fayette abounds with friends on every side and all ranks," wrote Mme. de Sévigné to her daughter; "she has a hundred arms, and they all serve her." She wept and wept when M. de la Rochefoucauld died. He was no booby from Auvergne, like her husband; and no scamp of a roué, as was Mme. de Sévigné's. They were interesting people in those days—the *noblesse;*[16] but they were fast turning France, economically and governmentally, into what France should not be. The canker made a monster of the rose. Nevertheless, as a Rabelais might fancy, it does not matter how much we dwell upon their charm, Madame Guillotine, alas! will soon come kiss most of them to sleep—

[16] An illuminating passage in "Madame de Sévigné," by Gaston Boissier, is appended because it helps us to understand conditions in France at this time: Coulanges, a guest of Madame de Louvois, in Lower Burgundy, is taking a trip with his cousin. They come to a village; "we say, 'Whose is it?' and are answered, 'It belongs to My Lady,' 'Whose is that one farthest distant?' 'It belongs to My Lady.' But that other one I see away over there?' 'It belongs to My Lady.' 'And these woods?' 'They belong to My Lady.' 'What an extensive plain!' 'It belongs to My Lady.' 'I behold yonder a fine castle.' 'That is Nicei, now My Lady's; a large estate formerly owned by the ancient counts of that name. In a word, Madame, everything in this country belongs to My Lady.' 'Yet,' said Madame de Sévigné, 'nobody has a cent left; there is no money to be found.'"

CHAVANIAC, LAFAYETTE'S BIRTHPLACE
From a drawing by General Carbonel

not for sins of their own, individually, but for the sins of their system.

Would that we knew as much about La Fayette's mother as we know concerning these celebrities! She came, it appears, of a family much better off than that of the father. The Rivières were rich, and, as a consequence, influential at court. Her father, Joseph Yves Thibauld Hyacinthe, was Marquis de La Rivière. Her grandfather was the Comte de La Rivière and de Ploeuck, lieutenant-general and captain of the second company of the Mousquetaires du Roi (the Mousquetoires Noires).

Upon his marriage, La Rivière's influence at Court obtained for La Fayette's father the cross of St. Louis, and he was made colonel of the regiment of the Grenadiers of France. [17] Colonel the Marquis de La Fayette and Mlle. de La Rivière were married on the 22d of May, 1754, and went to Chavaniac to live.

A print of this Château de Saint Roch de Chavaniac,[18] as it appeared in La Fayette's time, made from a drawing by La Fayette's friend, General Carbonel, is found in Vol. II of "Recollections of the Private Life of La Fayette," by M. Jules Cloquet, 1836. It shows a great house, with two towers, at the top of a long acclivity. A swift stream, running over rocks at a ford, washes the foot of the hill. In the background is a higher hill. M. MacDermot Crawford excuses

[17] "The Marquis de La Fayette in the American Revolution," by Charlemagne Tower, Jr. Mr. Tower followed M. Doniol and the French documents.

[18] "Rebuilt in 1701, restored in 1791 by the architect Vaudoyen, the Château de Chavaniac is today "a great parallelogram, each side of which measures 23 metres and 18 metres in height." At the end of each angle stands a round, solidly built tower 15 metres high and 20 metres in circumference, terminating in a bell tower. The principal façade faces the northwest, but the château is so amply provided with windows on all sides that the distinction of "front" and "back" lose their significance."—"Madame de La Fayette and Her Family," by M. MacDermot Crawford 1907.

its lack of charm, lack of elegance its "heaviness," indeed on account of its elevation and picturesque environment. Perhaps the best idea of the place—village and château—is given by M. Henri Doniol, author of "*Histoire de la Participation de la France, à l'Etablissement des Etats-Unis d'Amérique,*" himself a native of Auvergne. M. Doniol describes the château as "*a maison forte,* a great and rather heavy manor-house fortified in the fourteenth century, situated only a little way from the castles of Saint-Romain and Vissac, though lower down toward the plain. It arrests the attention of the traveller by the odd pigeon-house coverings of its towers, which have lost their symmetry through restoration of the roof after its destruction by fire, and by the crenellated terrace of its dungeon. It formed, with a little village which grew up about its walls on the rugged hills, a parish of the 'Collecte' of Saint Georges d'Aurat, in the 'election' of Brioude, in the province and généralité of Auvergne. From its windows, through which there is a view far over the surrounding country, the eye discovers the Allier looking in the direction of Langeac, Paulhaguet toward the north, and here and there farm-houses or neighboring castles built upon the coné-like hills of the volcanic formation." "To-day (adds Mr. Tower) the surroundings of this ancient place are not much changed. The village is now the seat of a commune in the canton of Paulhaguet, in the centre of the department of the Haute-Loire, and the little town of Brioude has become the chief-lieu of the arrondissement. The railways have penetrated its solitudes and close by are the 'stations of Saint-Georges d'Aurat, Rougeac, and La Chaux, upon the line from Langeac to Puy and to Saint Etienne.'"

Such was the house from which Colonel the Marquis departed in order to lead his grenadiers. As was

said a few pages back, the French military annals and La Fayette family records tell of many Motiers of high rank who participated in battles and sieges. They were a brave race, and gave freely of their blood. "The La Fayettes all died in battle and died young." So it was to be again—one more hero-portrait on the Chavaniac wall. Jacques Roch Motier, elder brother of Colonel de La Fayette, had so fallen and word now came that this Colonel himself had died sword in hand.

But where? No doubt the young wife knew just where she was made a widow, and it is hard to believe that Madame de Chavaniac, who adored her brother, failed in course of time to impress upon her nephew, now head of his house, all the particulars concerning the way his hard-riding father died for the glory of France. Yet there is a curious discrepancy in La Fayette's plain assertion that a few weeks before he was born, his father was killed in the battle of Minden; and in a second and later statement attributed to La Fayette with respect to General William Phillips, Burgoyne's artillerist.

In his Virginia campaign, La Fayette faced Phillips, whose cannon shot at Minden, it was vowed, slew Colonel de La Fayette. Now as the Grenadier Colonel was dead before September 6, 1757, he could not have been killed in front of the batteries of Captain Phillips on August 1, 1759—the date of the only Minden fight in which Phillips is known to have participated.

Here then is a knot hard to be rid of. It was in the Seven Years' War, known on this side as the French and Indian War. The Courts of Versailles, Vienna, Dresden, and St. Petersburg had set about the task of disciplining, and no doubt stripping, the King of Prussia. For him it was the deluge. Soldiers swarmed in the Hanover region. The pick and flower of the French army was there under Marshal Count d'Estrees,

who was a good soldier, "more dangerous after defeat than an ordinary general after victory."[19] There were many encounters between his troops and the Anglo-Prussian allies. The fighting on the Weser was lively in 1757, and heavy in 1759. Early in the summer of the year our La Fayette was born, Marshal Count d'Estrees sought to cross the Weser, but found allied batteries at the fords and iron spikes in the bed of the river. On the 13th of July—mark the date, for it is most likely that of the fall of Colonel de La Fayette and the Prince of Chimay, his intimate friend—the French under Generals Broglie and Chevert captured Minden. This may well be designated the first battle of Minden, as against the second battle of Minden, March 14, 1758, when that old walled town (Charlemagne, founded it A. D. 802) was recaptured by the allies; and as against the third, and still fiercer battle of Minden,[20] August 1, 1759. The knot is made all the harder by the fact that M. Doniol abandons all the Mindens, concluding that Colonel de La Fayette was killed in the fierce onsets of the French at Hastenback, near Minden, on July 26, 1757. This is the encounter which Carlyle,[21] ridicules as "the absurdest battle in the world." D'Estrees had 70,000 men; His Royal Highness, the Duke of Cumberland, 40,000. General Chevert, "very fiery," fought well for the French; the Grenadiers, "very obstinate," fought well for the British; but, on the whole, it was a Battle of Blunders. Creeping into a hidden hollow in the rear of Chevert, an allied division suddenly broke out in

[19] "The Life of William, Duke of Cumberland," by Andrew Henderson, 1766.

[20] In this battle, Sir George Sackville refused to permit the allied cavalry to charge. It was one of the sensations of the century. As Lord George Germain, British War Minister, he labored to reduce the American colonies.

[21] "Frederick the Great," by Thomas Carlyle, vol. v, pp. 127, 128.

thunder. And now the comedy. For the startled commander-in-chief, who by this accidental act had victory almost thrust upon him, fled; the French fled—it would all have been highly amusing but for the fact that each side had lost some 1500 men. Historians, however, rarely refer to any of the Mindens except the great Minden of August 1, 1759, when Captain Phillips thundered on Duke Ferdinand's right wing and when Contades for the French hurled his 10,000 horse over bloody fields. Probably many soldiers of the time knew of no other Minden; and it is possible that they pieced the first and third Mindens together in making it out that Phillips, who fought the young La Fayette in Virginia, had also fought Colonel de La Fayette in Westphalia. Certainly there was a Battle of Minden six weeks before La Fayette's birth. None other than Smollet (our own Dr. Tobias of "Humphrey Clinker" fame) in his continuation of the Complete History of England (vol. II, p. 103) says that on July 12 and 13, 1757, the French divisions (of Maréchal d'Estrees' army) under Broglie and Chevert forded the Weser, "attacked Minden and carried it."

So, digging deep enough, we find that La Fayette in all probability was accurate in his statement.

This was the year when Admiral Byng was shot on his own quarter-deck; when Clive at Plassey (June 23) won India for England; when Pitt (June 29) grasped power; when the Duke of Cumberland (September 8, the day after La Fayette's baptism) gave in at far-famed Kloster-Zeven to the Duc of Richelieu.[22]

[22] Grand-nephew of the Cardinal. This marshal, a roué, is said to have built his Hotel Richelieu in Paris with bribe money paid him by the Duke of Cumberland, who thus barely saved his face in the Kloster-Zeven pact.

II

COLLEGE, COURT, CAMP

La Fayette was a red-haired boy. And, like another youth of the same epoch, subsequently a friend of his, Thomas Jefferson, he bore the torch of liberty well aloft. For, though as a child he "was delicate and puny, requiring constant care," he soon became tall enough, as well as strong enough. That he was the last of his family—a marquis in his cradle, sole hope of his line—could not be forgotten by his mother, his grandmother—"a woman of strong character and excellent principles, descended from one of the sturdy mountain races of Auvergne, the Suat de Chavaniac"—nor by his two aunts, who made their homes in the château. One of the aunts was Mademoiselle Marie Madelaine de La Fayette and the other, her sister, Madame la Comtesse de Chavaniac, who, a cousin's widow, was a life-long inmate of the house. This lady stands out as a stanch champion of the knightly La Fayettes of the past, and undoubtedly she had much to do with instilling it into her nephew's mind that he must be in every way worthy of them. With her, apparently, it was a case of *noblesse oblige*. With the grandmother, the thought was: "Let him be an Auvergnat—free and bold." With the mother rested the duty of instructing him in "politeness, good breeding, gentleness and chivalrous ways." Between them, they saw to it that he survived early ills, waxed lusty and developed a frame big enough to serve him in his tilts with a tempestuous world.

"They trained him," says Mr. Tower,[1] "to manly exercise in the development of a vigorous constitution,

[1] "The Marquis de La Fayette in the American Revolution."

dreading the approach of the day when he also should become a soldier, and go to the wars; and yet, by force of the long family habit, unable to resist the conviction that it would surely come, and this was, after all, but the natural and proper way for a La Fayette to bear worthily his family name and sustain his inherited rank and station. The impressions of these early years in Auvergne sank deeply into the mind of La Fayette. He loved the place, and he spoke of it with tenderness and affection in looking back to it through the complex vicissitudes of his after-life." In his mother's time, there was a portrait of La Fayette as a boy; but it disappeared long since from the Château de Chavaniac, which, indeed, was despoiled during the French Revolution. Probably the painting depicted him as a miniature *gentilhomme* of the wig-and-powder period, with beribboned hair, frock-coat, knee-breeches and shining buckles. Such a counterfeit presentment of his kinsman and comrade, the Comte de Ségur, when of like age, appears in the "Memoirs" of that officer. However, if we have no youthful La Fayette in oil, there is a strong enough pen-portrait. He grew to be "long-limbed, lean, lanky; with a hook-nose, red hair and retreating forehead." These dozen words certainly offer us a speaking likeness, without gloss or flattery.

In his "Memoirs of Myself until the Year 1780," La Fayette summarizes thus: "It would be . . . too minute to dwell upon the particulars of my birth, which soon followed the death of my father at Minden; of my education in Auvergne, with tender and revered relations; of my removal at twelve years of age to a college at Paris, where I soon lost my virtuous mother, and where the death of her father rendered me rich, although I had been born, comparatively speaking, poor; of some schoolboy successes, inspired by the love of glory and somewhat disturbed by that of liberty,

of my entrance into the regiment of the black musketeers, which only interrupted my studies on review days; and finally, of my marriage, at the age of sixteen, preceded by a residence at the Academy of Versailles."

With his characteristic skill in generalization, La Fayette here jumps forward over more ground than we like. It would be better for us if he had taken a leaf out of the "Autobiography" of his friend Benjamin Franklin. If Franklin had gone to school under Abbé Fayon we should have been treated to realistic details not only about the College du Plessis, one of the thirty-four Colleges of the Latin quarter, but about that ancient part of Paris itself, with its convent gardens, its leafy spaces and its redolence of the learned ones of lone-gone times. The Colleges were grouped round about the Sarbonne. Du Plessis subsequently became the Normal School; then gave place to the College of Louis-le-Grand, which was erected on its site. Lavoisier, Robespierre and Camille Desmoulins made their marks in Du Plessis, to which Colonel de La Fayette's widow sent her son in 1768.

At the same time "his mother's uncle, the Comte de la Rivière, placed him in the army list,[2] in order that he might secure as early as possible the advantages of military promotion. He was enrolled in the *Mousquetaires,* and occasionally got a holiday from school in order to be present at review. In the meantime, his mother, anxious to secure for him all the prestige to which his family connections entitled him, had come up from her province and had been presented at court by her aunt, who had married into the influential Lusignem-Lezay family." Thus, beardless though he was, a tender stripling, La Fayette had all doors open to him—college, camp, court. Luckily he thought

[2] "The Marquis de La Fayette in the American Revolution," by Charlemagne Tower, Jr.

clearly, learned readily and wrote well. He was good at Latin and Greek. Luckily, likewise, he was fond of Abbé Fayon; and for that reason got along all the faster with his studies. To dance, know the tricks, play graceful games, handle the sword and bend the back with oily ease and elegance were essential items in the inventory of a young noble's accomplishments under the *ancien régime;* but neither Fayon nor his pupil appear to have concerned themselves unduly about them. Abbé Fayon could not but see that his liberty-loving young lord from the haunts of Vercingetorix had capacity, had vigor, had grasp. There was a something in him that gave promise of a man in the making.[3]

Thus placed and thus developing, La Fayette passed two years. The future seemed unclouded. But hard blows were to come, and speedily. In Paris, April 12, 1770, his mother died; and a few days thereafter the Marquis de la Rivière, her father, ended his days. At thirteen La Fayette was an orphan. His mother's riches became his and to this estate were added, presently, large Rivière possessions, made all the greater by bequests from his uncle, the Comte de la Rivière. With rank, riches, and solicitous guardians, La Fayette did not need to look hard or far for friends. M. de Ségur kept his well-being faithfully in mind; and saw to it that the youth gained the advantageous experiences to be

[3] "When I arrived at college, nothing ever interrupted my studies, except my ardent wish of studying without restraint. I never deserved to be chastised; but, in spite of my usual gentleness, it would have been dangerous to have attempted to do so; and I recollect with pleasure that, when I was to describe in rhetoric a perfect courser, I sacrificed the hope of obtaining a premium, and described the one who, on perceiving the whip, threw down his rider. Republican anecdotes always delighted me, and when my new connexions wished to obtain for me a place at court I did not hesitate displeasing them to preserve my independence."—"Memoirs Written by Myself," Marquis de La Fayette.

had from association with high families, with influential personages at Versailles and, upon the coming of the Dauphiness, with the younger members of the royal family.

There is nothing that brings us nearer to La Fayette at this period than a letter in his own hand,[4] dated the 8th of February, 1772, and addressed to his cousin, Mlle. de Chavaniac:

"I have just received, my dear cousin, your letter, and the good account you give me of my grandmother's health. After that, which was what first touched my heart, I was much interested by the account of the hunt of the proprietor of the forests of Lata. I should like very much to know whether those dogs that neither walk or bark contributed to the success of the expedition. The details of that hunt would have amused me very much; if I had been speaking to you of a new-fashioned cap, I should have thought it my duty to have described to you its figure and proportions, with a compass in my hands.

"Our cousin's marriage is broken off; there is another one on the carpet, but they are obliged to lower their tone exceedingly. Mademoiselle de Roncherolles, a place with Madame de Bourbon, of a thousand crowns a year, and five thousand small livres a year—that is the whole amount. You see that this is a very short abridgement of the other intended matches. My uncle, who came to see me the other day, consents to the marriage, on condition, that the Prince de Conde will promise one of his regiments of cavalry to the cousin. Madame de Montboisser thinks this is asking too much, and told M. le Marquis de Canillac that in truth, if he were so difficult, her husband would no longer take part in his affairs; this offended him, and some high words passed on both sides. The nephew does not care much about the marriage. He said, there were in his own province far better matches, which he named that would not be refused him.

"I thought I had written you that Cardinal de la

[4] Mémoires, Correspondence and Manuscripts of Général La Fayette." Published by his family, 1838, 2 vols. Vol. i, note pp. 3 and 4.

Roche-Aimon was Abbé de St. Germain. It is said that M. de Briges has the barony de Mercœur, M. de la Vauguyon has died, little regretted either by the court or by the town. The ball of last Thursday is put off to the 15th, that is to say, for a week hence. I dined, the day before yesterday, Thursday, with M. de la Tour d'Auvergne, who is on a complimentary footing with M. de Turenne, now Duke de Bouillon. He told us he should lose perhaps a million from politeness. You will recognize him by that phrase.

"Adieu, dear cousin; my respects, if you please, to all the family; M. de Fayon presents his to you, and I remain your obedient servant,

"La Fayette."

There is an aristocratic feeling in this letter. La Fayette is interested in affairs at Chavaniac, but he does not yearn to fly from Paris to the wintry woods of Auvergne. It is evident that while his heart is warm for his old home, there is growing warmth in it for Paris. He will find a wife there by and by. The comedy element in the diplomacy of the dowry amuses him. So does the palace talk at Versailles. And what a court it was in which La Fayette sometimes found himself! There was glitter and gold and elegance and politeness; on the surface, he saw much to charm; under cover, as he soon learned, there was corruption. Though we may pass over such embroidered tales as those that tell of the exploits of the Chevalier d'Eon de Beaumont, it is necessary here to take cognizance, only glancingly, however, of the scandals involving the household of Louis XV. When the gallant Dumoriez was quitting Paris on an errand closely connected with the question of war or peace for Europe, he hinted to the Duke de Choiseul of embarrassments due to the Comtesse du Barry's power over Louis. Choiseul, the man who created the navy that saved the American colonies, the responsible minister of the kingdom, nodded. "That hussy is giving me

trouble," said he. Jeanne Vaubernier she was—a common woman. The King had picked her out of the gutter. However, Choiseul had been all too docile under du Barry's predecessor, Madame Pompadour. He had to wink at things. He soon fell. But La Fayette found good people, as well as fine people, at court. Many made a mock of religion in those days; but to the multitudes religion was as it had ever been. The Polish aristocracy was corrupt like that of other misgoverned lands. Yet Queen Marie Leckzinska, whatever her shortcomings were, had kept her skirts free and her heart pure. In her day, before du Barry's shadow fell, she protected decency, honor, piety and innocence. So, for that matter, did the dissolute King's three sisters. Few heroines in history evoke more pity and kind regretful thoughts than does Madame Elizabeth, of whom anon we shall hear poignant things just as we shall hear of tragic happenings involving many another character in the great drama of 1789–94.

Though part boy still, La Fayette must have become well enough acquainted with Versailles under Louis XV to understand its elegance, its pomp, its hollowness, and something of its very great wickedness. He had certain unforgetable experiences there. He was losing some of his Auvergnian *gaucherie,* though happily not his liberty-loving propensity; and he was in the good graces of those who happened to be on the *qui vive* for blue blood in combination with bank notes. Not that there was lack of other fine friends. We have, for instance, in Lady Morgan's "France," a clear account of how he went with Marie Antoinette to a *bal masqué:*

"'Is it true,' I asked, 'that you went to a *bal masqué* at the opera, with the Queen of France, Marie Antoinette, leaning on your arm, the King knowing nothing of the matter till after your return?'

" ' I am afraid so,' he said. ' She was so indiscreet, and I can conscientiously add, so innocent; however, the Comte d'Artois was of the party, and we were all young, enterprising and pleasure-loving. But what was most absurd in the adventure was, that when I pointed out Mme. du Barry—whose figure and favorite domino I knew—the Queen expressed the most anxious desire to hear her speak and bade me *intriguer* her. She answered me flippantly, and I am sure if I had offered her my other arm, the Queen would not have objected to it; such was the *esprit d'aventure* at that moment in the Court of Versailles, and in the head of the haughty daughter of Austria.' "

It seems in order just here to speak further of the "elegant and vivacious Marie Antoinette," since in visualizing her we, at the same look, take in by the eye the man we are after. A powerful white light has been put down by biographers and historians upon this particular period. Searching for the prologues of a thousand tragedies to be enacted a decade beyond, they have lit the France of 1770–1790, and especially Paris and Versailles, with concentrated flashes.

It would be difficult to collect a moiety of the countless things—spiteful, cruel, slanderous—said against Marie Antoinette. Notwithstanding, she is much more likable than the Dauphin, her husband, who was fat, gluttinous, boorish, fond of his fowling-piece and given to blacksmithing when the mood for hammer, anvil, leather-apron and smutty hands came over him. They were misfit mates. Goethe tells of visiting the tent spread for her on an island in the Rhine when she came from Marie Theresa's royal nest at Vienna on the way to Paris to become Dauphiness. The tent walls were hung with a scene depicting Medea's marriage—most tragic of events; and she, the fair traveler, a mere girl of fifteen, bride-elect, who was to leave here

the last stitch of her Austrian raiment before clothing herself in her new garments, must have undergone certain shocks and sorrows in that tent even if unfamiliar with the classic tale.

She certainly was human. "She laughed when she felt like it, and dressed as she pleased. She had the warm feelings, the frivolous tendencies of youth, and she indulged them. If she felt like romping, she romped. If the evening was dull in the palace, as most evenings were, she was apt as not to get up a game of blind man's buff. Upon her tongue she put no restraint at all." She called one lady of the court "Madame Collars;" another "Madame Hundred-Year-Old;" and another "Madame Bundle of Stuff." As for Madame de Noailles she was "Madame Etiquette." Asking with a girl's tears for sympathy, she found starch, stiffness, whalebone and hooks—in a word, etiquette and a haughty hectoring. It hardly helped matters that the great dame of honor, Mme. de Noailles, was a model of virtue, piety and benevolent intention. She and the King's excellent sisters knew the court and its wicked ways; they wished to put the girl on her guard, to suppress her effusiveness, to guide her in such manner that she herself would learn to be coldly correct in her own thoughts and conduct and piously and conventionally blind to the evils inherent in the customary situation.[5] The King of France, they assume, is privileged to live an immoral life undisturbed; and if he be so hardened as to compel the true queen to bend a knee to the harlot enthroned with

[5] Her personal charms, which Burke has exaggerated, consisted more in her air of dignity, the nobleness of her figure and the grace of her deportment, which all bespoke the queen, rather than in her features which wanted sweetness and regularity. She had weak or inflamed eyes; but the combination which was brilliant, her youth, the richness of her dress, in which she showed exquisite taste, struck all who saw her. "Wraxall's Memoirs," vol. i, p. 115.

MARQUISE DE LA FAYETTE

From a miniature in the possession of the family

She was a de Noailles—Adrienne d'Ayen. She was a bride at fifteen, and bore LaFayette four children. A devout woman, she developed under adversity qualities of heroism which make her equally with her husband a character in history. She was with LaFayette in Olmutz dungeon.

him, then must sense, sensibility, and all human decency be smothered and the bitter trial endured.

M. McDermot Crawford in "Madame de La Fayette and her Family," ventures to surmise that the Marie Antoinette-La Fayette episode described in Lady Morgan's "France" should find its true date in the spring of 1774. "This," Crawford says, "must have taken place before his (La Fayette's) marriage, which occurred in April, 1774, as the death of Louis XV, on the tenth day of May, scarcely a month later, put an end to the escapades of la du Barri and other ladies attendant on his 'well beloved' majesty."

La Fayette was at the du Barry supper at Trianon palace when Louis XV went over in a fainting fit. The whole kingdom and the rest of the world heard the news, and it was supplemented with something still more startling, to wit: That his Majesty had been seized with malignant small-pox and that he was doomed. Historians dwell with gusto upon the pest-room scenes, when rival court factions, braving alike the stench and the deadly peril, crowded around the bed of the stricken debauchee. They were not there to pray, but to petition for favors; and, when, at dead of night, the signal candle in a palace window was snuffed out they broke away with indecent haste and in levity to greet the new sovereign—Louis XVI and his young Queen, Marie Antoinette.

This happened to be the spring when La Fayette drew his best prize in life—Madame de La Fayette, who was Mademoiselle Marie Adrienne Françoise de Noailles, second daughter of the Duc d'Ayen, Maréchal du Camp et Armées du Roi, later (in 1793), Duc de Noailles. The Noailles family was noble, rich and a power at court. The Sieurs de Noailles had been Crusaders. Cardinal or courtier, or maréchal or admiral—they were ever in the forefront. Madame

de Maintenon picked a de Noailles as a husband for her niece and forced the marriage with gold.

Madame de La Fayette's most noted maternal ancestor was Henry François d'Agusseau, Chancellor of France. Her grandmother, Anne Louise Françoise Dupré, first wife of the Chancellor's son, was the lovely and gentle "Dame de Lagrange-Bleneau-en-Brie." This estate of Lagrange will in time enter largely into our story. M. de Ségur, uncle of La Fayette and his companion in his American undertaking, married a daughter of M. d'Agusseau de Fresnes by a second wife. The only child of the Dame de Lagrange, Henriette, became the wife of Jean Paul François, Duc d'Ayen. It was not an ideal union. Henriette had lost some of her loveliness of looks on account of small-pox. She was a woman with a will, pious, scrupulous; M. d'Ayen liked to lead a different life. Madame du Barri said he was "stupid, like all his race," nevertheless she must have felt the sting of his wit, since she spoke of him as "malicious and a fiend." But du Barri was hardly angelic herself. To her the Dauphin was "that fat, ill-mannered boy." At any rate, the duke it was who insisted upon La Fayette as a husband for his daughter, Mademoiselle Adrienne, namesake of her grandfather Adrien, second Maréchal de Noailles. His wife had other ideas, other plans. There were four daughters, Louise (one will pity her later—gentle soul that she was); Adrienne, Mme. de Thesen and Pauline, married in after years to the Marquis de Grammont. Louise, a year older than Adrienne, who was born November 2, 1759, became the Vicomtesse de Noailles, wife of her cousin, whom we shall hear of in America. Madame de La Fayette, writing of Louise and herself, says:[6]

[6] Notice sur Mme. la Duchesse d'Ayen, par Mme. de La Fayette, sa fille, Paris, 1869.

"We were scarcely twelve years old when M. de La Fayette was proposed as a husband for one of us, he himself being at that time but fourteen. His extreme youth and the isolated character of his position, for he had lost all his near relatives and was without anyone in whom he had confidence to guide him, as well as his large fortune entirely free from restrictions, which my mother considered a source of great danger, led her after careful consideration, to refuse him, in spite of the good reports of his character that we heard from all those who knew him. She persisted in her refusal for several months."

La Fayette had too much money to suit Mme. d'Ayen. She was sincerity itself. But she thought better of the matter finally, and made it a match—to the joy of the worldly duke, her husband. She stipulated that "steps shall be taken to complete the education of M. de La Fayette;" that the marriage should be put off for two years; and that after the nuptials, they should live at the Hotel de Noailles for another two years. Then writes Madame de La Fayette, "She accepted him whom she afterward cherished as a most tenderly loved son, whose sterling value she learned and justly understood from the first moment she knew him. Her consent thus obtained, brought about a reconciliation between her and my father. Our joy at this event cannot be expressed in words, and the memory of that day, the 21st of September, 1772, shall never be effaced either from my heart or my mind."

It was a secret,[7] however, as far as Adrienne was concerned, that she was to marry La Fayette. Her mother kept it from her purposely, so that the two

[7] As we learn from "Madame de La Fayette and her Family" it was not until the end of the summer, 1772, that Mme. d'Ayen spoke to Louise of the Vicomte de Noailles, who was the second son of the Maréchal de Mouchy and "Madame Etiquette," and the younger brother of the Prince de Poix. As wise Mme. d'Ayen knew "the flighty propensities of young minds," she feared lest their education might suffer.

might meet oftener; and, maybe, fall in love. Whereupon fall in love they did. Adrienne did not suspect her welcome—her truly joyous—fate until after the marriage of Louise on May 12, 1773, in the choir of the church of Saint Roch. It was a crowded church and a brilliant wedding. Adrienne's own marriage was a similarly brilliant event of Monday, April 11, 1774. The vicaire général de L'archeveché de Paris, Abbé Paul de Murat, La Fayette's cousin, performed the ceremony. The La Fayettes went to the Hotel de Noailles to live and resume their studies, according to the prenuptial agreement exacted by Mme. d'Ayen.

The Hotel de Noailles in the Rue St. Honoré had been in the Noailles family since 1711. It was a princely palace, with its rich and artistic decorations, its halls, apartments, courts, private chapel, and picture gallery; its stables big enough to house a squadron of cavalry; and its retinue of servants. Few vestiges now remain of the stately structure on its spacious grounds and gardens, with a fine view opening into the pleasure-giving vista of the Tuileries. Instead, we have the rue d'Alger, the rue de Rivoli and the Hotel St. James. For two years, as had been agreed, La Fayette paid a *pension alimentaire* of 8000 livres a year; and with a dowry of 200,000 livres, his wife had an income of 9000 livres. Mme. d'Ayen grew fond of La Fayette. She now tried to supply the place of the mother he had lost. She succeeded. At least, in part, though there is evidence that even she, gentle-natured and untiring in her devotion to her children whose entire confidence she had, was dubious at times as to some of his ways and uncertain of their meaning. She was a "grand Dame," yet the epitome of domestic perfection." [8]

[8] "See Notice sur Mme. la Duchesse d'Ayen," par Madame de La Fayette, Paris, 1869; "Vie de Madame de La Fayette," par Madame de Lasteyrie, Paris, 1859.

This is Adrienne's pen-sketch of her when, having dined with her at three o'clock, Louise and her sisters followed Mme. d'Ayen to her bedroom, a stately apartment "hung in crimson damask, embroidered in gold."

"The duchesse usually seated herself in a large easy chair near the fireplace, having conveniently at hand her snuff-box and her knitting and her books. The four daughters grouped themselves around her, the eldest occupying chairs, the younger ones stools, all disputing the coveted place near the bergère."

"She was a splendid example of virtue and high principle," writes Mr. Tower, "amid the surroundings of the long and dissolute reign then drawing to its close. Her influence was very great upon the mind of La Fayette, toward whom she showed a loving tenderness; and he mourned her bitterly afterward, when during the Reign of Terror in France, she went with admirable fortitude to the guillotine, in expiation of crimes which certainly the actions of her own life had no part."

In his "*Souvenirs et Anecdotes sur le règne de Louis XVI,*" Comte Louis de Phillippe de Ségur devotes some space to an account of a little incident relating to La Fayette. Nothing could give a clearer idea of him—a French Washington, so to say; that is, Washington in his youth. The passage follows in full:

"At every period of his life and above all in his youth, La Fayette displayed a grave and cold exterior which sometimes gave to his demeanor an air of timid ity and embarrassment which really did not belong to him. His reserved manners and his silent disposition presented a singular contrast to the petulence and the ostentatious loquacity of persons of his own age; but under this exterior, to all appearances so phlegmatic, he concealed an active mind, the most determined character and the most enthusiastic spirit. Of this fact I was better enabled to judge than others. During the pre-

ceding winter he had become attached to a lady as amiable as she was beautiful, and, having erroneously conceived an idea that I was his rival, in a fit of jealousy he had put aside all considerations of our friendship and had passed the greater part of the night with me, endeavoring to prevail on me to decide by the sword which of us should be the favored suitor of the lady to whom I had no pretensions. Some days after our quarrel and reconciliation, I could not refrain from laughing when I heard the Maréchal de Noailles and other members of his family entreat me to use my influence with him to animate his torpidity, to rouse him from his inaction, and to communicate some action to his character. It is easy to conceive their astonishment when they learned suddenly that this young sage of nineteen, so cool and so indifferent, had been so far carried away by the love of glory and of danger as to intend to cross the ocean and fight in the cause of American freedom."

No wonder Madame la Duchesse d'Ayen found this son-in-law of hers something of a puzzle. La Fayette had long before quit the College du Plessis for the Académie de Versailles and was under the guidance of a veteran soldier, M. de Noailles. Comte de Ségur tells another story of La Fayette in connection with the "Epée de Bois," a Paris café, where young bloods met. He was a participant, it seems, in an attempt of the frequenters of that café to travesty and ridicule the Parliament of Paris. The ringleaders got into trouble but were soon rescued by influential friends. La Fayette could not stand strong potations. He was "a poor drinker and dancer." Some tales are told of his awkwardness on the glassy floor. He was still "the great boy with the red hair," but now quite tall enough to look over the heads of his critics. He thus speaks of himself in his Memoirs:[9]

[9] "Memoirs de Ma Main," i, 7.

" I have still less to say relating to my entrance into the world; to the short favor I enjoyed as constituting one member of a youthful society; to some promises of the regiment de Noailles; and to the unfavorable opinion entertained of me owing to my habitual silence when I did not think the subjects under discussion worthy of being canvassed. The bad effects produced by disguised self-love, and an observing disposition, were not softened by a natural simplicity of manner, which, without being improper on any great occasion, rendered it impossible for me to bend to the graces of the court or to the charms of a supper in the capital."

He adds: " I was delighted with republican stories, and when my relatives secured a place for me at court, I did not hesitate to give offense in order to obtain my independence." His father-in-law it was who planned that La Fayette should learn " to crook the pregnant hinges of his knee." That was to be his career. He was to become a hanger-on of royalty—to attach himself to the household of the Comte de Provence. Louis XV left three sons, all of whom became Kings of France—Louis XVI, Louis XVIII and Charles X. Of the latter two, the Comte de Provence figures in history as " fat," " unwieldy," " a plotter," who, in course of time intrigued with Mirabeau, Robespierre, Barras, Bonaparte and Talleyrand. His younger brother, the Comte d'Artois, was a rake, " a wit," gay, Marie Antoinette's companion in freaks and frolics—the first to flee from France in the bloody days to come. Provence and Artois had incomes of $400,000. " The Noailles family, into which La Fayette married, drew annually from the treasury," writes Thomas E. Watson,[10] " 2,000,000 francs, or $400,000. The Polignac family (who intermarried with the old-time La Fayettes) were given 700,000 francs in pensions. Offices, salaries, pensions, gifts, perquisites. Nobles

[10] " The Story of France," vol. ii, p. 26.

hold places without duties. The holder simply draws his breath and his salary."

La Fayette, let it be noted, turned his back on the Count de Provence; on the court; on sinecures; and, incidentally, on his wife's relatives. It does one good to read of such an act. True, La Fayette was not a struggling young man to whom money meant much. He, perhaps, does not deserve the credit we should give him if he had been unplaced and unprovided; still it must have cost him a great deal to run counter to the Maréchal de Noailles. The story of the way he rid himself of unappreciated honor has a touch of comedy:

"Without openly opposing the will of those he loved, he managed in the following manner to offend the prince to whose person they wished to attach him. Having met the Comte at a masquerade ball, and recognizing him under his mask, in the conversation which then ensued the Comte endeavoring to display his memory to advantage, La Fayette remarked 'that it was unnecessary to take so much trouble to prove that memory was the wit of fools.' The Comte, learning later that the Marquis had been aware of his incognito, never forgave him, and the matter ended. Ended, indeed, for a reconciliation never took place between La Fayette and that prince, later King."[11]

"The men who leave the court for a minute," said the wise La Bruyere, "renounce it forever." It was so with La Fayette. Despite his youthfulness, he must have understood La Bruyere's apothegm. He must have made up his mind to take the road to freedom. There was more meaning in the meetings of the satirical young nobles at the "Epée de Bois" than one is apt to recognize. Some of them, many of them, were filled with rebellious feeling against the corruptions of the court under Louis XV. La Fayette, when he had

[11] "Madame de La Fayette and Her Family," by M. MacDermot Crawford, 1907.

viewed the evils at Versailles at close range, decided to hold himself aloof from them. He could not bow and scrape and wear a mask all his life, and tell lies as well as act them.

If the excellent Madame d'Ayen was unable to understand her Adrienne's husband fully it is no wonder. There was a hint of the eagle in the young man. La Fayette was with her not a little, and she could observe him well. For instance, in September, 1774, La Fayette, who had but lately joined his regiment at Metz, returned thence in order that he might be inoculated against small-pox. " Mme. d'Ayen took a house at Chaillot for the purpose, where she shut herself up with the Marquis and his wife until the tiresome period was over." But soon there was to come a surprise for the Duchesse, as for her daughter, and indeed for all La Fayette's relatives and friends. The young eagle was destined to take a long, strong flight.

III

FOR HUMAN RIGHTS—THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

THE spark that fired La Fayette's enthusiasm for the cause of liberty in America fell from the after-dinner pipe of a royal raconteur—William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, brother of George III. We have seen that La Fayette left Metz for Paris in the autumn of 1774 to undergo inoculation. Later he returned to that garrison; and rejoined the "regiment de Noailles," commanded by his cousin, Prince de Poix. He himself was captain. It will be noted that he had been transferred from the Mousquetaires Noirs. In August, 1775,[1] he attended a dinner given by the commandant at Metz, Comte François de Broglie, in honor of the Duke of Gloucester, who with his Duchess was visiting that city.

This Duke was a great traveler. It is said that, one day, his carriage entered a small street in Rome just as the Pope's equipage drove in at the other end. At once it became a case of Gaston and Alphonse. The street was muddy. Many passers-by were kneeling until His Holiness should have pleased to depart. But the

[1] So says Henri Doniol. La Fayette told Jared Sparks, in Paris in 1828, that the dinner to the Duke was in August 1776. M. Doniol and Charlemagne Tower, Jr., say he was out of his reckoning a whole year. He did not have his papers to go by; for they were destroyed at Chavaniac. M. Doniol produces evidence in his "La France and Les Etats-Unis," quoting letters in the archives of France (Dépôt de la Guerre, vol. no. 3694). One of these letters dated Lille, July 30, 1775, from the Prince de Montbarey to the Marquis de Castries announces the arrival of the Duke and the Duchess of Gloucester, which says that they were going to Valenciennes, Rheims, Verdun, Metz, Luneville, Strasbourg, Munich, Innsbruck, Venice and then on to Rome. Mr. Tower gives other letters of confirmation.

Pope, in his politeness, would not budge until the Duke had driven on. William Henry was really much esteemed. It has been said that he "hated" his brother the King. The truth is he was incapable of such a thing as brotherly hatred. He was infatuated with his own wife. He was at odds with George III because the King had frowned upon him on account of his marriage with the Countess Dowager of Waldegrave. The Waldegraves had played a notable part in the life of King George. The old Earl of Waldegrave, his "governor," liked to be called a "man of the world." George III spoke of him as "a depraved and worthless man." On the other hand, Waldegrave said of his critic: "I found his Royal Highness uncommonly full of princely prejudices contracted in the nursery and improved by Bedchamber Women and Pages of the Back Stairs." Lady Waldegrave was Maria, natural daughter of Sir Edward Walpole.

When the Earl died she married, clandestinely, the Duke of Gloucester. "William Henry," concludes the King's biographer, Beckles Willson,[2] "was George's favorite brother: and there were some points of resemblance in character between them. The lady who captured his affections had not only a handsome person, but had many endearing and engaging traits, and she was ambitious. When Waldegrave, who was old enough to be her father, left her a widow, she received an offer from the Duke of Portland, regarded as, apart from the princes of the blood royal, the best match in Britain. Yet the mother of Lady Waldegrave had begun her career as a milliner. For a long time the connection between the Duke of Gloucester and Horace Walpole's niece was regarded as merely a youthful infatuation which would lead to nothing serious. Not

[2] "George III as Man, Monarch and Statesman," by Beckles Willson, 1907.

until June, 1772, was it proclaimed to the world that their actual marriage had taken place nearly six years."

George III, "too angry to become reconciled," nevertheless had the marriage legitimized. "I cannot deny," he wrote to Lord North, "that on the subject of this Duke my heart is wounded. I have ever loved him with the fondness one bears to a child." The marriage he characterized as "a highly disgraceful step;" and of the Duchess he wrote: "I never can think of placing her in a situation to answer her extreme pride and vanity;" and, though in the end he relented, it was long before the brothers grew fully reconciled. Such were the guests of the French officers at Metz. At this period the pair were still out of grace in the court circle at home, though recognized on the Continent as high royalties to be feted and favored and flattered with polite attention. They were traveling as the Earl and Countess of Connaught. While apologizing for this seeming digression, we may add that, like his brother, the Duke of Cumberland, William Henry, differed with King George on the American coercion.

And now for the dinner. It was given on the eighth of August at the house of the Comte de Broglie, who, as one of the commanders in the Hanoverian and Westphalian campaigns, had been well acquainted with Colonel de La Fayette, and for that reason looked upon the son all the more regardfully. With several other officers, La Fayette, "in his handsome dress uniform of blue and silver," was a guest at this long-drawn-out banquet given by a prince of France to a prince of England. Let us now summon Jared Spark,[3] who had an account of the dinner from the lips of La Fayette himself, and who shall tell us what happened:

[3] "The Writings of George Washington," by Jared Sparks, vol. v, appendix, No. 1, p. 445.

"Despatches had just been received by the Duke from England, and he made their contents the topic for conversation; they related to American affairs. The details were new to La Fayette; he listened with eagerness to the conversation, and prolonged it by asking questions of the duke. His curiosity was deeply excited by what he had heard, and the idea of a people fighting for liberty had a strong influence upon his imagination; the cause seemed to him just and noble, from the representations of the duke himself; and, before he left the table, the thought came into his head that he would go to America, and offer his services to a people who were struggling for liberty and independence. From that hour he could think of nothing but this chivalrous enterprise."

Of course this was the turning point of La Fayette's life. Historic, indeed, was the scene at the Commandant's board in that old garrison town two hundred miles east of Paris. The impression made upon La Fayette, comments Charlemagne Tower, "was of the kind which goes deep down into men's hearts and remains there forever."

Until that hour La Fayette knew America mainly as a geographical expression. He had never counted upon becoming a transatlantic campaigner. On the contrary, the thought of Continental America was a bitter one with patriotic young Frenchmen since France had lost Canada. When they contemplated service beyond the sunset seas, it was the French West Indies, they customarily animadverted upon.

But let us not pass so swiftly along on the current of this high adventure as to lose sight of dates and difficulties, and the extraordinary diplomatic situation in which the opposing nations were involved. La Fayette did not feverishly pack his saddle-bags with gold, take post for the first Atlantic port and sail for America on the wings of favoring winds. He did nothing on the spur of the moment, except as he says, to dedicate

himself to Liberty. In his own simple words: "At the first news of the quarrel my heart was enrolled in it."

He said nothing at Metz concerning his knightly purpose, but kept his secret until he found himself back in Paris, where he guardedly pursued his inquiries.

"When he arrived in the city," continues Mr. Sparks, "he confided his scheme to two young friends, Count Ségur and Viscount de Noailles, and proposed that they should join him. They entered with enthusiasm into his views; but as they were dependent on their families, it was necessary to consult their parents, who reprobated the plan and refused their consent. The young men faithfully kept La Fayette's secret; his situation was more fortunate, as his property was at his own disposal and he possessed an annual revenue of nearly two hundred thousand livres." Then, in some roundabout way, adroitly, without exciting suspicion as to his own desires in the matter, La Fayette put it to a test whether Mme. d'Ayen, Mme. de La Fayette and others near to him would demur should he undertake an adventure as far as America. He was not left in doubt as to their feeling. In his search for a tentative "yes," he got an unmistakable "no"—a most positive denial. La Fayette was not long in learning many of the things he wished to ascertain on the subject of America. Eager for the facts, topographical, political, social, he found many veterans with American experiences, met many men older than himself whose attention had been sharply challenged by the great drama of liberty in process of enactment overseas, and struck up acquaintance with others who like himself were young and fired with zeal for romantic exploits on the other side of the globe.

In the words of Louis Rosenthal:[4]

[4] "America and France," by Louis Rosenthal, 1882.

"At the capital, in the province, at the watering places, in the châteaus of the rich and in the *entresol* of the politicians and men of letters, the American resistance to English demand was the theme of general conversation." The "rebels" of British invective were "insurgens" in France. "It was at Spa," writes Count de Ségur, "that I learned for the first time the events which indicated an approaching and mighty revolution in America. On my return to Paris I found the same agitation prevailing also there in the public mind." According to Sainte-Beuve, Joseph de Maistre declared: "Liberty, insulted in Europe, has taken flight to America, to another hemisphere. It floats over the icy shores of Canada, it gives arms to the peace-loving Pennsylvanian, and from the midst of Philadelphia it cries out to the English, "Why have you outraged me—you who boast that you are great only by my means?"

Now that his eyes were open, La Fayette could see in the public prints American references to which he had paid little attention prior to the history-making gossip of a king's brother who, with his lovely Duchess, was having a good time among refined and elegant gentlefolk of the *ancien régime*. There were Stamp Act stories. There were accounts of the doings of "The Sons of Liberty." La Fayette liked the phrase. Otis, Adams, Faneuil Hall, town meeting, Boston massacre, Patrick Henry, bill of rights, Continental Congress—these were talked of. La Fayette listened. And this Washington?—the man who had said, "Our lordly masters in Great Britain will be satisfied with nothing less than the deprivation of American freedom." Who was he? Lexington, Concord—there had been actual fighting; yes, for a thousand miles along the Atlantic Coast, America was in a ferment. Worse! In among the Appalachies and back of them were untold

numbers of savages who threatened to become active British allies. This was, indeed, a most unhappy, a most dangerous, situation for the three million of mortals who dwelt between the sea and the mountains—between the wave of redcoats and the wave of redmen about to be set in motion to engulf them.

Once more we call upon Mr. Sparks:[5]

"La Fayette next explained his intention to the Count de Broglie, who told him that his project was too chimerical, and fraught with so many hazards, without a prospect of the least advantage, that he could not for a moment regard it with favor, nor encourage him with any advice which would prevent him from abandoning it immediately. When La Fayette found him thus determined, he requested that at least he would not betray him, for he was resolved to go to America. The Count de Broglie assured him that his confidence was not misplaced. 'But,' said he, 'I have seen your uncle die in the Wars of Italy; I witnessed your father's death at the battle of Minden; and I will not be an accessory to the ruin of the family.' He then used all his powers of argument and persuasion to divert La Fayette from his purpose, but in vain. Finding his determination unalterable, the Count de Broglie said, as he could render him no aid, he would introduce him to the Baron de Kalb, who he knew was seeking an opportunity to go to America, and whose experience and counsels might be valuable."

We have now come close upon three men—one in the sunny, two in the shadowy, part of the La Fayette story—who might well have been put into fiction by Dumas or Balzac, or any of the masters: the Comte de Broglie (pronounced Bro-ille), the Baron de Kalb and M. de Beaumarchais. It is a duty on our part to take a look at each, as La Fayette did on many an occasion, since each had much to do with the multiple data out of which we must pluck such truth as may be within reach. Frederick Kapp (biographer of Baron de

[5] "Portraits Litteraires," tome ii, p. 388.

Kalb), says Comte Charles François de Broglie's elder brother, Maréchal Victor François de Broglie (1718–1804) was one of the ablest captains of the day. Jomini called him "the only French general engaged in the Seven Years' War who approved himself as capable on all occasions." Comte Charles (1719–1781), an habitué of the Prince of Conti's salon, intriguer and secret agent for Louis XV, and a great "frondeur," a great "grumbler," had the ill-luck to become the scapegoat of d'Eon's villainy. "Hence he suffered from the worst wound that can be inflicted upon a Frenchman—that of ridicule." The Court turned him out of doors; and he and the Maréchal quit Paris to weed their flowerbeds at the Château de Ruffec. Later Choiseul recalled them and the Maréchal became "Governor of the three bishoprics at Metz, Toul and Verdun." But it was Charles François who was military governor of Metz at the time of the dinner and it was Charles who now figured in a notable bid for Franco-American service. Bancroft[6] astonished his sober readers of an earlier generation by this unexplained passage:

"The Comte de Broglie, disclaiming the ambition of becoming the sovereign of the United States, insinuated his willingness to be for a period of years its William of Orange, provided he could be assured of a large grant of money before embarkation, an ample revenue, the highest military rank, the direction of foreign relations during his command and a princely annuity for life after his return."

The New World was not exactly his oyster, but he would open it if he could have the pearl inside. Like William of Orange, he would serve as a stadtholder, which word, Dr. Charles J. Stille[7] says, had the same

[6] "History of the United States," vol. vi, p. 519 (edition of 1879).

[7] See *Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography*, vol. xi, No. 4, pp. 369 *et seq.* Also "Le Stadthouderat de Comte de Broglie," in M. Doniol's "La Participation," ii, 50.

meaning then as Protector or Dictator now. The Count's naïve proposition was made in dead earnest to none other than Silas Deane for transmission to Congress. Let us mark well that our would-be savior and stadtholder was the same versatile genius who had now brought La Fayette in touch with Baron de Kalb.

The Baron was a self-made baron, as well as a safe-made man. He had a reason for pirating a title. Born plain Johan Kalb (of peasant stock, June 29, 1721; died the hero of the battle of Camden, August 16, 1780) he could not have become a French brigadier if he had not assumed to be a noble. It was one of the follies of old France that to be an officer one must have at least four lineal aristocratic ancestors, or a hundred continuous years of blue blood. Kalb acquired soldiership during the war of the Austrian succession in the "regiment Loewendal" under Maréchal Saxe. After the Seven Years' War, "in which a million men perished," Choiseul sent him, with other secret agents, to Canada and the colonies. Disguised and often using his mother tongue, this brave, energetic and vivacious man seemed hardly fifty, when he died.

As for M. de Beaumarchais [8] (1732–1799) he certainly was an odd one. He was a watchmaker's son, like Rousseau. His father was a character; his five sisters were cultivated, witty, musical. One, Lizette, was the original heroine in Goethe's "Clavijo." "Beaumarchais," the name of a maternal relative, was only a "nom de guerre;" for in reality he was Pierre Augustin Caron. He looked after the timepieces of Mesdames in the King's household—Logue, Graille and Chiffe, as Louis XV nicknamed his three daughters.

[8] Beaumarchais and "The Lost Million," by Charles J. Stillé, *Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography*, vol. xi. Also "Beaumarchais and the War for American Independence," by Elizabeth S. Kite.

But for the intimate footing thus acquired by Beaumarchais, his satire on the *ancien régime,* "Le Mariage de Figaro," might not have been tolerated.[9] Dr. Stille scores an important point with respect to him. "Vain, ever active, unscrupulous," he strikes many students of character as unworthy; but "by others he is thought chiefly responsible for two Revolutions—that of France, by holding up in the full light of day before the average Frenchman monstrous evils which had never before been so vividly portrayed, and that of America by the energy which he exhibited in supplying us with arms and clothing for an army of 25,000 men, supplies which we must admit were essential to our success against Great Britain." In a word, he was a wonder whom we must admire circumspectly, cautiously. Never was a son of Adam so versatile.[10] Not only was his head as full of projects as his own watch of wheels, but his mental machinery rarely ran down. "This extraordinary man dipped into everything; he was indeed a jack of all trades. He almost succeeded in everything, so prodigious were his abili-

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[9] In the opinion of Taine: "It was necessary for the promoters of the (French) Revolution to enforce the doctrine of the philosophers with brilliancy, with wit and with a certain gayety of style and manner which would create public scandal. This Beaumarchais did in 'Le Mariage de Figaro.' He exhibited a faithful picture of the *ancien régime* before the chiefs of the *ancien régime.*

[10] His biographer, Louis de Loménie, broke into a dusty, cobwebby garret in Paris where Beaumarchais' papers had been hidden for years. He discovered the original MSS. of the "Mariage de Figaro," "The Barber of Seville," and less known dramatic pieces. But of the "Lost Million" he found no trace. M. Loménie says that his hero was not only a watchmaker, dramatist and songwriter, but comic writer, man of fashion, courtier, man of business, financier, manufacturer, publisher, shipowner, contractor, secret agent, negotiator, pamphleteer, orator on certain occasions, a peaceful man of taste yet always at law, engaging like Figaro in every occupation. Beaumarchais was concerned in most of the events great or small which preceded the Revolution.

ties. He tried, however, in vain to be an honest man."[11] That was the real trouble. Yet, "the lost million," for which he receipted, did not go into his own pocket; but was used to buy powder, shot, uniforms and a hundred needful things for our ragged Continentals. This strange Frenchman, who sent ships of his own into battle to fight alongside royal men-of-war, had a purpose in mystifying the world. France was using him in secret to fight her old enemy. Beaumarchais took the knocks and the blame, and we got the benefit of his labors. Though once rich, he died poor; and, some say, by his own hand. Even in a censorious world there are excuses enough for Beaumarchais.

The Comte de Broglie, Baron de Kalb, M. de Beaumarchais and our young La Fayette all made it a point to see Silas Deane. He was one of the three secret commissioners sent by Congress to stir up trouble for Great Britain and hurry along aid for the hard-pressed colonists. The other two were Dr. Benjamin Franklin and Arthur Lee, Richard Henry Lee's brother. Deane sailed out of the Delaware, March 6, 1776, bound for Bordeaux, but met with mishaps and buffetings at sea, found it necessary to masquerade as a "merchant from Bermuda," and reached Paris as late as July—unfamiliar alike with the language and with the customs of the people among whom he had come to play a secret and forbidden game for gold and guns and the what-not of a desperate struggle. Lee and Franklin came later. Franklin's great part in bringing about the final alliance need not be dwelt upon. His seeming simplicity, his homely ways, his pithy utterances, his mellowness, his practical democracy throughout a long life, made "Poor Richard" the most popular man in France. "The conduct of Franklin was a masterpiece," says Caba-

[11] "Revue Retrospective," March 15, 1870.

nais. He was for liberty-lovers in Europe the *avant-courrier* of the Declaration of Independence. He was lionized in all quarters, and he liked it, being shrewd enough to see that, with America on everyone's lips, the Foreign Office would eventually cease to deny open aid. Even the Royalist Vergennes[12] would by and by say: "I hope to live long enough to see England humiliated and American independence acknowledged." He fell more and more under Franklin's influence. France was full of English spies and Versailles was obliged to make pretence to Lord Stormont of preserving a decent neutrality. But the Franklin furore continued. "Everything which the human fancy can conceive was named after him, even including a stove! Hats, canes, scarfs à la Franklin, were the mode."

It follows that Deane and Lee were in the great Doctor's shadow. It is out of place here to retell the sad tale of these two—Lee and Deane—for they got themselves into all sorts of trouble. Lee was a trouble-maker—suspicious, jealous and with an itch for writing letters of complaint and abuse. That he was a hard man, an unmellowed man, might well have been fortunate for America if he had been less censorious. Both Deane and Franklin were unbusinesslike in their methods; and each accordingly laid himself open to criticism from Lee and from Congress. In Franklin's case censure did not matter since he was so great a character and grand a patriot; but it did matter in Deane's, who upon his return to America, landing from a packet with the expectation of plaudits from a grateful people, found the hands held out to him cold at best, and in some instances doubled as if in menace.[13]

Whatever may be said against Beaumarchais, the

[12] Charles Gravier, Comte de Vergennes (b. Dijon, 1717; d. Versailles, 1787), foreign affairs minister, July 21, 1774; identified throughout with the Franco-American Alliance.

[13] "Papers in Relation to the Case of Silas Deane," 1855.

fact remains that he sent ship after ship laden with priceless *impedimenta* wherewith was waged our War for Liberty.

Whatever may be said to the detriment of Silas Deane, the fact remains that he worked hard and long and well. Lee meanwhile was making enemies, and Franklin friends. Moreover, Deane was first on the ground in France. To him came the hundreds who wished to find employment oversea—adventurers, money-hunters and those born-soldiers whose instinct caused them to flock to a fight, even if they had to cross an ocean to do so. "The rage, I may say, for entering the American service increases," wrote Deane to Congress; "and the consequence is that I am crowded with offers and proposals, many of them from persons of the first rank and eminence, in the sea as well as land service.[14]

In "The French in America," Thomas Balch gives us a well-wrought "Who's Who's" of these friends of ours in our time of need. One has but to compare young La Fayette with the common run of them to see how much more idealistic were his generosities than theirs. Whatever La Fayette may have been later in life—and, in course of time, we shall find his motives impugned—the mainspring of his action was one of the pure gold of golden youth. It was like an outcropping of the Crusader. There was something of Guesclin, of Bayard, in him that made him so eager to accept responsibilities of a great leap in the dark—a great adventure overseas among an alien people.

But we shall not belittle or decry Deane's soldiers of fortune. No doubt there were many among them whose motives were excellent, however mixed. Certainly one cannot quite subscribe to the sweeping conclusion of Dr. Charles J. Stille when he says:

[14] Wharton, "Diplomatic Correspondence," ii, 191.

"It is possible to overrate the disinterestedness of France in regard to the succors furnished by her during the Revolution. There was (and let it never be forgotten) but one disinterested Frenchman who served during that war, and that was the Marquis de La Fayette. He made the American cause his own because he believed it to be that of liberty and human rights. He fought for us not because he hated England as an enemy to France, but because he was moved by the same principle which governed George Washington and his companions. He, above all the foreigners in our army, clamored for no recognition of his services and asked for no pay. The conduct of La Fayette had many admirers among his countrymen, but no imitators."

It is undeniable that La Fayette kept his secret better than some of those with whom he has just been compared. For him it was a long year of reticence—of waiting and planning. He must have talked with Beaumarchais and De Kalb and probably on many occasions with the Comte de Broglie who wanted to wear George Washington's boots and do things in a big way. The Comte's stadtholdership seemed all the more necessary to him because the latest news from America was much more favorable to the British than it had been for months past.

In the October following the Metz episode the Comte wrote to Saint Germain,[15] minister of war, in behalf of de Kalb. In mid-December Saint Germain replied: "When you shall have returned here, M. le Comte, we shall see what disposition may be made of M. de Kalb." The Comte de Broglie reached Versailles early in 1776, only to learn that if Kalb should be made a brigadier it would attract too much attention. Almost every move was made under cover. If an act were open it was purposely put above-board

[15] Claude Louis, Comte de Saint Germain (1707–1778). Under Maréchal Saxe he introduced reforms into the French army.

with the idea of misleading those on the other side. Red herrings, as the phrase goes, were drawn across trails. England knew that France was working against her, but affected to ignore the veiled hostilities. Secret machinations were less to be dreaded than loud-speaking cannon on land and sea. France was aware of England's untrustfulness, and at the same time understood that she could go a long ways with her plots before England would dare to turn upon her.

"It is known," says Kapp in his "Life of Kalb," "that the year 1776 was occupied with covert diplomacy of the French ministry for and with American insurgents; in secretly supporting and openly repudiating them; in steps looking to a more open policy, and in sudden relapses and tergiversations."

There was this consideration: War by France in behalf of America would involve immense expenditure. Where was the money? What magic bush would bear it? The Court, the Nobles, the Clergy were eating up everything. Turgot for his part had no plan for raising the necessary revenue. War with England at a time when England was beset was tempting—yes, truly; but it was a luxury too expensive even for France; shorn of glory though she was by her loss of Canada, and eager to restore her prestige as a colonial power. In this manner the ministry, now off, now on, kept Kalb, La Fayette and many another in vexatious uncertainty as to how they might best work out their plans. But the world was revolving; things were moving; there were bursts of sunlight, however black the menace. Seven days before Congress adopted the Declaration of Independence, Spain secretly sent a million francs to the American fund and Beaumarchais as secretly spent it. Vergennes saw his way in an important, if surreptitious, matter. He employed Adjutant-General Colonel du Coudray to visit Metz

and six other fortified places to arrange for the shipment of cannon. That was in September. Much as Lord Stormont[16] knew, there was much more that he did not know; and, therefore, did not thunder about. On the 6th day of November, Kalb received a commission as "brigadier-general for the islands"—that is, the French Antilles. Next day, Deane accepted his services as a Major-General. Fifteen other officers were to go along under a contract signed on December 1st. On the 7th, La Fayette is thought to have signed.[17] La Fayette says: "In presenting my nineteen-year-old face to Mr. Deane, I spoke more of my zeal than my experience; though I tried to make as much as I could out of the small excitement that my going away was likely to cause." Kalb left Paris for Havre intending to sail by a Deane ship, *la Seine,* for St. Domingo, General du Coudray boarded another Deane ship, the *Ampitrite,* and put to sea, but returned. Finally du Coudray got off, February 14, 1777. Kalb was less lucky. The Comte de Broglie's

[16] "I am very credibly informed a Mons. Colbé (Kalk), a Swiss officer formerly in this service, who married a daughter of the famous van Robais (Anne Elizabeth Emilie van Robais, daughter of M. Peter van Robais, cloth manufacturer at Abbeville), was sent to Fontainbleau and stayed there some days. It was proposed to him that if he would go to St. Domingo and thence to North America he should have the rank of brigadier and nine or ten thousand livres a year during his time of being employed."—Lord Stormont to Lord Viscount Weymouth, Dec. 4, 1776.

[17] But Charlemagne Tower is uncertain as to this. The arrangement between La Fayette and Deane was not closed until February, 1777. M. Doniol suggests that the selection of an earlier date was made at the instance of Mr. Deane, he having assumed the responsibility of engaging these foreign officers whilst he was sole representative in France of the American Congress, and that Deane acting by himself carried back the date of contract to a time prior to that at which he learned of the arrival of Franklin (December 18, 1776), because this arrival modified his official capacity, for he executed it as "Deputy of America States General." See the "Marquis de La Fayette in the American Revolution," and "La Participation de la France," ii, 380.

secretary, Dubois-Martin, kept him informed of secret proceedings in Paris. The Comte, still thinking in terms of the princely politics of Europe, hoped Kalb would soon reach Philadelphia and push the stadtholder project. Dubois-Martin added:

. . . "The Marquis de La Fayette has conversed with me for at least three hours at two sittings. . . . La Fayette has probably told you that the duc d'Ayen (his father-in-law) has written, or intended to write, to M. de Maurepas. The answer of the minister was to the effect that he knew nothing of the entry of French officers into the service of the English colonies, that such a step would be an act of hostility which his Majesty would be far from sanctioning; that the King was much gratified with the evidence of the Zeal of the Vicomte de Noailles (La Fayette's brother-in-law) but that he must not think of going to America. Our young Marquis (de La Fayette) does not despair; he still has the greatest desire to go; and is on the point of writing to Ruffec (the Comte de Broglie's country-seat) for advice and information. He is satisfied with sending his letter by mail, which will give him leisure for reflection, and the count sufficient time for information. I do not know what will be La Fayette's final resolution. M. de Noailles, having renounced his own designs, will probably endeavor to dissuade the Marquis from adhering to his, in which attempt he will of course be seconded by his family. The Marquis de La Fayette . . . is a most splendid young man and sincerely devoted to you." [18]

There is much more of this; for Dubois-Martin was full of Paris and Ruffec gossip; and evidently taken with the liberty-struck youth who could talk to him so long and fascinatingly on the great enterprise. Dubois-Martin, be it said, had a brother with Kalb—Lieutenant François Auguste Dubois-Martin, lately arrived on leave from his regiment at Port au-Prince—whom de Broglie called "little Dubois."

[18] "Life of Kalb," by Frederick Kapp.

And now back from Havre came Kalb, "little Dubois" and the other voyagers. There had been indiscretions at Havre—wineshop noise, street swaggering, what-not. "Even Beaumarchais, who had hastened to Havre, under the assumed name of Durand, to superintend the embarkation, lapsing from his great mercantile rôle into the weaknesses of the literary man, could not deny himself the satisfaction of having his comedies performed during his presence at Havre, and even attending rehearsals."

In consequence, Lord Stormont was stirred into protestations; and a long-range ministerial veto from Versailles fell like a cannon-ball among the ships.

"Of all Kalb's friends and companions," says Kapp, "none had more ardently sustained the expedition to America than La Fayette. He, too, found his cherished hopes and aspirations blasted by the prohibitory order of the French Government, yet he clung to his design, and staked everything upon its execution. The first call made by him in company with Kalb, who had returned in the meantime, was to the Comte de Broglie at Ruffec, and his private secretary Dubois-Martin. Both agreed that the voyage to America must be made in spite of all obstacles, urged that it be immediately undertaken, and discussed with Kalb and La Fayette the measures required to promote the common enterprise. The result of these transactions, which occupied but a few days, was, that La Fayette resolved to purchase and freight a ship, and to embark upon it at once for America, with Kalb and his other friends."

But this conclusion was reached in whispers, so to say. Spies were thicker than ever. All the walls seemed to be developing ears. Moreover, Deane hit upon this dark hour of all others to beckon them back. Affairs in America were unpromising, to say the least. He felt it his duty to warn them of possible disaster.

La Fayette said to him: "Heretofore I have been able to show you my willingness to aid you in your struggle; the time has now come when that willingness may be put to an effective use, for I am going to buy a ship and take your officers out in it. Let us not give up our hope yet; it is precisely in time of danger that I want to share whatever fortune may have in store for you."

How to go about the enterprise was now the only question. As for Havre, that exit was closed. So "little Dubois," who might well be thought on the way back to Port au Prince, was dispatched to Bordeaux. At that place he bought for La Fayette, of the firm of Recules de Basmavines, Raimbaux et Cie, a vessel, named *La Victoire,* Captain Le Boursier. The cargo was included. The price was 112,000 francs; one-fourth cash, the balance fifteen months from day of delivery, in the middle of March.

While "Little Dubois" Martin was buying *La Victoire,* La Fayette accompanied his uncle, the Marquis de Noailles, French Ambassador at the Court of St. James, to London. It was Daniel in the Lion's Den. La Fayette's critics say he should not have gone. In the light of what he subsequently did, they think he should not have broken bread and eaten salt so near the throne.

La Fayette himself says:[19]

"I could not refuse to go without risking the discovery of my secret, and by consenting to take the journey I knew I could better conceal my preparations for a greater one. This last measure was always thought most expedient by MM. Franklin and Deane, for the doctor himself was then in France; and although I did not venture to go to his home, for fear of being

[19] "Memoirs Written by Myself." He told Jared Sparks that the Marquis de Noailles knew nothing of his plans. He was careful not to compromise his uncle.

seen, I corresponded with him through Mr. Carmichael, an American less generally known. I arrived in London with M. de Poix; and I first paid my respects to Bancroft, the American, and afterwards to his British Majesty. A youth of nineteen may be, perhaps, too fond of playing a trick upon the King he is going to fight with—of dancing at the home of Lord Germain, minister for the English Colonies, and at the home of Lord Rawdon, who had just returned from New York —and of seeing at the opera that Clinton whom he was afterwards to meet at Monmouth. But whilst I concealed my intentions, I openly avowed my sentiments; I often defended the Americans; I rejoiced at their success at Trenton; and my spirit of opposition obtained for me an invitation to breakfast with Lord Shelbourne. I refused the offers made me to visit the seaports, the vessels fitting out against the rebels, and everything that might be construed into an abuse of confidence. At the end of three weeks when it became necessary for me to return home, while refusing my uncle, the Ambassador, to accompany him to Court, I confided him my strong desire to take a trip to Paris. He proposed saying that I was ill during my absence. I should not have made use of this stratagem myself, but I did not object to his doing so."

One of La Fayette's well-remembered experiences was his presentation to George III. In after-time he must have recounted his impression for the delectation of that other George among the snowy hills of Valley Forge. Even his harshest critics acknowledge that his conduct throughout was that of an honorable man. Without overstepping the allowable bounds set for himself, there was plenty to interest him in London—the London of Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale,[20] David

[20] These two, with Mr. Thrale, had visited Paris together in the autumn of 1775. The Doctor was not so near-sighted that he failed to see a thousand things—trifling books in a lady's closet, at which he shook his head; showy books, but of wood! "Versailles a Mean Town"; "The King"; Sans-terre the brewer, with whom Thrale, also a brewer, hobnobbed, unaware that Sans-terre would lead Louis to the scaffold. The

Garrick and Sir Joshua Reynolds, Fanny Burney; old General Oglethorpe, who could have talked with him about Georgia; Wilkes and Barré, and multitudes of others.

It was from London that La Fayette on March 9, 1777, addressed a letter to the duc d'Ayen, in which he announced his plan:

"You will be astonished, my dear father, at the news I am on the point of giving you; it has cost me far more than I can express not to consult you. My respect and affection for you, as well as my great confidence in you, must convince you of the truth of this assertion; but my word was given, and you would not have esteemed me if I had broken it; the step I am now taking will at least prove to you, I hope, the goodness of my intentions. I have found a particular opportunity of distinguishing myself, and of learning a soldier's trade. I am a general officer in the Army of the United States. The frankness of my conduct and my zeal in their service have completely won their confidence. I have done on my side all I could do for them, and their interests will ever be dearer to me than my own. In short, my dear father, I am at this moment in London anxiously awaiting letters from my friends; upon receiving them I shall set off from hence, and, without stopping at Paris, I shall embark in a vessel that I have myself purchased and chartered. My travelling companions are the Baron de Kalb, a very distinguished officer, brigadier in the King's service and Major General, as well as myself in the United States Army, and some other excellent officers who have kindly consented to share the chances of my fate. I am rejoiced at having found such a glorious opportunity of occupying myself and acquiring knowledge. I am conscious that I am making an immense sacrifice, and that to quit my family, my friends and you, my dearest father, costs me more than it could do any

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glory and the wonder and the seamy side all appear in the Doctor's journal. Boswell regrets that Johnson did not write his "Travels in France" as the Doctor could write the "Life of a Broomstick."

other person, because I love you all far more than any other person ever loved his friends. But this voyage will not be a very long one; we see every day far longer journeys taken for amusement only, and I hope also to return more worthy of all those who are kind enough to regret my absence. Adieu, my dear father, I hope I shall soon see you again. Retain your affection for me—I ardently desire to merit it—nay, I do merit it already from my warm affection toward you, and from the respect that, during the remainder of his life, will be felt for you by

Your affectionate son,

LA FAYETTE."

How this news was received at the Hotel de Noailles is best told by Madame de La Fayette:

"I loved him tenderly. On hearing the news my father and all the family fell into a state of violent anger. My mother, dreading these emotions for me on account of the state of health I was in, alarmed at the dangers her dearly beloved son had gone to seek so far, having herself less than anybody in the world the thirst for ambition and of worldly glory, or a taste for enterprise, appreciated, nevertheless, M. de La Fayette's conduct as it was two years later appreciated by the rest of the world. Totally casting aside all care with regard to the immense expense of such an enterprise, she found from the first moment, in the manner in which it had been prepared, a motive for distinguishing it from what is termed '*une folie de jeune homme.*' His sorrow on leaving his wife and those who were dear to him convinced her that she need not fear for the happiness of my life, save in proportion to her fears for his. It was she who gave me the cruel news of his departure, and, with generous tenderness which was peculiar to her, she tried to comfort me by finding the means of serving La Fayette."

"La Fayette," says one, "has everything to keep him in France:[21] his position, a wife by whom he was

[21] "La Fayette as a man stands foremost of his day. He was an exemplary husband, of an affectionate nature; but he

passionately loved, a child "—for Madame de La Fayette's first born, Henriette, namesake of Madame d'Ayen, had come upon the scene ten days before Christmas in the preceding year. He was never to see Henriette again, for she died October, 1777.

"In Paris," says Rosenthal,[22] the bold step of La Fayette in espousing the American cause was generally admired, his wife was congratulated on having such a husband, and in the theatres any lines capable of being interpreted as referring to him were vehemently applauded." The Chevalier de Marais wrote to his aged mother at her château in Normandy: "People here are greatly excited about the adventure of a young man of the Court, son-in-law of Noailles, possessor of a pretty wife, two children, fifty thousand crowns a year, of everything in fact that can make life here agreeable and desirable. He has left all that since eight days in order to join the insurgents. His name is M. de La Fayette." The Marquise replied: "What new kind of folly, my dear child, is this of which you tell me? What! Does the fierce spirit of knight-errantry still exist, and has it still its partisans! Go and aid the insurgents! Well! I am delighted to see that you reassure me, for I should tremble for your safety, were it not for your confession that you consider M. de La Fayette a madman."

The man who was mad, in another sense, was the duc d'Ayen. Of course, La Fayette's London letter was not posted until the writer had disappeared in the direction of Bordeaux. He did not visit the Hotel de Noailles, but "lay concealed" for three days with Kalb

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was primarily a patriot and one utterly uncorruptible. He loved his country before all other considerations; before his country he loved liberty, but this very love made him selfish. . . . He was mad to go."—"Madame de La Fayette and Her Family," by M. MacDermot Crawford.

[22] "France and America," by Lewis Rosenthal.

at Chaillot, then in the suburbs, though now a part of Paris, "between the Seine and the Elysian fields." "On the evening of the 16th (of March)," says Kapp, "Kalb and La Fayette took post for Bordeaux, and arrived there after three days' journey."

We have seen how Madame d'Ayen took the blow—making the best of it, sensible woman that she was—but the duc d'Ayen hurried off to the Comte de Vergennes and procured a *lettre-de-cachet*. La Fayette was forbidden to go to America. He was to "repair to Toulon, there to expect the arrival of the duc d'Ayen, and of the Comtesse de Tessé, his sister, and to travel with them to Italy.

Apparently the duc d'Ayen was in deep chagrin; and, at the first flush, determined to thwart his son-in-law; but, as time passed, he cooled and soon ceased to vapor. Perhaps ridicule made him wince and withdraw behind the curtains of the Hotel de Noailles. "If the duc d'Ayen," said a lady, "will thwart such a son-in-law in such a project, he cannot expect to marry his other daughters."

But, though the solicitous father-in-law was distressed, Kalb's biographer doubts the sincerity of Versailles in the matter of La Fayette's apprehension. Deep were the games and ingenious the devices of the Foreign Office. For instance, after the La Fayette affair had been bruited in London, the Comte de Banklay, Maréchal de Camp in the French Army, arrived in London with an offer to serve in the British Army against the Americans. This might, or might not, have been a prearranged offset to La Fayette's move. At any rate, the services of the Comte de Banklay were politely declined. "It is with great regret, M. de le Marquis," wrote the Comte de Vergennes to M. de Noailles in London, "that I mention to you M. de Marquis de La Fayette. His age may

perhaps justify his escapade; but I am truly sorry, not only for the interest that you and the duc d'Ayen have in the matter, but also because I am afraid he may fall in with some English man-of-war, and, not being distinguished from the mass of adventurers who come into their hands, may be treated with harshness, not entirely unknown to that nation." Here was truly philosophical solicitude worthy of Franklin's new-found friend. Manifestly the Comte de Vergennes was not displeased. Kapp declares that the efforts of the French Government to intercept La Fayette were a pretense. What he and the Marquis were doing was a "public secret." The ministers, instead of opposing, connived at the journey of Kalb and La Fayette, as far as their position allowed them to do so. La Fayette says as much himself, when, in the year 1800, he writes to Madame Geymueller, the daughter of his friend: "His (De Kalb's) departure was favored by the Comte de Broglie and secretly sanctioned by the French Government. What is true of Kalb must apply to La Fayette, for they traveled together."

Such would seem to be the simple truth. La Fayette must have felt that there would be a quick end to the whole business if Vergennes should thrust out his long arm—the long and powerful arm of the law, with gripping fingers and a merciless stranglehold—with the real intent of intercepting and seizing him. But so long as Stormont should satisfy himself with mere vaporing, Vergennes would continue to play into the hands of the enemies of England.[23] What

[23] Vergennes said, April, 1777: "The folly has turned the heads of our young men to a degree you would scarcely credit. Numerous applications are made to me on this score. Those who are absolutely masters of their own actions I answer by telling them they can do as they please. Those who ask my advice I dissuade from going; those who ask my orders are commanded to remain."

La Fayette feared was a de Noailles family embargo. Powerful, indeed, were the de Noailles interests and influences. And what was the meaning of this order to proceed to Toulon and Marseilles? He and Kalb reached Bordeaux on March 19. Next day, Kalb wrote to his wife: "There is a possibility that our departure may be prevented. I find so many matters still to be arranged that the minister will receive notice of the journey of the Marquis in time for his prohibitory order to arrive before we go to sea. Notwithstanding the ardor with which we are at work, nothing is more uncertain than this voyage. At this moment a courier has been dispatched to ascertain the effect produced by the news of our proceedings, and to prevent an interdict from issuing." One obstacle was removed two days later. "By the laws of France at that time," says Tower, "it was necessary for every passenger to obtain a certificate, signed by the proper official, setting forth the place of his birth, his age, his general appearance, and his destination." M. Doniol found the La Fayette-Kalb permits in the files of the Tribunals de Commerce at Bordeaux. In La Fayette's paper dated "Bordeaux the 22d of March, 1777," he figures as *"Sr Gilbert du Mottie, Chevalier de Chavaillac, agé de 20 ans, taille, haute, cheveux blond."*

Let not such minutiæ as the item just set forth be looked upon as unnecessary. One would much prefer to assume that La Fayette quit France at the risk of his lordly neck, and at the further risk of confiscation and impoverishment; for, then, we should have only the thrills—the thrills of surreptitious preparation in the wine shops of Paris amid dark-browed, double-dyed heroes, of stealth and elusiveness in transporting men and material to Bordeaux, and, finally, of the dash to sea just as the King's minions arrived with gnashing teeth and the very rope wherewith to hang our *dramatis*

personnæ. Details such as we feel obliged to give clog the quick flow, but they enable us to see La Fayette as he was—imperfections and all. We think of him as impetuous; yet here now we not only perceive in him the quality of caution but something that smacks of overcaution. We find that, in our little Odyssey, there appears a young man who in a perceptible degree patterns after the ancient prototype of so many adventurers. Kalb did not relish the delays; he did not like the overcaution; he wanted to get on with the great world-trip, seeing that he had so far to go and so much to do. On March 23 he wrote to his wife: "We are still ignorant whether our departure will not be prevented, as our vessel, so long detained already, cannot go out into the stream before to-morrow. When the wind will turn God only knows." Another day passed and another; and on the night of the 25th the impatient voyagers boarded *La Victoire* and dropped down the Garonne. "In two hours we shall be in the open sea," wrote Kalb. "We are weighing anchor in the most glorious weather. I shall certainly write you again before my arrival in America, because we have yet to enter a European port, and shall probably wait at St. Sebastian for the return of a courier sent to Paris." "Accordingly," adds Kapp, "the *Victoire* first took a southerly course to Los Pasajes, a little port in the bay of St. Sebastian, Spain, and arrived there on the 28th of March."

But though those were not the days of long-distance telephones and wireless messages, they were the days of swift-riding couriers. One of these couriers reached Los Pasajes in time to convey to La Fayette the "orders of the Court commanding the Marquis to repair to Toulon;" and Kalb's heart sank. "He was joined at Bordeaux," says Tower, "by a young French officer, a friend of his, the Vicomte de Mauroy, who had also

obtained an appointment from Mr. Deane; and in company with him he started in a post-chaise to return to Los Pasajes, having written to the M. de Maurepas that, as the Government had not absolutely refused to remove its interdict, he should accept its silence, as consent—a 'plaisanterie' to which he referred in after years with a smile. He had told the commandant at Bordeaux that he should go to Marseilles, in compliance with the King's order, but as soon as he and his companion had got safely out of town, they changed their course and turned their faces toward St. Sebastian. Whilst Vicomte de Mauroy sat in the chaise, La Fayette disguised himself in the costume of a post-boy and went ahead on horseback. Everything prospered with them on their journey until they came to St.-Jean-de-Luz, where the daughter of an innkeeper at whose house they stopped recognized the pretended post-boy as the gentleman she had seen, only a few days before, travelling toward Bordeaux; and a sudden exclamation from her, which was only half-suppressed at a sign from La Fayette, came very near exposing him. Some officials who had been following him came up soon after, but, the girl having sent them in the wrong direction, La Fayette and M. de Mauroy were enabled to continue their journey to Los Pasajes, where they arrived safely on the 17th of April."

All this while Kalb was in ill humor. Sure enough the Marquis had toyed with fate and let his family catch him. "This," Kalb wrote, "is the end of his expedition to America to join the army of the insurgents. He is at this moment (April 1) leaving for Bordeaux, whence, if possible, he will proceed to Paris, being loath to go to Italy. I am now obliged to wait for the courier whom La Fayette is to send me, either from Bordeaux, if, on obtaining from the commandant

of that place more satisfactory information of the King's commands he finds it necessary to abandon the journey, or from Paris, if he is permitted to go there, and then fails in securing the consent of the duc d'Ayen to his proceeding. Time will hang heavy on my hands here in the meantime. I do not believe he will be able to rejoin me, and have advised him to compromise with the owner of the ship at a sacrifice of twenty-five thousand francs." Writing on the 6th of April, he added: "If the Marquis has not already got a bargain with the ship's owner his blunders will cost him dear. I call them blunders, for his course was silly from the moment he could not make up his mind to quietly execute his project, undisturbed by threats. . . . But if it be said that he has done a foolish thing, it may be answered that he acted from the most honorable motives, and that he can hold up his head before all high-minded men."

Let it be noted that they had entered Spain. La Fayette, once out of France, was out of the reach of the duc d'Ayen, and could have sailed straight away for the United States. But he was unwilling to go filibustering across the seas, or do any other dishonorable thing. At Bordeaux, by means of couriers, he communicated with his friends and relatives in Paris and finally gained the day. Kalb wrote, jubilantly, April 17: "At this moment the Marquis has arrived, and prepared to set out with us in a day or two. He came to this conclusion by receiving assurances from everyone in Paris that none other than the duc d'Ayen had procured the royal order, that all the world is in favor of La Fayette's enterprise and sorely dissatisfied with his father-in-law for having obstructed his course, and that finally, the ministers on being asked their real sentiments in the matter, had answered that they would have said nothing at all but for the

complaints of the duc d'Ayen. We have therefore resolved to steer for our destined port."

Accordingly, on Sunday, April 20, the *Victoire* put to sea. The Vicomte de Mauroy (a Deane Major-General) was on board, as were Colonel de Lesser, Colonel de Valfort, Lieutenant-Colonel de Fayolles, Lieutenant-Colonel de Franval, Major du Buysson, Major de Gimat, Major Dubois-Martin, Captain de Voigny, Captain de Bedaulx, Captain de la Colombe, Captain Captaine, Lieutenant Candon " and the American Brice who had joined the cortage at Deane's recommendation and who is praised by Kalb as an excellent and amiable young man." [24]

It is noted by Charlemagne Tower that the difficulties which La Fayette encountered in carrying out his undertaking " served only to intensify his efforts. The storm of opposition from his family, the threatened penalties of disobedience to the King, the separation from those he loved, the grief of his young wife, were all subordinated to the great purpose of his life, his leaving France to help America; a step which his angry relatives called a *coup de tête,* but which was in fact an act of chivalry."

Let us bear in mind that La Fayette's own endeavor was apart from the astonishing intrigues and proposals involving stadtholderships, private navies, lost millions, and the like. His was a plain plan—Quixotic, if you please, " a Fool's own," as his father-in-law thought, nevertheless a plain plan to be wrought out and executed with all secrecy. It presupposes that the youth who

[24] Of these officers, Price, Brice, or Brue, served as aide under La Fayette; was made brevet Lieut.-Colonel, Oct. 27, 1778; had a horse killed under him at Gloucester. Chevalier de la Colombe was recommended by La Fayette for a brevet of Major; was a prisoner with La Fayette at Olmutz; when released made his way to Philadelphia. De Valfort, as director of the military school at Brienne, became " the principal instructor of Napoleon Bonaparte."

undertook it was of no small mould—a man of large conception, of imagination, of "high emprise." That he should have gone into it when his blood was up is easily understandable; but to persevere in it, when influential relatives antagonized every step presupposes resoluteness, an indomitable something quite in keeping with the characteristics of the La Fayettes of the olden generations. Yes—undoubtedly it presupposes great hardihood when a man, especially one who has been but twenty years in the world, undertakes a long-continued task in the execution of which he is bound to sacrifice much money, much time, and maybe his life.

La Fayette, the champion of liberty, becomes a paradox—the paradox of goldbags and blueblood in a dissolute Court—a Court of countless intrigues—embracing and clinging steadfastly to a pure idea antithetical to the ideas usual with one of his caste.

"At this period," writes Robert Waln, Jr.,[25] "La Fayette was a noble-looking man, notwithstanding his deep red hair. His forehead, though receding, was fine, his eye clear hazel and his mouth and chin delicately formed, exhibiting beauty rather than strength." And again: "The expression of his countenance was strongly indicative of a generous and gallant spirit, mingled with something of the pride of conscious manliness—in manners frank and amiable—his movements light and graceful."

[25] "Life of Marquis de La Fayette," by Robert Waln, Jr., who dates his preparatory advertisement, Waln Grove, June, 1828.

IV

CAMPAIGNING IN AMERICA

From all accounts, the voyage of *La Victoire,* which left Los Pasajes, Sunday, April 20, was as eventful as any set of young adventurers could wish. Her log had all the elements of a good sea tale. Clarke Russell, or Robert Louis Stevenson, if not Cooper or Mayne Reid, could have told it entrancingly. As it is, the reader must content himself with a matter-of-fact narrative—*sans* sun-sparkle, *sans* spray—put together out of ancedotal fragments and passages from La Fayette's own letters. At first there was fair wind and smooth sailing. But, romantic though the adventure was, tedium soon got the better of the thrills. Some idea of the way things dragged—of the poor food and bad water; the rolling and pitching, the seasickness—may be had from La Fayette's letter to his wife (*à bord de la Victoire, ce 30 Mai, 1777*). He got over his sickness "sooner than his companions," and, as Trevelyan expresses it, "employed the immense leisure of ocean travel in studying English, and reading military books in order to qualify himself for being a Major-General—a rank which he regarded as a 'brevet of immortality'."

La Victoire had cleared for the West Indies; and Captain Le Boursier, it seems, had no thought of taking any other course. La Fayette, for his part, had no idea of going in any other direction than the United States. Off the Canaries, he and Captain Le Boursier fell at loggerheads. Le Boursier declared that to go to the Carolina coast would end in the capture of the ship. Halifax would be the fate of all—a dungeon there, maybe; or, worse still, a prison-ship. Had not

La Fayette heard of the British prison-ships? To be sure he had! France could not reclaim them. They would be lost eternally. One may imagine the shrewd old sailor, walking his decks, and letting the boyish Don Quixote have the best he could give him in the way of deterrent argument. On the other hand, La Fayette brought out these points: He himself owned the *Victoire*—that was something. As for capture, unfriendly French warships, as well as hostile British frigates, would be hovering about the approaches to the West Indies. To go that way would force all hands to run a double risk; and, then, with that peril passed, in proceeding from the West Indies to the Carolinas, he and his friends would be obliged to run another blockade. No, the Captain must divert his ship. Otherwise there would be delays, if not fatal involvements. Captain Le Boursier demurred. La Fayette persisted. He was obliged at last to resort to threats. He would put the second officer in command, and steer for South Carolina. Then the Captain made a clean breast of it. He had smuggled on board private stores, worth 40,000 francs, with which he intended to speculate upon his arrival in the West Indies. That revelation cleared the air. La Fayette recouped Le Boursier with 40,000 francs; and away went the ship for Carolinian latitudes. Clarke Russell in his "Voyage of a Rich Young Lord" would have made *La Victoire* foam at her prow after this disclosure of the canny Captain's dark secret; but the truth is the *Victoire* was a slow sailer. She took her time; ploughed the blue sea to the Gulf Stream and across it; the voyagers grew well acquainted with flying-fish and dolphin. It was a wonder that they escaped capture as she approached the Carolina coast, where the British frigates were cruising. There was on board a Captain de Bedaulx, a Dutch officer, who knew that he would

be hanged to the yard-arm if caught. So he and La Fayette, in view of their "two old cannon and a few muskets," agreed to blow up the ship if, after a fight, she should be brought to and boarded. One day they thrilled to see a privateer. She flew American colors, which she was obliged to strike to two British frigates that by and by bore down upon her. Fortunately for La Fayette a strong northerly wind favored the *Victoire,* enabling her to run into Winyah, or Georgetown Bay, an estuary of the Pedee River, half a degree north of Charleston and fifteen miles from Georgetown. Two hamlets on the Winyah shore, Kalb and Lagrange, subsequently were named in honor of the Baron and the Marquis. Winyah itself was the birthplace of General Francis Marion, big enough in patriotic history but so small at birth as to fit into a quart measure. But there was no settlement at South Inlet, the spot where they dropped anchor at two o'clock in the afternoon of June 13, fifty-four days out from Los Pasajes. La Fayette, Kalb, Chevalier du Buysson and another officer listed as "Leonard Price, aged 22, native of Sauveterre" (but spoken of by Kalb as Brice) started in a yawl, manned by seven men, to find a landing place. They finally got into the North Inlet of Winyah and close to North Island; but they knew nothing of the channel. Night came on. They seemed lost. About ten o'clock they found themselves within hail of a gang of black men who were dragging for oysters. Kalb alone, it appears, could speak enough English to make himself understood. Yes, said the spokesman among the negroes, they were not many miles from "Massa Ugee's place," the big house on the North Island. So after a parley it was agreed that, as the tide was at an ebb, the yawl should put back to the ship, and that the adventurers should accompany the oystermen on their return shoreward among the

shoals. Thus, in a flat-bottomed, leaky oyster-boat, the voyagers were poled up the inlet and put ashore at midnight. It was a strange experience—masses of dark foliage, brilliant stars, fire-flies innumerable and such croakings and sounds as they never before had heard. A light came from the bayside mansion. Dogs barked at them. There was a commotion within. They had been mistaken for marauders landed from some British frigate. They were challenged by a voice in the dark. Kalb cried out that they were French officers just ashore and in search of a pilot to take their ship to Charleston. Then it was that the door opened, and there, in the well-lighted hall, stood "Massa Ugee," otherwise Major Benjamin Huger. He gave his visitors a welcome that warmed their hearts. Major Huger was a staunch Liberty man. He was one of the "Secret Committee" which, at Charleston, in the dead of night, had broken into the King's armory and powder-house and seized their contents. He was "a gallant gentleman, but of no great fortune," hence while the rich Culcheth Golightly had been willing to give one of his daughters in marriage to Charles Drayton, heir of Magnolia, he refused permission to his second daughter to wed Major Huger. This was Polly Golightly who, at a ball one night, "caught up a hat lying near, stepped through a window into the garden and ran off with the man of her choice."[1] "There is a lovely picture of her," says the chronicler of the incident, "with her hat (her trousseau) hanging on her arm."

But when La Fayette awoke for the first time in America, and heard the outpouring of birdsong in the live oaks and magnolias and caught the sweetness of the Cherokee rose, it was not to greet Polly Golightly.

[1] "Charleston, the Place and the People," by Mrs. St. Julien Ravenel.

She was dead, poor soul, and Major Huger had married again. Jared Sparks was curious enough to quiz La Fayette as to how he felt when he first set foot in the United States. He said he had gone to bed happy because he was "beyond the reach of his pursuers." The next morning was beautiful. The novelty of everything around him, the room, the bed, with mosquito-curtains, the black servants who came to ascertain his wants, the beauty and strange appearance of the country as he saw it from his window, clothed in luxuriant verdure, all conspired to produce a magical effect, and to impress him with indescribable sensations." Major Huger's second wife was Miss Kinloch; and she it was, who, with her little son, Francis Kinloch Huger, then three years old, received the officers when they came down to breakfast. Their hearts melted when with kind voices and hospitable attentions, open, free and sincere, the Hugers warmed away the hardness that had come over them during the stress and peril they had but lately undergone. On La Fayette's knee, playing with his bright buttons and gold-hilted sword, sat little Kinloch, who, when he grew up, was to risk his life at Olmutz in La Fayette's behalf. Major Benjamin Huger was one of five patriot brothers; General Isaac was with Greene; John, Secretary of State in South Carolina; Daniel, a member of the Continental Congress. Francis K. was Quartermaster General of the Southern Department.

Benjamin was all too soon to be a victim of the war. During Prevost's invasion in May, 1779, while he was helping in the defense of Charleston, Governor Rutledge sent him out at night to repair a breach in the abatis. "The garrison had lighted tar barrels in front of their lines to prevent a surprise, and by their light Huger and his men were discovered and believed to be a party of the enemy. Immediately a fire of cannons,

muskets and rifles ran along almost the whole line, and poor Huger and twelve of his men were slain."

So Lossing says; but now it was a bright June morning with much to do at Winyah Bay, and Huger helped La Fayette out of his difficulties. Word was sent to Captain Le Boursier that, as there was not water enough in the bay for the *Victoire* to make a landing, the right thing to do in the event of the enemy's approach would be to send everybody ashore and burn the ship. But again fate favored *La Victoire*. Stiff winds drove the British warships off the coast; and she ran into Charleston harbor, reaching her wharf about the time La Fayette and Kalb, on horseback, under a scorching sun, entered the city. The others walked, and an exhausting walk it was. All were received with honors. In a letter to Madame de La Fayette (June, 1777) the Marquis spoke of Charleston as "that charming city, worthy of its inhabitants," where "everything attested the presence of cultivation and ease." Latter-day writers of the Trevelyan school lay some stress upon the difference between the people of the colonies and those of the crowded European countries. In the settled parts of America one was struck with the heartiness, the sincerity, the homespun charm of the people. These qualities were in contrast with the lip-politeness of the old-world aristocracies, and the dumb disregard, or incivility, of the unconsidered commons. Touching upon this topic in his letter to his wife, La Fayette wrote:

"A simplicity of manners, a desire to please, the love of country and of liberty, and a pleasing equality are to be found everywhere among them. The richest man and the poorest are upon the same social level, and, although there are some great fortunes in this country, I defy any one to discover the least difference in the bearing of one man to another. I began with life

in the country at the home of Major Huger; now I am here in the city. Everything recalls more or less the English customs, though there is more of simplicity here than in England. The American women are very beautiful, unaffected in manner and of a charming neatness, which prevails everywhere in this country and receives the greatest attention, much more so even than in England. What delights me most is that all the citizens are brothers. There are no poor people in America, not even what may be called peasants. Every man has his own property, and each has the same rights with the greatest land-owner in the country. The inns are quite different from those in Europe; the proprietor and his wife sit down with you to the meals and do the honors of the table; and when you leave you pay without haggling over your bill. If you do not wish to go to an inn, there are country houses where anyone who is a good American will be admitted and entertained as kindly as we receive our friends in Europe.

"As for myself I have been welcomed in the most agreeable manner possible by everyone here. I have just this moment returned from a grand dinner that lasted five hours, given by a gentleman of this city in my honor. General Howe (Robert) and General Moultrie were there, and several of the officers of my caravan. We drank many healths, and spoke very bad English, which language, by the way, I am beginning now to use a little. To-morrow I shall return my visit. I shall take the gentlemen who accompany me to call on the Governor and then I shall make my preparations to leave."

Kapp, quoting from Kalb's manuscript, says that, by the sale of the *Victoire's* cargo, La Fayette "was handsomely repaid for his risks and outlay." This hardly tells the tale. On the contrary, La Fayette had a surprise—a shock. Captain Le Boursier produced an agreement signed by La Fayette in the haste of his departure in which he obligated to send vessel and cargo back to Bordeaux, there to be sold. Out of the

proceeds, a note given by La Fayette for 40,000 livres, was to be paid; moreover, there were heavy insurance and commission charges to be met at the same time. Your Knight of Liberty is prone to overlook counting-house stipulations. But now La Fayette and his comrades in adventure were brought up with a round turn by the unsuspected clauses in the Bordeaux contract. All had assumed that they would be supplied with necessaries and money by La Fayette, who had counted upon his rich cargo to refill his purse. But though Debit be a surly and persistent dog, Credit can outbark him. It was so now. The Chevalier du Buysson, who in his journal tells of La Fayette's predicament, reminds us that "all the honors due to a marshal of France" were paid to the Marquis in Charleston. He readily borrowed $7000 with which "to equip his caravan." As for the *Victoire,* she ran on the bar in quitting port; and that was the last of her.

It is Major du Buysson who tells of La Fayette's Philadelphia expedition, which set out from Charleston on June 25, following the northward trail so familiar to students of Revolutionary history. Most of the officers were to see service either in the Carolinas or Virginia, and the journey they were now making added considerably to their military value. Kalb was to die at Camden. Du Buysson, his aid, was to be of great help there. La Fayette himself was made all the more capable for his Virginia duties by his familiarity with the southern approaches to his field of action. At that time it was a veritable route of romance through a primeval region haunted by rangers, by Tories or by backwoodsmen. "M. de La Fayette," says the Mémoires, "travelled nearly nine hundred miles on horseback to present himself to Congress; passing through the two Carolinas, Virginia and the States of Maryland and Delaware, he reached the

Capital of Pennsylvania. Whilst he studied the language of the people, he saw also the agriculture and products that were entirely new to him; the vast forests, the great rivers, everything, indeed, in this country, give to nature an appearance of youth and majesty." But let Major du Buysson tell of the trip and its troubles, so loftily overlooked by our good knight of the blithesome countenance.

"We divided ourselves into three parties. La Fayette, the Baron de Kalb, and those of us who came ashore with them, hired four carriages to take us and our luggage. The aide-de-camp of the Marquis undertook to be our guide, although he had no possible idea of the country. This was our marching order as we came out of Charleston: The procession was headed by one of the Marquis's people, in a hussar's uniform. The Marquis's carriage was a sort of uncovered sofa upon four springs, with a fore-carriage. At the side of his carriage he had one of his servants on horseback, who acted as his squire. The Baron de Kalb was in the same carriage. The two colonels, La Fayette's counsellors, followed in a second carriage with two wheels. The third was for the aide-de-camp, the fourth for the luggage, and the rear was brought up by a negro on horseback.

"Four days later, some of our carriages were reduced to splinters; several of the horses which were old and unsteady were either worn out or lame, and we were obliged to buy others on the road. This outlay took all our money. We had to leave behind us a part of our baggage, and a part of it was stolen. We traveled a great part of the way on foot, often sleeping in the woods, almost dead with hunger, exhausted by the heat, several of us suffering from fever and from dysentery."

This is the way La Fayette wrote to his wife about the midsummer march along the old colonial trail, with its hot sand, its deep fords, its swampy stretches of mud and mire:

"You have probably heard of the beginning of my journey and how brilliantly I started out in a carriage? I have to inform you that we are now (at Petersburg, Va., July 17) on horseback, after having broken the wagons in my usual praiseworthy fashion and I expect to write to you before long that we have reached our destination on foot. There have been some fatigues; but, although a few of my companions have suffered from them, I have scarcely noticed them."

Some of those who suffered what they regarded as torments but which to the stoical La Fayette seemed no more than "fatigues," stopped at Annapolis. The main body of the caravan kept on. "At last," writes the Chevalier du Buysson, "after thirty-two days of marching we arrived in Philadelphia. . . . I think I am safe in saying that in Europe no campaign would be harder to go through than was this journey; for there the hardships are not continuous, they are even compensated for by frequent pleasures; but here our troubles increased with every day, and they gave us no consolation but the hope of arriving at Philadelphia. We were encouraged by the bright prospect of the reception we counted upon from the people there."

Thus expectant, they reached Philadelphia on the morning of the 27th of July. They had experienced a shock at Charleston; now they had another. No hand was held out to them. Congress clearly did not want them. La Fayette himself said: "It was more like a dismissal than a welcome."

But why? Strange, one says, that a party of gallant and zealous young gentlemen who had come four thousand miles over sea and land to fight for America should be so brutally rebuffed. Yet the reason soon appeared.

What Trevelyan[2] calls "the military market in America" was flooded with French exports of officers

[2] "The American Revolution," by Sir George Otto Trevelyan, part iii, p. 38.

on a par with the defective firearms. That is, Silas Deane, eager to strengthen America, but unsophisticated and unequal to his task, had permitted himself to be taken in by the charlatan and intriguer. He was "totally incapable . . . of noting the signs which distinguish an adventurer from a man of honor." John Adams, in his Diary, speaks of "Mr. Deane's mad contract with Monsieur du Coudray and his hundred officers." "Ducoudray," says Trevelyan, "was the son of a wine-merchant in Brittany, who had served not very high up as an officer in the French artillery, but who appeared at Philadelphia in the character of a Brigadier-General, and a noble of ancient birth." Du Coudray, failing to obtain what he wished, resolved to enter the American service as a volunteer. Here is the sequel, in a letter from Kalb to Broglie:

"Monsieur du Coudray has just put the Congress much at ease by his death. He was going to join the army on the sixteenth of September. Crossing a ferry over the Schuylkill River (middle ferry, Market Street) he did not choose to dismount and, wishing to correct his too mettlesome animal, the horse jumped into the stream and he was drowned like a schoolboy. The officers of his suite, conducting themselves with arrogance, and indulging in scandal, will, I think, be dismissed. . . ."

"The fate of poor Coudray ranks with the capture of Charles Lee as one of the mercies which befell the American Republic in the outward semblance of a startling and unforeseen calamity." Such is the judgment of Trevelyan, who thus sums up, with severity, on Deane's European recruits:

"These gentlemen, and their fellows, belonged to a species very easily recognized by students of the old Roman and the Elizabethan comedies. Pyrogopolinices and Thraso, Boabdil and Parolles, might be seen, any fine afternoon of May or June, 1777, swaggering up

and down Chestnut Street and Market Street in dingy white uniforms, amidst the growing aversion and indignation of Philadelphia. Almost all of them were loaded with debt, and some had left their own army in disgrace. The worst came from the French colonies; bearing letters of recommendation in which they were introduced as officers with unblemished reputations and splendid careers; 'brave as their swords'; in short, as mere 'Cæsars, each of whom was an invaluable acquisition to America.' Those letters were signed by the Governors of Martinique and Guadeloupe, with a sense of profound relief and satisfaction; but their perusal evoked very different sentiments in the breast of Washington."

Perhaps this is a harsh judgment. Why should Americans look such a gift-horse as Du Coudray too intently in the mouth. There was another side to the whole business. Motives are mixed in this world. Steuben had the audacity to say that Knox did not know how to handle field-pieces. Knox, Greene and Sullivan threatened to resign if Congress should carry out Deane's agreement with Du Coudray. Congress wisely compromised. Du Coudray as wisely accepted the ruling. Brandywine battle was coming on, and he was going out to do his part when his spirited mare plunged into the river and bore her rider down to death.

As for Washington, he stood by his generals. His hard sense nowhere appears to better advantage than in his letters bearing upon this subject. He would permit no injustice to be done; at the same time he wished to reap for America whatever benefit might accrue from such soldiers as Steuben, Kalb and *La Victoire's* voyagers.

These latter looked about them disconcertedly in Independence Square that midsummer morning. They were strangers at the gate. Gentlemen came and went. It was too hot for the birds to sing in the trees. . . . La Fayette must have sighed for some of the hospitality

of Charleston. "Congress made them wait in the street while a delegate was fetched who spoke their language, and who was kept near at hand for the express purpose of sending foreign officers about their business. This gentleman indicated to them, in very intelligible French, that they were a parcel of adventurers and that Philadelphia contained far too many of their sort already." We have in La Fayette's Memoirs a little account of this freezing reception at the end of a long, arduous and rather hot journey. He says he "did not permit himself to be disconcerted." He shrewdly suspected that his letters had not been read. James Lovell was chairman of the Committee of Foreign Affairs, and he it was who stepped into the lobby to speak a word to La Fayette and his companions. Lovell figured more conspicuously at this period of the Revolution than at any other time. Many carping expressions of his are cited by writers who tell the story of the Conway Cabal, to which we shall soon come. He was censorious, though not more so than John Adams and other colleagues; and probably felt that he was acting a patriot's part in picking flaws in Washington's generalship and in turning the cold shoulder toward the troublesome foreigners with the sunburnt faces. La Fayette could not use English well enough at that time to urge his case with Lovell; but he did a much better thing: he addressed the members of Congress as follows:

"After the sacrifice I have made, I have the right to exact two favors: One is to serve at my own expense, the other is to serve at first as volunteer."

"This style, to which they were so little accustomed," adds La Fayette, "awakened their attention;" and Congress at once passed a resolution commending his zeal in the cause of liberty and making him a Major-General.

Clearly, La Fayette had a value, aside from anything he himself might do, whether as an aide or general of division. There would be the very greatest advantage in a French alliance, and here was a nobleman with friends at the French Court and who had fallen as madly in love with liberty as though that abstract goddess of the wildwood were flesh-and-blood maiden like the lovely Quaker belles he saw pass Independence Hall. An alliance! Was that not what everyone was secretly hoping for? Perhaps some of the members of Congress already knew what was in Franklin's mind and on his programme. If this appended letter of his had not then reached Philadelphia, it was but a little while in coming. He wrote:

"The Marquis de La Fayette, a young nobleman of great family connections here and great wealth, is gone to America in a ship of his own, accompanied by some officers of distinction, in order to serve in our armies. He is exceedingly beloved, and everybody's good wishes attend him. We cannot but hope he may meet with such a reception as will make the country and his expedition agreeable to him. Those who censure it as imprudent in him, do, nevertheless, applaud his spirit; and we are satisfied that the civilities and respect that may be shown him will be serviceable to our affairs here, as pleasing not only to his powerful relations and the Court but to the whole French nation. He has left a beautiful young wife and for her sake, particularly, we hope that his bravery and ardent desire to distinguish himself will be a little restrained by the General's prudence, so as not to permit his being hazarded much, except on some important occasion."

About this time La Fayette first met Washington. It was in Philadelphia, "at a dinner at which several members of Congress were present." La Fayette says that although the Commander-in-Chief "was surrounded by officers and citizens it was impossible to

mistake for a moment his majestic figure and deportment; nor was he less distinguished by the noble affability of his manner." "When they were separating," says Sparks, "Washington drew La Fayette aside, and expressed much kindness for him, complimented him upon his zeal and sacrifices, and invited him to consider the headquarters as his own house, adding with a smile, that he could not promise him the luxuries of a court, but that, as he was become an American soldier he would doubtless submit cheerfully to the customs and privations of a republican army. The next day Washington visited the forts of the Delaware, and invited La Fayette to accompany him." Then he went up to Neshaminy to see the army. "About 11,000 men, ill armed, and still worse clothed, presented a strange spectacle to the eye of the young Frenchman.[3] Their clothes were parti-colored, and many of them were almost naked; the best clad wore hunting shirts, large gray linen coats which were much used in Carolina. As to their military tactics, it will be sufficient to say that for a regiment ranged in order of battle on the right of its line, it was necessary for the left to make a continued counter-march. They were always arranged in two lines, the smallest men in the first line; no other distinction as to height was ever observed. In spite of these disadvantages, the soldiers were fine, and the officers zealous; virtue stood in place of science and each day added both to experience and discipline. 'We must feel embarrassed,' said General Washington, 'to exhibit ourselves before an officer who has just quitted French troops.' 'It is to learn and not to teach that I come hither,' replied La Fayette, and that modest tone, which was not common to Europeans, produced a very good effect."

Thus met the two men whose names were ever after

[3] Memoirs: M. de La Fayette.

to be linked in ardent terms by grateful Americans. Though Washington had won his spurs, he was still surrounded by lukewarm supporters who questioned alike his policy and genius and who were quite ready to strip him of high command if the opportunity should arise. La Fayette, untried, deemed unlikely, because of his youth, to supersede any American officer of consequence, soon became a headquarters favorite.

In the month that elapsed between the morning when he stood knocking at the door of Congress and the day he rode past that same hall, croup to croup with Washington, at the head of the army, La Fayette had won his way into favor. Yet he still had one thing to do to put him safe and fast into the hearts of the soldiers of the Continental line. Shoulder-straps are shoulder-straps, and glitter on a Marquis is no better than on another; but blood is blood, and when a man gives it freely, without blenching, he is true, he its trusty. That was to be proved in a little affair just on ahead. They would find Howe, by and by; and when they got up with him they would see for themselves whether the Marquis meant much or little.

But where was Howe? That was the main question, in camp and Congress; Washington diligently sought an answer. There was a great galloping to and fro; but no courier brought definite news. All were mystified.

As a matter of fact, Howe, who, in June, was fifty miles northeast of Philadelphia, found himself two months later fifty miles southwest of Philadelphia. Call Philadelphia "Robin Hood's Barn;" and one may add that he had gone all the way around it, in order to get inside. Why he did not strike from the Jerseys, but circuitously struck from Maryland, is a matter as hard to elucidate now as it was then.

The general situation was: Burgoyne coming down

from Canada, hoped that Howe would aid him in splitting the continent in twain along the line of the Hudson. That was the obvious thing to do; why, therefore, did not the British War Office order it done? Lord George Germain is declared by some to have blundered as fatally in this matter as he did at Minden. There is a story that, at vacation time, on pleasure bent, he hurried away from his London office, leaving unsigned an order for Howe to help Burgoyne; and that he did not realize his enormous error until his return. But Trevelyan declares that Germain approved of Howe's Philadelphia expedition, expecting it to be a short, sharp affair, well over in time for him to go clasp hands with Burgoyne. The recreant General Charles Lee, then a prisoner, is said (by some, though others deny it) to have put the Philadelphia plan into Howe's head.

Howe was at sea, with 300 sail and 18,000 men, a long time. Washington was on the watch. He spent three weeks in the utmost perplexity, without hearing a word. Then on July 30, the fleet was sighted at the Capes of the Delaware. Howe, then, would come up the bay? Not so fast! It soon appeared that he had sailed out and off. But whither? Washington received a decoy letter on the subject. Howe, it said, was bound for Boston. Washington's army was at the northernmost tip of Philadelphia county—at School Lane and Township Line; it was marched along York Road; and, on August 9, halted at a cooler, cleaner camp, in the lovely broad meadows of the Neshaminy, in Bucks. Why halt? There was fresh and big news. Howe was not bound for New York, nor for Boston; but was pointing south. He had been sighted at Sinepuxent Bay.[4] Just as Washington[5] had made up

[4] General David Forman watched the British fleet sail southward from Sandy Hook, and sent couriers to General Washington and the Executive Council of Pennsylvania. This body dispatched Captain John Hunn to scout along the Jersey

his mind that he would find his foe on the Hudson, here he was, slipping back into bewilderment. There was a council of war (attended by La Fayette) on August 21, at which it was decided that Howe[6] must really have made off for the far Carolinas; then on the 22d, this decision was overturned by a courier sent post haste from Congress—Howe was in the Chesapeake with all his ships and all his men. Perhaps not all his ships, for there had been squalls; nor all his men, since the heat had drawn the very tar out of the timbers, and had caused great suffering. On those crowded ships it was terribly fetid below decks; and, when they entered the land-locked Chesapeake, the sun smote them. Water grew scarce and bad. Supply boats had passed from ship to ship, as the fleet ascended the bay. Lest they should drink up the last water in the casks, horses were thrown overboard. Lucky it was for La Fayette's side at Brandywine, that the sharks had eaten those cavalry horses of Cornwallis.

But, hard as was Howe's voyage, his army was practically unimpaired when it landed, on August 25, at Head of Elk—scarcely more than a day's march from the spot where it might have debarked almost a

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coast. He spied the ships off the Capes and sent the news. Henry Fisher, of Sussex, in Delaware, sent off an express. This courier left Lewes at 10 A.M. and reached Chester at 5.45 P.M.—a wild ride.

[5] Just how busy Washington was is well shown by his letters dated August, 1777. They touched upon many subjects, such as the whereabouts of the British fleet; his own marchings and counter-marchings; the peril of Philadelphia; the river defences; the checking of Burgoyne; inoculation for small-pox, which he favored; and much else. A letter to Benjamin Harrison, dated Neshaminy Bridge, 19 August, is devoted to clearing up the case of La Fayette. He wishes to know what Congress intended. Should he have a command? "No," Harrison replied; "depend on it, Congress never meant that he should have one." His rank was honorary.

[6] Lord Howe commanded the fleet; his brother, Sir William Howe, the army and the expedition. Their elder, and, perhaps abler, soldier-brother, had died in Canada.

month before if the fleet had kept on up the Delaware to New Castle.

At any rate, in the larger sense, the British had made a huge strategical blunder, destined to foster the French alliance and to facilitate American independence. For Howe's two months' manœuvres on sea and land had cost the British precious time and would also cost them Burgoyne's army.

Washington's course was plain. He broke camp at Neshaminy, on August 22; and, next day at Stenton, arranged to march his troops from that point through Philadelphia, and so on southward. La Fayette rode side by side with Washington at the head of the column. A mile from the city there was a halt in order that the Continentals might close up. They were "ragged" sure enough; but so jaunty, with their sprigs of green in their hats, that "in spite of their nakedness," they "presented a creditable appearance." One often thinks of the picture made by this column of eleven thousand men, as it came down Front Street. There is a road-like look to Front Street, which bends and dips and rises, and which with its colonial dwellings and warehouses seems a fitting frame for the marchers. On they came, with the drums and fifes of each brigade collected in the center of it, all playing a tune for the quick step; and, wheeling into Chestnut Street, passed westward to the Common, with great spirit, great vigor and a dare-devil swing to them. "From the State House," wrote Henry Marchant, "we had a fair view of them as they passed in their several divisions. The army alone, with their necessary cannon—and artillery for each division, exclusive of their baggage-wagons, guards, etc., which took another route—were upwards of two hours in passing with a lively, smart step."

They crossed the Schuylkill; then marched by the

King's-road to Chester and Wilmington and, finally, drew their line at the old shipping town of Newport on the Christiana—a tidewater stream which, swallowing the Brandywine and all the rocky creeks that cut the northern boundary arc of Delaware State, itself disembogues into the great river of that name. Thus placed on the northern brim of the Christiana basin, Washington's army faced towards the invaders who were hidden by the wooded hills miles away on the farther southwestern side. Between the hostile forces stretched broad expanses of lowland—part cripple,[7] part meadow, the meeting place of the creeks, haunt of wild fowl and at this season frequented by great flocks of reed and rail. Here were acres of rushes, tall reeds waving in the wind, cat-tails, marshmallow and all the blooms and birds and buzzing insects of early autumn. But for the deep streams, this might have been the grand battleground of the Revolution; as it was, only sharp outpost fights occurred in the Christiana plain. In this category is to be classed the smart skirmish at Cooch's Bridge, at the foot of Iron Hill, between a force of reconnoitering redcoats and General Maxwell's picked corps of light infantry. Delawareans say that the Stars and Stripes,[8] as officially designed, were first borne in battle at this point.[9]

[7] This is an Americanism, yet no other word fits. "A dense thicket," Thornton defines it. In the Penn and Logan correspondence, 1705, vol. i, p. 234, occurs this: "[Part] upland, the rest swamp and *cripple* that high tides flow over."

[8] Congress resolved, June 14, 1777, "that the flag of the 13 United States be 13 stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be 13 stars, white on a blue field, representing a new constellation." The stars were arranged in a circle. This was the flag unfurled at Cooch's Bridge.

[9] The date was September 3, 1777. There is a controversy on this subject. It is asserted that an improvised flag, showing the 13 stripes, was first used at Fort Stanwix (Schuyler), Aug. 3, 1777. But the stars were absent. See "Where the Stars and Stripes were First Shown in Battle," by Judge Henry C. Conrad, Mag. of Hist., vol. vi, pp. 206–220.

Iron Hill invited Washington's eye, as he rode over the debatable ground between his own forces and the enemy. La Fayette and Greene were with him; and together they ascended the height. Here it was, according to Francis Vinton Greene, that General Nathanael first made La Fayette's acquaintance, "and began that warm friendship which continued unbroken throughout the remaining years of Greene's life, and after his death was extended by La Fayette to Greene's son and grandson." The three, with their aides, must have made an interesting group as they reined in their horses on the crest of the highest hill in Delaware.[10] To the east, looking back toward their own army, they saw the broad valley of the Christiana, the far-away housetops in Wilmington and the mile-wide river with its many sails. Northward was Newark, with its one long street, now the seat of Delaware College, then a fine old academic town, where three signers of the Declaration of Independence had got their schooling; and just beyond Newark was as lovely a range of hills as one need wish to see—beautiful hills rolling down out of Pennsylvania, and bringing with them in their north-and-south ravines such rippling, foaming streams as the White Clay, the Red Clay, Pike Creek, Mill Creek and the Brandywine. Along which of these would Washington draw his line of defense? Greene's first line was wiped out by events. Then, by Greene's advice, the Red Clay position was speedily abandoned as untenable. Howe marched through Newark, seized the strategical roads up in the hills at Hokessin and quickly concentrated at Kennett Square on the old

[10] It was a risky proceeding. They could see north, east and south; but not to the west, with its timbered hill; in which, for all they knew, a pouncing enemy lurked. They might easily have been captured. For reference to the ascent of Iron Hill, see F. V. Greene's "Life of Greene."

highway that had been cut in the wilderness, in William Penn's time. He had thus put himself in a threatening posture astride the main southwestern approach to Philadelphia. Simultaneously, he had gained a position from which he might shoulder and crowd the Continental army into the Delaware River. Running through forests between high banks, in a region of gneiss and red shale, the Brandywine had many fords—Pyle's, Chadd's, Brinton's, Jones's and Wistar's. On the north branch were others, and on the west branch others still. But the chief ford was Chadd's, near Chad's farmhouse, where lived John and Amos Chad.

Picturesque indeed was this long-settled part of Pennsylvania, where the rounded hills in all their grace of line, the sloping, well-kept, stone-fenced fields, the farmhouses embowered invitingly, made anything but a setting for bloody battle. For this was a Quaker country; and nowhere on earth did the swallows skim the stubble fields with more winsomeness and less fear of molestation. Near Chadd's was Birmingham Meeting. There were many such stone meeting-houses in this lower part of Chester County. Westward was Kennett Meeting; and, beyond that, at Kennett Square (home of Bayard Taylor's people—"Hessian Hill") was now encamped the strongest army in the service of the King of England.

The fog gone, out came the sun, all the hotter. There had been no rain since the 26th of August; and dust arose as the farmers, plowing for winter wheat, ran their furrows. "The upland pastures were brown; dust had settled on the forest foliage; the whole face of nature was athirst; and the Brandywine, flowing from north to south, was shrunken and narrow." [11]

Such was the interesting scene; as for the partici-

[11] "Brandywine, 1777," by Howard M. Jenkins, *Lippincott's Magazine*, Sept., 1877.

pants, they were no less interesting.[12] Within compass of a few miles, had gathered great numbers of picked troops, as well as a great number of men now celebrated in Anglo-American annals. Of the famous men in the fight, besides Howe, who, when seen afar, looked like Washington, there was Cornwallis, short, thick-set, blinking with his left eye; and when excited in battle, constantly taking off and putting on his hat.[13] "Corncob has blood in his eye," said his soldiers. Knyphausen, sharp-faced, talked to his troops in German. Major André, young, comely, fine-natured, was on the field. So were Major-General Grey (Wayne's antagonist), an accomplished officer, and Agnew, soon to die. On the American side was Wayne, now within a few miles of his home, and who must have felt that he was fighting for his very hearthstone. Ruddy-faced, eagle-eyed, he was in his prime—a hard student as well as hard fighter. Greene, too, was a student. He was bigger-bodied than Wayne—corpulent, indeed, and quite florid. Of "Light Horse Harry," Lee, then twenty, it was said that "he came forth a soldier from his mother's womb." There was persiflage in those days, as well as sentimentality; Washington was fond of "Light Horse Harry" because he had been in love with the bold young trooper's mother—the lowland beauty of "Greenway Court." Nor may we forget that with Colonel Thomas Marshall, of the Third Virginia, was young John, his son, tall, black-eyed, afterwards Chief Justice—one of the greatest of Americans. Brandywine was the initial American battle also of

[12] Old Indian Hannah, last survivor of her tribe, who lived in her forest cabin not far from Chadd's Ford, might well have called this coming together of the paleface warriors the Battle of the Suspecough, for this was the native name of the Brandywine.

[13] "Stonewall" Jackson was shot in a forefinger at the First Bull Run. He held the hand up to keep the blood from dripping. Ever after, in a fight, he held that finger up.

many men from over sea—Count Pulaski,[14] the Baron St. Ovary, Captain Louis de Fleury and the Marquis de la Rouerie.

The battle opened, about nine o'clock, on the Philadelphia road. It was Knyphausen, making a series of feints. Skirmishing was lively for awhile; then followed a furious cannonade. For all any American knew, Howe intended to force a passage at Chadd's Ford. One could have sworn, from the ferocity of these feints, that Knyphausen meant to go through or break himself.

All the morning Washington studied the situation. He rode much, reconnoitering in person. La Fayette was with him. Once they barely escaped musket balls. The main road from Kennett crossed at Chadd's Ford. There was a parallel road, three miles up stream, called Street Road. This, too, led from Kennett to Philadelphia, by way of Birmingham Meeting. Washington posted Sullivan to guard Street Road. This was the right of his army. In it were six brigades. Wayne, with Proctor's artillery, held Chadd's. Below, and across the creek, was Armstrong with the militia. In reserve was Greene's division of Virginia troops. In touch with the enemy—and lively touch, too—was Maxwell's light infantry. Washington himself was at Benjamin Ring's house, a mile east of Chadd's Ford; and La Fayette, at Gideon Gilpin's house, still further

[14] Pulaski's American début, as well as La Fayette's, was made on this field. Pulaski was with Washington until late in the day, when he asked for the chief's body-guard of thirty troopers in order to go feel the enemy. He thus blocked Howe's game to cut off the American baggage train. Near Warren tavern, his watchfulness saved Washington from surprise. Pulaski flew into a passion at Hamilton, who was interpreting for him, when that aide cast doubt on the information just brought. At that time Pulaski spoke no English. Hamilton spoke French. Intrepidity in attack was one of Pulaski's characteristics. A swivel-shot struck him in the groin at Savannah, and thus perished a friend whom Americans love.

east on the same road. The ford below was guarded And the fords above? Well, they were guarded as far as the forks; and Washington, it seems, relied upon Sullivan to protect those still higher up. But, really, what did that matter? Were not those main roads leading east the ones along which the enemy would by and by come? What was in Washington's thought? It was what all on the American side imagined. Across from them was a heavy fighting force—heavy and noisy; certainly the Hessians and Anspachers were there, and the Queen's Rangers and Dragoons. Yes, there would be the brunt; and Wayne, backed by Greene, must take it at its hottest. Howe making a feint to the northward? Well, let him! Let him go a little farther—let him draw off as many of his troops as he pleased. It was Washington's purpose to dash across the Brandywine and overwhelm Knyphausen before Cornwallis could countermarch and come to the rescue. But where was Cornwallis? Might he not be in hiding just beyond his screen of thick timber, with a road open to Chadd's, and troops ready to dash upon the Americans should they venture battle beyond the gorge of the stream? It was a time for wariness. Thus pondered the American chief, poorly provided with lighthorse,[15] for lack of spies and scouts, yet seeking with the greatest diligence to fathom Howe's design and formulate a plan of his own that might involve the minimum of risk for an army America could not afford to lose. Ruinous, indeed, would it be if that forlorn hope of the continent should be overwhelmed.

So passed the foggy morning. Near noon came further news of the northward march of the Cornwallis column, which certainly trailed a voluminous dust

[15] Colonel Theodoric Bland had some lighthorse and scouted west from Jones' Ford. He hit upon Cornwallis and sent word to Sullivan. Colonels Hagen and Ross similarly reported.

cloud. Washington ordered Sullivan to cross the creek and attack Cornwallis. He would simultaneously smite Knyphausen. Again came contradictory and confusing reports. The order was countermanded. Musketry and cannon fire in Knyphausen's part of the battlefield helped Howe to keep up his deception. It appeared to the Americans that Knyphausen had the real strength and would make the real attack. The truth was he had but 5000 men; the rest of the 18,000 would presently strike like a thunderbolt.

Eighty-six years after Howe's perfectly executed flank attack, " Stonewall " Jackson carried out with like precision a similar movement, striking Hooker just such a blow in the wilderness of Virginia. There the forests were thick; here, too, at the time of the Battle of Brandywine, much of the country was wooded.

" The Americans," says Trevelyan, " were exactly in the same plight as the Austrians at Sadowa, and the French at Waterloo, and they would have fared as badly as either of them if Washington had lost his presence of mind in that moment of disaster and incipient panic."

Yes, Howe was still swinging 'round his circle. It was as if some inner power had given him such a spin that he kept on going that way. He marched with the flower of his army (13,000 troops) under Lord Cornwallis almost due north, along the Great Valley road until he came to the West Branch of the Brandywine. This he crossed at Trimble's. Then he changed his direction and crossed the East Branch of the Brandywine at Jeffries' Ford. This brought him unopposed into the southward-stretching Sconneltown road. With his lusty redcoats, he was on Washington's side of the Brandywine; on Washington's flank; with further good luck, such as seemed to be his on this extraordinary 11th of September, he would be able to

crush or capture the whole American army. By this time it was approaching four o'clock in the afternoon. The fog no longer shielded him; but did he need shielding now, any more than a bolt from the sky?

It was the day when the Friends held their midweek meeting. On First-day they had given up Birmingham meeting-house to the American sick, and had assembled for worship out under the trees, whither the benches had been taken. Now they were at Sconneltown wheelwright-shop, sitting silently within, when up came many frightened people, mainly women, who feared the British and had been running before them. Then "out of the woods by the creek came the redcoats in swarms." "In a few minutes," said Joseph Townsend, a Quaker youth, "the fields were literally covered with them, and they were hastening towards us. Their arms and bayonets being raised, shone as bright as silver, the sky being clear and the day exceedingly warm." There we have a picture. We see it vividly; the quiet Quakers drawn to the door by the commotion; the distrait women; the open-eyed children; the multitudes of armed men bearing down toward Birmingham meeting-house on its hill, three miles away, far beyond the stretch of intervening fields, which were in corn or buckwheat, still uncut, or in yellow stubble. 'You've got a hell of a fine country here," said a passing officer to the unprofane Quaker. Just then Cornwallis passed. "He was on horseback, appeared very tall and sat very erect. His rich, scarlet clothing loaded with gold lace and epaulets caused him to make a martial appearance." There was a halt. The soldiers got into the corn-patches. The officers were "stout, portly men, well dressed and of genteel appearance; and did not look as if they had been exposed to any hardship; their skins were as white and delicate as is customary for females brought up in large

cities or towns." Stroke by stroke, the Quaker youth paints clear pictures for us. We begin to see the British army in a way not to forget it, if we have any visualizing power at all—any memory. One wonders, of course, why, after so long a sea trip, these officers were not sunbrowned; but we do not doubt the word of our informant. Verisimilitude is his—that is plain. He was curious, was Joseph; and made his way along the column until he came to its head, on Osborne's hill, beyond which, in the distance, was Birmingham hill, grove and old stone sanctuary. Sullivan was there on Birmingham hill; and La Fayette would be there in a little while.

Howe's troops were deploying at Osborne's. These men in the advance were Germans. "Many of them," continues Joseph, "wore beards on their lips, which was a novelty in this part of the country."

There was hurrying and scurrying now. All were moving toward Birmingham. They tore down fences to enable them to get along faster. They threatened to whack Joseph, or run him through, if he stood there, like a simpleton, and did not help take off the rails. He took a top-rail, but his conscience smote him and he got away, coming plump upon a party of high officers at the top of Osborne's hill. "I joined in with them," says Joseph. "It was now a time of some seriousness and alarm among them. The battle had commenced in earnest; little was to be heard but the firing of musketry, and the roaring of cannon." Among the officers was General Sir William Howe. "He was mounted on a large horse. He was a large, portly man of coarse features. He appeared to have lost his teeth, as his mouth had somewhat fallen in." Joseph even "observed his large legs and boots; with flourishing spurs thereon." All the fields were strewn with baggage and blankets cast aside in the rush into the

fray. The battle was longer than a thunderstorm. It roared on till sundown. It took about four hours for the column of Cornwallis to pass. Last of all came "a host of plunderers and rabble that accompanied the army."

Let us see what Washington, Greene, La Fayette and multitudes of other men equally brave did to save the day. It was a dramatic happening in the history of our country.

First, as to Thomas Cheney, of Thornbury township. He was a "squire" of the neighborhood, an ardent Whig, who had served as a patriot spy, and whose heart was as much in the defense of Pennsylvania as was that of John Burns at Gettysburg.

"Squire" Cheney rode his swiftest mare that day, reconnoitering on his own account well up the Brandywine. Suddenly he surprised a redcoat column as much as he himself was surprised by riding into the thick of it. He wheeled; and, as he did so, was shot at, but got off scot-free and ran his mare until she reeked. Thus, somewhat wild in looks and overwrought, he reined in at headquarters and asked to see General Washington. When shown into the presence of the Commander-in-Chief, he told his tale and declared that the enemy were across the Brandywine to the north and were coming down with furious headway toward Sconneltown and Birmingham meeting-house. Washington checked him. The story, he said, had been brought in earlier, but had since been denied. Nevertheless he talked with the "Squire"; followed him out; and made him stoop down and draw in the sand a diagram of the roads. Washington still questioned him. "You are mistaken, General," cried Cheney; "my life on it, you are mistaken. Ask Anthony Wayne, or Persie Frazer, if I'm a man to be believed.

Put me under guard till you find my story is true." And he is said to have muttered under his breath: "I would have you know that I have this day's work as much at heart as e'er a blood of you!" Just then a note from Sullivan [16] swept away any lingering doubt of the truth of "Squire" Cheney's news. Washington bestirred himself. The crisis called for an altogether new scheme of battle. He made his new dispositions with the utmost dispatch, relying upon Wayne to hold fast at Chadd's Ford and depending upon Greene's Virginia veterans, under Weeden and Muhlenberg, to stay the progress of the oncoming flankers. Having thus sent his aides scurrying with order after order, Washington himself mounted, and turned his face toward the part of the field whence cannon-thunder came booming down. This itself was something of a guide, but those who were to ride with him in the emergency had seized upon an old farmer, Joseph Brown, and had fiercely conjured him to take them, breakneck, in a bee-line, to Birmingham Meeting. Thus, then, rode the party by a short cut, across the fields, over ditches, over fences, through woods—mile upon mile—with the battle sounding nearer and nearer, and its smoke visible from every hilltop.

At Brown's crupper was the head of Washington's horse. "Push along, old man! Push along!" shouted Washington.

This he repeated many times, though all and several were speeding at the top of their gait. "Push along! Push along!" Not a fence but was taken;

[16] Sullivan was greatly at fault. He had trouble with his generals and with other officers, contending for positions of honor in the coming fight. It does not excuse him to say that this foolish controversy diverted him from due watchfulness. He certainly did not properly act upon a clear, concise communication from James Ross, Lieutenant-Colonel, dated 11 A.M., in which Ross warned him of what was about to happen.

LA FAYETTE WOUNDED IN THE BATTLE OF BRANDYWINE

Reproduced from "Battles of America by Sea and Land," by Dr. Robert Tomes

In the fury of the fight, he flung himself from his horse and ran forward among Sullivan's hard-pressed men, waving his sword and crying out to them to hold fast. It was the crisis; and the fate of the army and the country were at issue. A ball passed through his leg. He was borne from the field by Major de Gimat.

and soon Washington came up with his broken right wing; and thereafter busied himself in the work of making the best of a black day.

Not far from Washington at this critical moment was La Fayette, who on this field endeared himself to the Continental soldiers. He had asked Washington to let him go serve with Sullivan. That officer had not quite completed the disposition of his three brigades on the new line near Birmingham Meeting, when Cornwallis brought heavy battle down along Sconneltown road. He swept all light troops from his path; and, in a little while, rolled over Street Road with his Hessians, Anspachers and Chasseurs. Two of Sullivan's brigades broke under the onslaught; and only Stirling and La Fayette stood up unbeaten. Sullivan himself joined them, and by and by Washington. They were at the centre of Sullivan's line, and held on a long while. Close at hand was the meeting-house. Cornwallis focussed upon them all his available artillery, and threw at them his best available troops. It was the hornets' nest. Two of Sullivan's aides were killed. His horse was shot under him. Here the earth was strewn. La Fayette, who realized the necessity of holding the enemy at this key-point of the field, also saw how great a strain it was on Stirling's men. Accordingly he dismounted; and, as the crisis was on, ran forward among them, sword up, to cheer them, and fetch back the faltering. While thus engaged, in the thick and fury of it, he was hit by a musket-ball, which passed clear through his leg below the knee, but luckily severed no artery and broke no bone. Major de Gimat, his aide, helped him to get to the rear. A little later that part of the field was swept by the enemy; but, by great good fortune Major de Gimat piloted La Fayette out of the range. The boot was full of blood, and running over with it, when a surgeon was found. A

temporary dressing was deemed sufficient. La Fayette, with Major de Gimat, then moved off the field toward Chester. Eager though he was to re-engage in battle, he was too weak from wound-shock[17] and loss of blood, as well as reaction after the fierce mêlée, to obey his impulse.[18]

He had the satisfaction of feeling that he had done some good, and there was further hope and rejoicing when he heard Greene break out in fierce and significant battle a little ways off. Greene it was, indeed, who finally saved the day at Brandywine. When ordered by Washington to move at double-quick to Sullivan's rescue, he made a march of extraordinary celerity, up hill and down. His infantrymen, mainly Virginians, ran four miles in forty-two minutes; and then without an instant's pause threw themselves into the fight with such ferocity as to give the enemy first a check and then something to think about. They caught the oncoming British with fierce fire at fifty yards, and thus held them for an hour. By this time Washington had disentangled his army, and Greene was at liberty to choose a less exposed position. So he drew back in the direction of Dilworth and occupied a defile until

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[17] The place where La Fayette received his wound, as pointed out by himself in 1825, was on the high ground a little northwest of the frame public school-house and southeast of the present residence of John Bennett. It occurred while Washington in person and the worthy young Frenchman were endeavoring to rally some of the retreating regiments. —"History of Chester County, Pa.," by Smith Futhey and Gilbert Cope.

[18] Here is an inscription copied from a tombstone at Middletown, Md.: "Sergeant Laurence Everhart, born May 6, 1755; died Aug. 6, 1840; buried at Middletown, Md. Rescuer of Major Wm. Washington, at Cowpens. He assisted in the most remarkable battles of the American Revolution. At the Battle of Brandywine, Sept. 11, 1777, when La Fayette was wounded, he and Sergeant Wallace rescued him from his perilous situation and carried him on their backs 2 miles to the home of a friend." Mrs. M. B. Watt, Phila., owns an engraving of Wallace made when he was 105.

MEMORIAL SHAFT AT THE SPOT WHERE LAFAYETTE WAS WOUNDED DURING THE BATTLE OF BRANDYWINE

The scene at the dedicatory exercises on the anniversary of the battle, September 11, 1895

darkness put an end to the battle. Then the whole army retreated to Chester.[19]

The Americans lost eleven guns and 1000 men; the British lost 600 men. It was Howe's battle in that it gave him Philadelphia; but he had not won it without suffering hard knocks. He actually had to borrow rebel surgeons to look after his wounded.

As for the retreating patriots on the Chester road, they were in a sad plight. "In the midst of the horrible confusion," said La Fayette, "and with the growing darkness, it was impossible to recognize anybody." At Chester bridge he organized fresh defense and awaited the coming of Washington. That great man had repeatedly asked for La Fayette. Seeing him now at the bridge, his greeting was full of solicitude for him on account of the wound. By his direction Surgeon William Magaw of the First Pennsylvania dressed it.

Here is a flashlight reminiscence of the scene at this point. It is from an account of Colonel John Cropper of the Eastern Shore of Virginia. He was about La Fayette's age. One of his grandsons was the celebrated Henry A. Wise:

Gathered around him [Cropper] in after years on the winter nights at Bowman's Folly, the children would never tire of hearing him relate the story of the bloody fight at Brandywine, when the Seventh Virginia, the command of which had devolved upon him, was almost cut to pieces, and he himself wounded by a bayonet thrust; and how when the ensign had been killed and the colors captured, he drew a ramrod from a musket,

[19] Brandywine battle caused bitterness of feeling among many American officers. In some cases bruised honor had to be poulticed. Mrs. Christian Hench was obliged to interpose between two wounded officers in the same room in her house at Valley Hill. They had sent their pistols down to be cleaned, and were about to sit up in bed to fight a duel. She kept their pistols from them until "they cooled off."

tied his red bandanna handkerchief to the end, and hoisted it as a flag; and upon meeting General Knox on Chester Bridge, the latter alighted from his horse, and pressing him to his bosom, said: "The boy we thought lost is found."

When the Third Virginia got to the bridge Colonel Custer used his ramrod similarly. He put a white handkerchief on it and held it up so that his men might thus be guided across a dark and dangerous stream.

Meantime Washington was too weary to take up his quill; his aide Harrison was too "distressed"; so Pickering, another aide, really wrote Washington's letter to Congress announcing the disaster of the day. Washington dictated a consolatory postscript.

Congress, in Philadelphia, had heard the Brandywine cannon and soon became aware of the Brandywine news. Its members had no notion of being the guests of Sir William Howe with a redcoat guard at their door. They must get away, and the sooner they should set off the better.

"It was a beautiful, still, moonlight morning," wrote Thomas Paine, to Benjamin Franklin, "and the streets were full of men, women and children as on market day." Franklin knew his Philadelphia and its September moonlight, and he could have had little difficulty, faraway though he was, in imagining the unwonted scene—the quiet Quaker evacuation as citizens and Congress alike took boat up-stream for safer reaches of the broad river. The British fleet had not yet entered the Delaware; in fact, the defenses would hold for a month yet. It was by water that La Fayette reached Philadelphia from Chester; and so passed northward to Bristol, where Congress reassembled. But Bristol was too near the British; the line of the Blue Ridge was a better place for the non-combatant fathers of the people; so Congress moved into the

interior. That beautiful valley skirting the high mountains southwestwardly from the Delaware clear on down to Tennessee—whether called Lebanon, Cumberland, or Shenandoah—was a good place to go. Congress went as far as York only; but it was in the great "Back country," if not at the back door, of the continent.

Meantime, September 26, Lord Cornwallis led the British army into Philadelphia. A ten-year-old boy who saw the conquering heroes come, wrote subsequently:

"I went up to the front rank of the Grenadiers when they had entered Second Street. Several of them addressed me thus: 'How do you do, young one?' 'How are you, my boy?' in a brotherly tone that seems still to vibrate on my ear. The Hessians followed in the rear of the Grenadiers. Their looks to me were terrific—their brass caps, their mustachios, their countenances by nature morose, their music that sounded in better English than they themselves could speak, 'Plunder! Plunder! Plunder!'"

Many lovely women, half Tory by inclination, turned Tory entirely when they contrasted the fine-looking, well-clad British with the forlorn Continentals they had seen pass through the city less than a month before. Gay times followed through the fall and winter and spring, culminating in the Mèschianza.

La Fayette, likewise, soon left Bristol. Henry Laurens, of South Carolina, who, next year, was to be President of Congress, being on his way to York, took him in his carriage; cushioned his leg for him; and politely set him down at the Sun Inn, Bethlehem. This kindness was not forgotten by the La Fayettes. When Laurens was imprisoned in the Tower of London, Mme. de La Fayette urged that he be given all possible consideration.

La Fayette, the Liberty Bell,[20] many members of Congress, crowds of highly respectable Philadelphians with the Whig proclivities, people with precious things hidden in leather waist-belts and saddle-bags—all these and many another flocked to Zinzendorf's old-world town [21] on the high, north bank of the Lehigh River. Especially was this so about the time of the autumnal equinox. Who wanted to be told on by Tories of the Galloway type? Who wanted to be hanged? True, Sir William Howe was a mild man; but, then, was not Joseph Galloway himself in Howe's train? Yes, he was back in Philadelphia; and that fact alone was enough to cause an hegira of prudent patriots. Bethlehem meant to live up to its name; it had tried to win the wild men from their wildness; it had been as a beacon on the hills—now it was to receive the wounded of Brandywine; the wounded of Germantown, [22] and the sick of many camps. So crowded would it become that, finally, a pestilence would threaten. Putrid fever would afflict it.

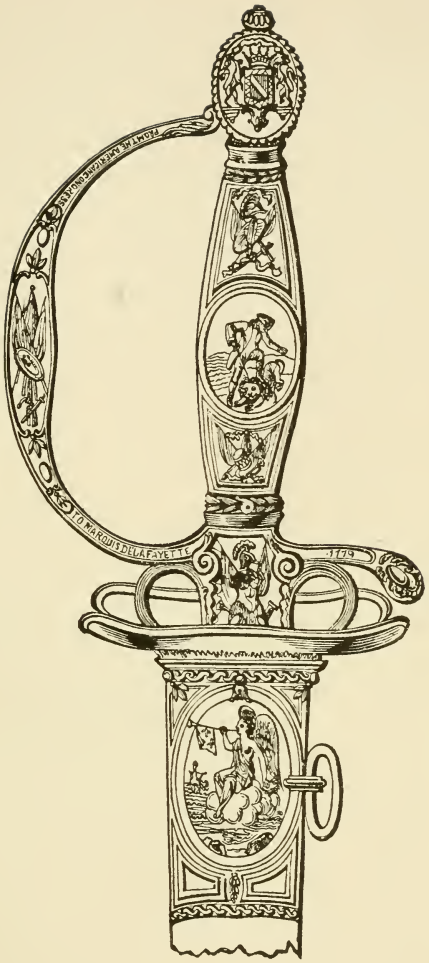
But now it was a clean and well-kept town. John Ettwein was one of its leading men; and it so happened that he and Laurens were friends. Thus, through Ettwein, La Fayette was well placed at once. "He

[20] The wagon containing "Independence Bell" broke down in der Platz, or Square, at Bethlehem. It was conveyed thence to Allentown, where it was hidden in the cellar of Zion's church until danger of its seizure by the British had passed.

[21] Count Nicholas Louis Zinzendorf's work must have appealed to La Fayette. Zinzendorf (1700–1760) and Conrad Weiser were eminently practical in their humanitarian work. Thirty-two preachers and missionaries whom Zinzendorf had reared bore his coffin to his grave at Herrnhut.

[22] The difference between the fighting in the World War and that of the Revolution is well illustrated in a note received by Howe after the Battle of Germantown:

"General Washington's compliments to General Howe —does himself the pleasure to return to him a dog, which accidentally fell into his hands, and, by the inscription on the collar, appears to belong to General Howe."



SWORD PRESENTED TO LA FAYETTE BY CONGRESS

This massive gold sword of honor given by Congress, August 24, 1779, was handed to LaFayette at Havre by Benjamin Franklin's grandson. During the Terror, Mme. de LaFayette hid it at Chavaniac. When George Washington LaFayette dug it up, years after, the blade had been ruined by rust. LaFayette owned another blade, presented to him, in 1791, by the National Guard. This blade, "forged from the bolts and bars of the Bastille," was inserted in the handle of the sword given by Congress.

came with a suite of French officers." John Hancock, President of Congress, and John Adams, were in the crowd. A diarist at the Single Brethern's Home wrote: "1777, September 21, Sunday. Towards evening, as the wounded began to arrive, the influx of strangers became greater, so that the Inn could not accommodate all. Among others came many French officers and colonels, and also a general who is a distinguished Marquis." General Woodford, who was wounded, reached Bethlehem about the same time. According to John W. Jordan, of the Pennsylvania Historical Society:

"When La Fayette reached Bethlehem, the Inn was so crowded that he could only be accommodated overnight. Quarters were given him in a house near the Inn, then occupied by the assistants to the farmer; and Mrs. Barbara Boeckel, the wife of the chief farmer of Bethlehem farms, was deputed to wait upon him. But as that house was inconvenient, and as Mrs. Boeckel was unable to give him proper attention there, she had him removed to her own house (on the main street, below the Inn), where a suite of rooms on the second floor was put in order for him."

La Fayette's host was George Frederick Boeckel. There was a daughter, Liesel, who helped her mother. "And," says Joseph Mortimer Levering, in "A History of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, 1741–1792," "pretty little stories, with variations, connected with his [La Fayette's] sojourn under that roof, were current among the local traditions many years afterward."

Levering adds: La Fayette "occupied some of the tedious hours in reading Cranz's 'History of Greenland and the Moravian missions in that country,' in which he became interested." But really he could have

few "tedious hours."[23] In his *"Memoires de ma Main,"* he says that while "the excellent Moravian brothers were mourning over his warlike folly," he was doing what he could to help the American cause. He wrote to the Marquis de Bouillé, Governor of the Windward Islands, suggesting an attack, under the American flag, on the British West Indies. A similar letter to the Comte de Maurepas outlined a project against the British in the East Indies. Maurepas remarked afterwards in connection with this subject, says Tower,[24] that he verily believed La Fayette would some day strip the palace of Versailles of its furniture for the benefit of "his American cause;" for that when he once got an idea into his head there was no telling where he would stop.

La Fayette had time, too, to write to his wife, which he did most considerately, with much delicacy of feeling. Indeed, his references to his wound now seem amusingly reassuring. Evidently he feared lest she should be unduly concerned about him. He wrote:

"Be perfectly at ease about my wound: all the faculty in America are engaged in my service. I have a friend who has spoken to them in such a manner that I am certain of being well attended to. That friend is General Washington. This excellent man, whose talents and virtues I admired, and whom I have learned to revere as I know him better, has now become my intimate friend. His affectionate interest in me instantly won my heart. I am established in his house, and we live together like two attached brothers, with mutual confidence and cordiality. This friendship renders me as happy as I can possibly be in this

[23] According to Lossing, "Pulaski visited La Fayette while that wounded officer was the recipient of the pious care and hospitality of the Moravians at Bethlehem." The "single women" embroidered a beautiful banner of crimson silk and presented it to Pulaski.

[24] "The Marquis de La Fayette in the American Revolution," by Charlemagne Tower, vol. i, p. 237.

country. When he sent his best surgeon to me he told him to take charge of me as if I were his son, because he loved me with the same affection. . . . Among the French officers who have all expressed their warmest interest in me, M. de Gimat, my aide-de-camp, has followed me about like my shadow, both before and since the battle, and has given me every possible proof of attachment. You may then feel quite secure on this account, both for the present and the future.

"I am at present in the solitude of Bethlehem, which the Abbé Raynal has described so minutely. This establishment is a very interesting one—the fraternity lead a very agreeable and very tranquil life; but we will talk over all this on my return. I intend to weary those I love, yourself, of course, in the first place, by the relation of my adventures, for you know that I was always a great prattler. . . . You must become a prattler also, my love, and say many things for me to Henriette[25]—my poor little Henriette. Embrace her a thousand times."

As for his wound, "the surgeons are astonished at the rapidity with which it heals . . . pretend it is the finest thing in the world. For my part, I think it most disagreeable, painful, wearisome; but tastes often differ."

Naturally, there was some irksomeness about the life at Barbara Boeckel's; and it must have been particularly hard to bear on the misty morning of October 4th. A rumble of big guns was coming up from the south. What was in the wind? Something ominous, certainly. Of course, no one at Bethlehem knew that the Battle of Germantown was being fought; but in a brief space there were painful evidences of it. Day after day wounded soldiers came, besides many sick; so when, on October 22d, "a final train of wagons arrived with their groaning sufferers, they had to be taken to Easton. The surgeons refused to receive any more."

[25] Henriette, born December 15, 1775, died in 1777. Anastasie, the second child, was born in July, 1777.

But La Fayette was no longer at Barbara Boeckel's. The surgeons were through with him. He could not wear a boot on his left leg as yet; but he was ready for service. He quit Bethlehem on the 18th of October and started to rejoin Washington's army.

By this time frosty nights had come—and, as La Fayette rode southward through Bucks and Montgomery, the gorgeous and glorious fire of autumn was in the timbered hills. There is no reference in La Fayette's letters to his impressions of the American autumn; other things than tinted leaves and panoramas interested him. Your young campaigner as he spurs along sees possible battlefields around him: yon hill, with its glorified slopes, would make a good place for a redoubt; this rocky stream—how readily might one defend it! *That* great valley—what a place for a cavalry fight! But La Fayette, the idealist, was the most practical of men, when it came to working out the idea that possessed him. No doubt he cudgelled his brains a great deal seeking to further the cause of liberty. The skies were by no means rosy. But for one great triumph the defenders of the new republic would have had a bitterly adverse year. The capture of Burgoyne's army—bag and baggage, hair and hide, an extraordinary achievement, offset Washington's heavy, if heroic, reverses. In a little while we shall see how sequential sentiment was used by Washington's enemies in a vicious conspiracy to overthrow him, and how it involved the, as yet, unsophisticated but fast developing devotee of freedom.

La Fayette and the good news from the North traveled toward Washington's camp close together. The full story of the battles of September 19 and October 9 (put by Creasy among the "Fifteen Decisive Battles") had already reached headquarters; in fact, there had been a *feu de joy* in the Continental camp; but

La Fayette probably got to camp (Methacton Hill, Worcester township) in time to hear the jubilation when the first courier rode in with the news of the actual surrender—an occurrence of the 17th of October.

Washington's soldiers were soon (November 2) at Camp Hill in a timbered range, in Whitemarsh.[26] They held the key to Bethlehem and Skippack roads and faced south across Whitemarsh valley towards the British in Philadelphia. A thousand of the Continentals were barefooted; nor were their feet the only parts of their bodies that were bare. Here at Whitemarsh they lay for seven weeks. Much happened in that time[27]—both to the army, which was strengthened by the arrival of Morgan's Saratoga sharpshooters, and to La Fayette, who, in spite of his inability to wear one of his boots, accompanied General Greene in his New Jersey expedition.

This was a counter-move due to the crossing by Cornwallis into West Jersey with a column of five thousand men. Greene wrote to his wife November 20, from Fourlanes' End, near Bristol (at which point he was to cross the Delaware to Burlington and thence move southward):

"I am now on my march to Red Bank Fort. Lord Cornwallis crossed over into the Jerseys day before yesterday, to invest that place with a large body of troops. I am in hopes to have the pleasure to meet his lordship. This eccentric movement will lengthen out the campaign for some weeks at least, and it is possible may transfer the seat of war for the winter. . . . The Marquis de La Fayette is in company with me; he

[26] Whitemarsh got its name because its springs "rise from a marsh of white earth and sand." Camp Hill was twelve miles from Philadelphia.

[27] Howe attempted a surprise December 5. His night march went for naught. During some days there were skirmishes, and many participants were killed. This in the time of the Lydia Darrah episode.

has left a young wife and a fine fortune of fourteen thousand pounds sterling to come and engage in the cause of liberty—this is noble enthusiasm. He is one of the sweetest-tempered young gentlemen; he purposes to visit Boston this winter; if so you'll have an opportunity to see him."

But the British would not wait for Greene. They were eager to obtain access for their ships all the way to the wharves of Philadelphia. Accordingly for a full month they had been hammering at the river defences below Schuylkill mouth. In sight of League Island, and the Hog Island of latter-day celebrity, there were bombardments and shore battles of considerable magnitude. Richard Lord Howe, Admiral of the Fleet, was on board *The Eagle,* off Chester. Above, at Billingsport, where there were batteries, the channel was obstructed with *cheveaux de frise.* The "upper stockades" were near the two mainstays in the way of fortifications—Fort Mifflin on Mud Island and Fort Mercer at Red Bank, the well-named bluff on the Jersey shore almost opposite. The frigate *Augusta* blew up and the *Merlin* was burnt, in trying to force the passage. At Red Bank, on October 22, there had been a desperate battle between the assailants of Fort Mercer—2500 Hessians under Count von Donop, and its 600 defenders under Colonel Christopher Greene. Colonel von Donop lost his battle and his life; but, on the very day General Greene wrote his letter from "Fourlanes' End," General Varnum gave up the contested position—no longer tenable since Fort Mifflin had fallen on the 16th and Commodore Hazelwood's river fleet had decided to move up-stream. Before daybreak on the 21st, "sloops, brigs and floating batteries, seventeen in all, drifted up-stream past the crowded wharves of the Pennsylvania capital, with their rigging and sails flying sky-high, their cannon

going off as fast as the flames reached them and their magazines exploding." [28] Lord Cornwallis took possession of Red Bank; and so the Delaware was open to the sea. With this main purpose achieved, Cornwallis next sought to protect the Jersey roads in order that provisions might come in quantity to Gloucester for transfer by ferry to Philadelphia. With the purpose of preventing just such a surprise as Greene probably intended to give him, Cornwallis held his men well in hand under cover of the guns of Lord Howe's frigates now up, in numbers, from the lower reaches of the river. He was safe. Greene, at Mount Holly, realized how foolhardy it would be to attack in force under such circumstances. The best that he could do was to give countenance to a little enterprise proposed by La Fayette.

There is a tradition in the Butler family that La Fayette used to say that "Whenever he wanted a thing well done he sent a Butler to do it." Lieutenant-Colonel Richard Butler was in command of one hundred and fifty of Morgan's Rifles; and, adding to these about as many more militiamen, La Fayette marched with the 300 from Mount Holly on November 25, to see how big a scare he could give his lordship at Gloucester. It was about as interesting a body of troop as La Fayette ever got together. The riflemen were "long knives" of the frontier; Colonels Hite and Ellis commanded the "two piquets" of militia; ten light-horsemen rode with the detachment and not the least gallant gentleman of the command were Colonel Armand (the Marquis de La Rouerie), Colonel (afterwards General) de Laumoy, wounded at Stono, June 20, 1779, and the Chevaliers Duplessis and de Gimat. It is doubtful if any soldier of fortune ever had a more romantic career than this Mauduit Duplessis

[28] Trevelyan: "The American Revolution," part iii.

(Thomas Antoine, born September 12, 1753, at Hennebont, massacred at Port-au-Prince, March 4, 1791). Thomas Balch says that, when a twelve-year-old boy, Mauduit bet an écu about the position of the hostile armies at the ancient battle of Platæa and ran away and walked to Greece to determine it. He fought recklessly at Germantown; and with rare soldiership against Donop at Red Bank. He was the hero of that fight. An accomplished artillerist, he made his cannon fire at Monmouth long remembered. He was in favor of equality among men, and wanted to be called "Thomas Duplessis," but he swung about, in the French Revolution, and became a bitter royalist. As leader of the "White Pompons" at Port-au-Prince, March 4, 1791, he was literally torn to pieces. His devoted valet gathered up the fragments, buried them, and "killed himself on the grave with a pistol shot."

No wonder La Fayette grew emulous in the company of such men and did a daring deed that day. He moved boldly toward the Delaware River and, having the protection of Newton creek, passed clear out to the tip of Sand-Point where he could see the British and where they could see him. There were many boats in the river. Cornwallis was sending his baggage across, preparatory to his own departure. That of itself was a piece of news that well repaid La Fayette for the reconnaissance. He says, in his *Memoirs,* that he probably could have been shot if those who should have done the shooting had not felt sure of his capture by their comrades. But he and his men withdrew quickly and adroitly; and, at 4 P.M., formed in the road leading from Haddonfield to Gloucester, at a point about two and a half miles from the river. They came down the road with a force that could not be resisted by the detachment thrown out by Cornwallis to protect him in that direction. There were 350 Hessians with

field-pieces across La Fayette's path, but he struck so hard as to drive them half a mile. "We made them run very fast," said he. They were re-enforced, and again beaten back with considerable loss. La Fayette lost but six all told. Night came on; so he ceased to worry Cornwallis, who, thinking that Greene's whole force was on Haddonfield road, made his disposition to meet a formidable attack.

This affair pleased Washington so greatly that he wrote to Congress about it and about La Fayette, whom he had but lately recommended for promotion. "He is sensible, discreet in his manners, has made great proficiency in our language, and from the dispositions he discovered at the Battle of Brandywine, possesses a large share of bravery and military ardor." Such had been Washington's complimentary reference in a Whitemarsh letter, November 1; and now again he wrote—and, with effect; for Congress replied with this resolution: "*Resolved,* That General Washington be informed it is highly agreeable to Congress that the Marquis de La Fayette be appointed to the command of a division in the Continental army." Upon receipt of this welcome authorization, the Commander-in-Chief appointed La Fayette as the successor of General Adam Stephen. That officer had acted so strangely at Germantown as to imperil the army. He seems to have put that into his mouth which stole away his sense of direction. He abandoned the Lime-Kiln road, his assigned route, and struck out across the country, following the sound of the Chew House musketry fire. The result was that, in the fog and fury of a mad morning, he clinched with Wayne, instead of with the enemy. The troops of this division were Virginians. They were, of course, as good as could be found anywhere.

One of Washington's acts of self-denial was in refusing to march down off Camp Hill and fight Howe

in Whitemarsh valley—an alluring field! In his "Story of the Revolution," Henry Cabot Lodge says:

"The country, with its head turning from the victory over Burgoyne, was clamoring for another battle. Comparisons were made between Washington and Gates, grotesque as such an idea seems now, much to the former's disadvantage, and the defeats of Brandywine and Germantown were contrasted bitterly with the northern victories. Murmurs could be heard in the Congress, which had been forced to fly from their comfortable quarters by the arrival of the victorious enemy in Philadelphia. John Adams, one of the ablest and most patriotic of men, but with a distinct capacity for honest envy, discoursed excitedly about Washington's failures and Gates's successes. He knew nothing of military affairs, but as Sydney Smith said of Lord John Russell, he would have been ready to take command of the Channel Fleet on a day's notice, and so he decided and announced in his impetuous way, the greatness of Gates, whose sole merit was that he was not able to prevent Burgoyne's defeat; growled at the General-in-chief, who had saved the Revolution, and sneered at him as 'Fabius.' . . . But no comparisons, no sneers, no rivalry, could make him move from the lines at Whitemarsh." These lines, indeed, are "as memorable in Washington's career as the lines of Torres Vedras in that of Wellington."

But Whitemarsh was no place for a tented camp with the winds of winter whistling. Much to Howe's relief, Washington struck his tents in mid-December, crossed the Schuylkill at Swedes' ford on a bridge of wagons in a double row, back to back; and on the 19th day of the month established himself on Mount Joy and Mount Misery at Valley Forge, where Valley Creek, cutting in behind the handy heights, empties into the Schuylkill. Here were humped-up ridges overlooking the Schuylkill Valley and Great Chester Valley, and from the door of his marquee, Washington, unslinging his glasses, could sweep the whole country

east, west, north and south. Not only was he safe from surprise, but he held the key to the main roads out of Philadelphia. There was excellent spring water. There was plenty of fuel. There was timber enough to build a city of log huts, which Washington himself designed and which soon arose on the sunny southerly slopes. They were on streets—these soldiers' cabins: each brigade flanked by another, and all in a long row stretching from Valley Creek to the Schuylkill River. With clay used like mortar to chink the cracks and oiled paper used like glass to let in the light, the huts were a credit to the men who built them. In fine, Valley Forge would have answered its purpose as a cantonment if Congress and its commissary had arranged for proper provisions and an adequate supply of blankets, clothing, and good clean straw. Congress did nothing of the sort, and "the story of Valley Forge is an epic of slow suffering silently borne, of patient heroism, and of a very bright and triumphant outcome, when the gray days, the long nights and the biting frost fled together." [29] Wayne wrote, in sprightly style, to his punster friend, Judge Richard Peters: "We are busy forming a city. My people will be covered in a few days! I mean as to huts, but half-naked as to clothing; they are, in this respect, in a worse condition than Falstaff's recruits, for they have not one shirt to a brigade—he had more than one to a company." Wayne was not the only Valley Forge humorist. Some aides gave a supper, "to which," says Elroy M. Avery, "no one who had a whole pair of breeches was admitted. . . . Torn clothes were an indispensable requisite." Chief Justice Marshall says that the American army was never so reduced—never so helpless. That was first-hand testimony—he was there to see and feel.

[29] "The Story of the American Revolution," by Henry Cabot Lodge.

"If the British had come," he adds, "it could not have remained in camp. More than once they were absolutely without food." About the time the ground-hog is supposed to emerge from its hole, there were 4000 men who could not decently get out of their huts for lack of clothes. They were shoeless, too. Varnum wrote to Greene, on February 12, that "in all human probability the army must dissolve." Many were sick. Many died. Many horses perished. The British paid gold for all they bought, but the Americans could only offer paper, upon which the canny and the disaffected looked askance.[30] "No pay, no clothes, no provisions, no rum," came in mutinous mutterings from between the logs, as Washington walked the streets of the snow-covered cantonments. Dr. Albigence Waldo wrote in his Valley Forge Diary: "Fire-cake and water for breakfast. Fire-cake and water for dinner. Fire-cake and water for supper. The Lord send that our Commissary for Purchases may live on fire-cake and water." Dr. Waldo was a New Englander. Some of his fellow New Englanders yoked themselves by means of twisted grape-vines to sleds of their own construction and foraged successfully up and down the snow-covered valleys. But do what they might there was starvation or the threat of it. An officer asked a camp-fire party what they were cooking in their kettle. "A stone, Colonel; there is some strength in the stones if you can get it out."

Clearly the Continental army was suffering from somebody's blunder. Congress had made the mistake of intermeddling in the commissary and had brought about confusion. "Hogsheads of shoes, stockings, and clothing were lying at different places on the roads and in the woods, perishing for want of teams or of money

[30] Many of these profiteers of 1778 were caught and publicly whipped.

to pay the teamsters." "The unfortunate soldiers," wrote La Fayette,[31] who had established his headquarters on the southern slope of the hills just west of Mount Joy and within easy reach, by way of the Valley Creek road, of Washington's Potts-house headquarters, "were in want of everything; they had neither coats nor hats, nor shirts, nor shoes; their feet and legs froze till they grew black and it was often necessary to amputate them."

Let no one assume that La Fayette did not do his best to mitigate the suffering in camp. Nor that he did not share in it. All were on short commons—officers and men alike. That same "warrior-drover" Wayne drove in more cattle; but then Wayne knew the country; knew the people.[32] La Fayette could not fill his pockets by borrowing as he had done at Charleston; he was in the position of a generous-hearted man who could not tap the fountain of his bounty. Moreover, he had troubles of another kind. It was Washington's worst winter,[33] and his also. But Washington's other name was holdfast. Adversity brought out his best qualities. In the darkest time he had said he did not think his neck was made for a halter. And now with distress all around him, he did not give way to the conspirators of the Conway Cabal.

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[31] "Memoires," i, 36.

[32] Samuel W. Pennypacker in his "Historical and Biographical Sketches" gives an account of William Moore, of Moore Hall, near Valley Forge, with whom the Waynes were at odds. Moore was President Judge in Chester County for forty years. He was haughty, aristocratic and tried to force the Quakers into the militia. He called the people of Boston a "vile set of rebels." When the Whigs went to take his gold-hilted sword away, he snapped the blade from the handle and tossed the steel to his visitors, saying: "Take that if you are anxious to fight; but you have no business to steal my plate." The old Tory sleeps with the Whig Waynes at Radnor.

[33] In Trevelyan's phrase, "Valley Forge bids fair to be the most celebrated encampment in the world's history."

Who was Conway? He was almost as old as Washington. Irish-born (1735) he was brought up in France, and was a French Lieutenant ten years before La Fayette saw daylight. He served in the German war of 1760. Balch says that he came to America on "the *Amphitrite,*" fitted out by Beaumarchais. Congress commissioned Conway May 13, 1777; and he fought well both at Brandywine and Germantown. No doubt this soldierly service, sufficiently brilliant to cause comment, enabled Conway to gain the ear of Washington's enemies. But Washington seems to have suspected Conway's duplicity; and, therefore, declined to recommend his promotion. This refusal put venom into Conway's purpose; and, from that time on till the affair was concluded, he was the inveterate foe of the Commander-in-Chief. He and those who lent themselves to the conspiracy worked in the dark. We idealize our Revolution so reverently, not to say blindly, that we lose sight of the blunders and the bitterness and bad blood of the time. But there were troubles and dissensions and trickeries in those days, as now. Hard words were used and hard knocks were given. But far worse than the open quarrels were the intrigues involving treacheries, if not treason. Congress was not guiltless. "Fearing the influence of a military chief, and being actuated by jealousy," it often annoyed Washington. "No doubt," says Balch, "these miserable intrigues were kept up by the English, who had discovered that to displace or suspend General Washington would be to finish the war." Some suspected Congressmen were only on the edge of the intrigue. They were not actual plotters; but, being dissatisfied with the conduct of the war, were in sympathy with the contemplated changes. It is unfair, therefore, to question the patriotism of all the men involved. Some were merely mistaken; or, at

the worst, foolish. General Thomas Mifflin, Dr. Benjamin Rush and James Lovell were suspected of taking part in the plan to put General Horatio Gates or General Charles Lee in Washington's place. La Fayette thought Lee was deep in the business; but, then, Lee was obnoxious to La Fayette by reason of the brazen affair at Monmouth. Joseph Reed was involved. In the army itself there was a Conway following. Congress selected General Gates as president of the reorganized and enlarged Board of War; made Mifflin a member; promoted Conway to be Inspector-General; and transferred to them certain powers hitherto pertaining to the Commander-in-Chief. Thus Washington had against him a powerful cabal re-enforced with authority. The house of America was divided against itself. But Washington must be weakened. How could he be undermined? In various ways. For one thing, La Fayette must be detached from him. How could the ambitious and eager youth be weaned away? Why not send him on an expedition to Canada? He was French; Canada was part French. That, of course, was the very scheme. The plotters warmed themselves with wine during a dinner at York, where the Board of War was sitting, and where La Fayette was visiting. La Fayette was the guest to whom all made obeisance. Gates appealed to his vanity, flattered him, tried to fill his head with ideas of glory. The expedition into Canada would be a great event. Three thousand "Green Mountain Boys" would greet him upon his arrival in the North. Imagine the scene—a dining-room filled with smiling officers in blue-and-buff, bewigged, powdered; the hero of Saratoga (and the prospective successor of the Commander-in-Chief) at the head of the table; and, at his right hand, the rich and influential Marquis, who might be the secret agent of the King of France himself for all one knew. It was a dramatic

moment for La Fayette. When he arose to reply, all eyes were upon him. The silence of keen expectation prevailed. The conspirators assumed that he was about to throw himself into their arms. He gave a toast—to General Washington! "Some raised their glasses to their lips, while others cautiously put them down untasted." Consternation was in their looks, in spite of the necessity of subduing it. La Fayette made his best bow; withdrew; mounted his horse—and rode away—bound for Albany. Yes, he would try to win Canada or the French part of it—but he would do so only as a loyal American officer working *con amore* with the American chief. He had thwarted the conspirators; he did not as yet know that they were about to fool him. He had no doubt that their representations as to affairs in the north were correct.

If the wiser Washington suspected that La Fayette would burn his fingers, he did not say so. He knew the fox and the Indian and he knew the paleface; he kept his temper and his tongue and his peace, and bided his time.

That time soon came. Young Major Wilkinson—James Wilkinson—aide-de-camp to Gates, and a favorite in his confidential circle, met some friends from Valley Forge while at Reading on his way to the seat of Congress. He had seen Conway's letters to Gates, and was so impressed with the significance of a certain passage in one of them that he could not keep it off his tongue. In other words, the confidential secretary of the cabal blabbed. It did not matter that he thought young Hamilton and Tilghman were such dear friends of his as to cut loose from Washington and join him on the staff of Gates. It did not matter that he was warmed up with wine and zeal and the glowing coals

of Mine Host's fire—he revealed enough to cause Washington to write to Gates[34] as follows:

SIR:

A letter which I received last night contained the following paragraph:

"In a letter from General Conway to General Gates he says: 'Heaven has been determined to save your Country, or a weak General and bad counsellors would have ruined it.'"

I am, sir, your humble servant,

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

This was enough—a small, sharp point, well thrust into a swelling conspiracy, which soon shrivelled up like a bladder with the wind out. Gates wrote explanatory letter after letter; and so did others, who were similarly compromised; but the exposure was all that was needed—the rest was mere wriggling. Gates was soon off the Board of War; Mifflin resigned; Conway resigned.

"Before La Fayette was many weeks older," says Trevelyan,[35] "he returned to Valley Forge disgusted and disillusioned. He had informed his wife with pardonable exultation, that he had been appointed to the command of a small but sufficient army, and honored by a commission to liberate New France from British oppression.[36] The bastard soldiers on

[34] Gates complained that the vaporing of aides was beneath notice. He was let off lightly, as were all, save Conway. Gates exchanged his "Northern laurels for Southern willows." Conway was shot in a duel by General John Cadwalader, on Point-No-Point Road (Philadelphia), on July 4th. He recovered, apologized to Washington, went to France, and was last heard of in the East Indies. Wilkinson was in hot water many times in a long life. His "Memoirs," three vols., contain the Gates letters. See vol. i, pp. 382–411.

[35] "The American Revolution," part iii, p. 333.

[36] La Fayette to his wife, York, Feb. 3, 1778.

the Board of War whose one and only object was to sow jealousy between him and Washington, and who had made no preparation whatever for an attack on Canada, had told the Marquis that he would have at his disposal at least 3000 good troops equipped for a winter march. When La Fayette arrived at Albany he found just 1200 ill-fed, unpaid, and half-naked soldiers." Stark had done nothing about New France. In fact, they had no love for the French Canadians. Arnold, Lincoln and other real soldiers, including Philip Schuyler, condemned the expedition. They saw the politics in it; and so did Congress, which gracefully relieved La Fayette by ordering that the movement be suspended. La Fayette was treated very well by the wiser heads in Congress and the army, and, as for Washington, he could not have acted more handsomely than he did.

Washington's hold upon affairs grew all the stronger because of this attempt to loosen it. He gained in another direction, during the winter at Valley Forge. He could not forget that he had narrowly escaped disaster, both at Brandywine and at Germantown, for the simple reason that his troops did not know how to execute necessary movements on the field. "La Fayette," says Trevelyan, "coming straight from the parades of the Royal Household at Versailles, stood gazing in silence while an American regiment took ground to its right 'by an eternal countermarch commencing on the left flank.'" But courteously silent as he was on the parade-ground, he was no doubt outspoken on occasions when drill-masters were under discussion. And Baron Steuben, one of Frederick's generals, a stickler for exactitude, was much talked of at Valley Forge about this time. He began his work as Inspector-General in February. Up at dawn and out at sunrise, no one ever worked harder or more

skillfully in drilling and reorganizing Washington's soldiers. He soon made them over into an army capable of executing all essential movements. His zeal was unbounded; his success unqualified.

Thus with the Conway Cabal ended, the discipline improved, the winter over, and the army reprovisioned. matters brightened day by day. Faces filled out. Smiles came. The songs heard were not alone the songs of birds. Wives of officers visited camp and brought brightness with them. "As spring advanced," says Trevelyan, "the American matrons at Valley Forge formed a large, and in a quiet way, a distinguished company. Lady Stirling was there; and handsome, cheerful Mrs. Knox, of whom it has been said that she followed the army like a drum. The sight of them aroused sad and longing thoughts in the breast of La Fayette; although he carefully and loyally explained in his letters home that he did not envy his colleagues their wives, but the power of having their wives with them." General Washington's wife, whom the Quakers called "a pretty, sociable woman," visited headquarters; and Mrs. Nathanael Greene took advantage of every opportunity to brighten what had been a dark time in the lives of many young gentlemen enlisted in the cause of liberty.

News of the French alliance came, and gave great joy to all. Officers, one by one, took the oath of allegiance to the United States. La Fayette was much in mind. It was France and La Fayette. Some of our honest Americans had a hard time spelling his name. Colonel Jacob Morgan wrote it "Gen'l De Fiat." There were rumors with respect to him. The Pennsylvania Executive Council wrote to General Washington, from Lancaster, the 23d of May: "It is apprehended here that the Marquis de La Fayette has been nominated by the most Christian King Ambassador

to the United States of America." They wanted to know when he was to pass through Lancaster in order that they might entertain "so respectable a personage."

But the "respectable personage" was destined for more alluring and more active service. He was to have a chance to rid himself of the chagrin he must have felt whenever he thought of the Canadian fiasco. Washington, watching from his hilltop, had made note of many signs of activity down at the confluence of the two rivers. Simcoe had been foraging in Jersey; raiders were out in other directions. Moreover, he had reason to believe that Howe was about to evacuate Philadelphia. Why? And which way would he move? The French alliance might mean a French fleet in the Delaware. That probably was the explanation of the secret loading of British ships.

It was plain enough to the Howes and their advisers, both oversea and on this side, that if once cooped up in Philadelphia, they would go the way of Burgoyne. In any event, Washington concluded that an advance guard must be thrown out to operate between the rivers. He designated La Fayette to command the detachment; and, on the 18th of May, sent him his instructions. "You will remember," he wrote, "that your detachment is a very valuable one, and that any accident happening to it would be a very severe blow to this army. You will, therefore, use every possible precaution for its security, and to guard against surprise."

On that same day, La Fayette marched with 2200 men and five cannon. General Enoch Poor led the Continentals; General Potter, 600 Pennsylvania militia; and Captain Allen MacLane a company of scouts, including fifty Indians.

At Swedes' Ford, the command passed over to the eastern side of the Schuylkill, climbed to the Manatawny, or Ridge road, and advanced southward to

Barren Hill, eleven miles from the city. Barren Hill, a part of the high ridge between the Schuylkill on the west and the Wissahickon on the east, is a continuation of Edge Hill, which the Indians called Conshohocken. John Matson, a Swede, established a ford under Edge Hill, and a son of his still ferried folks across. Washington looked through his spy-glass at La Fayette's troops. He had a fine view down the beautiful basin of the Schuylkill. It was a dozen miles as a bird flies. Hence La Fayette at the eleventh mile-stone was about half-way between camp and city. Having protected his right he threw out pickets on Ridge road as far as the ninth mile-stone, and ordered Potter to take post on the road from Swedes' Ford to Whitemarsh. Then he established himself at St. Peter's German Lutheran Church, a Gothic stone structure, with a little tower topped by a cock that served as a perpetual reminder of human weakness.

So far La Fayette had followed Washington's instructions. He was on the east side of the Schuylkill in a position to cut off foragers and to pick up information. But neither Washington or La Fayette had foreseen that a spy would betray the reconnoitering force before that cock crowed thrice. This spy, who belonged to Proctor's artillery, met a confederate at Frankford and sent word to Howe of La Fayette's exposed position. Immediately there was glee among the British officers. Philadelphia was in fact full of the bloods and beaux of England: André, with memories of his first love, Honora Sneyd; Banastre Tarleton, the "Phil Sheridan" of his age; Captain Richard Fitzpatrick who, in course of time, figured in Parliament—as did Burgoyne, Clinton, Howe—and who would become one of La Fayette's dearest friends. These, and all their ilk, hailed La Fayette's reconnaissance with sardonic joy. Here now was a chance for

sport. Howe had just been honored at the great farewell called the Mèschianza; and, within a few days, Sir Henry Clinton was to relieve him of the command. What an excellent thing if Howe could celebrate his exit, and Clinton his entrance, by entrapping the Marquis! French alliance, indeed! Well, here was one Frenchman—send over more!" "The certainty of this prospect," says Tower,[37] "afforded such pleasure to General Howe and General Clinton that they invited a company of ladies and gentlemen to an entertainment in Philadelphia, upon the following day, to meet the Marquis de La Fayette; and M. de La Fayette was afterwards informed that Admiral Lord Howe had accompanied the expedition as a volunteer, that he might share with the other officers the enjoyment that all anticipated."

All the might of mighty Britain seemed about to be concentrated, by regular chess-board moves, upon the champion of liberty. The plan was: Grant, with 15 guns and 8000 troops, was to march circuitously, by the right, through Frankford and Whitemarsh, and cut off La Fayette from Matson's and Swedes' fords. He was to seize all roads and paths that would afford exit to, or succor from, the north. General Charles Grey, of Paoli fame, led a mixed column of grenadiers and cavalry by way of Germantown and so across the Wissahickon towards Barren Hill, thus approaching from the east about the time Grant should close in on the north. Howe and Clinton in person, with a third column, simultaneously advanced from the south, in order that they might attack along Ridge road, as soon as Grey's guns should open. Close your eyes a moment and paint this little picture for yourself: a moving panorama; redcoats, greencoats at the double-quick on all the tree-hidden roads of the high ground by

[37] "La Fayette in the Revolution," p. 331.

Schuylkill side, converging upon Barren Hill, and enveloping it. Each powerful column was as a finger on a cunning, hidden hand, slipping around under, in silence, until all should be ready for the grab, the squeeze, the mocking laugh. All went well with the British. Not so with La Fayette. Potter's militiamen were leaving unguarded the road from Swedes' Ford to Whitemarsh—why, no one knows to this day. La Fayette was unaware of this dereliction on the part of the militia; he was ignorant of the deluge of fire about to overwhelm him. He had arranged to send a patriotic young woman into Philadelphia as a spy. She was to pretend that she must go see certain relatives in the city. La Fayette was repeating his last instructions to her when word came that redcoats had been seen in Whitemarsh road. They were dragoons. But La Fayette remembered that some of Potter's horsemen wore red coats, therefore he was not immediately concerned. Nevertheless, he sent to see. Soon he had startling news. It was of Grey's column; and, not long after, came something much more startling. Grant was between him and Swedes' Ford. He was cut off. A cry arose: "We are surrounded."

So now was La Fayette's true test. Gloucester was a lark to this. For the first time in his life, it was put to him to extricate himself from a perilous predicament, with all the odds against him. Well might he recall Washington's words of warning. How bitter would be the blow to his trusting Chief—to the country! Washington himself was not long in getting wind of the British movement. Through his glass, he saw enough to give him grave concern. Would the young Frenchman be equal to the emergency? Or would panic seize him? Would a brain-clout come down upon him, benumbing his faculties? Was he a sound tactician really, or a mere Marquis who had been pushed

forward not because of his merit as a scientific soldier but because of his blue blood and his big bag of "Half Joes"?

Here, in a word, La Fayette proved himself a soldier. He used his scouts and aides-de-camp with skill and expedition. These served him well. One aide brought a bit of news that warmed La Fayette's heart—the road leading down to Matson's Ford was as yet unoccupied by the enemy. The British General Grant had come upon too good a breakfast at Broad Axe tavern to push as he might have done; hence the head of his column had not yet occupied this vital road, running as it did from ridge-top to river. But possibly it was ambushed at some secret point? There was so much timber on the sides of the steep and rocky ravines hereabouts that lurking places were numerous. The road was examined. Praise be! it was clear; and so were the hillslopes bordering it. That was enough. La Fayette immediately threw out false heads-of-column to mislead the enemy. It was as if he were about to drive down upon them. Thus the needed time was gained for the withdrawal of the great bulk of his force by way of the road we have indicated. No time was lost. The column moved down along the unseen road. At its head were General Poor and Major de Gimat, who piloted the troops into and across the river. La Fayette himself remained at St. Peter's until his command was safe and then ordered the withdrawal of the heads-of-column. It was close enough and dramatic enough—this escape. "The bars descending" did not literally graze his plume; but they came quite near it. The British reached the scene just in time to see their prey escape. Dragoons and hussars claimed that they had taken some stragglers, but whatever loss there was had no significance. According to Simcoe's Journal, "Lieutenant Wickham said that

when he saw La Fayette's men dotting the water as they forded the Schuylkill they reminded him of 'the corks of a fishing seine.'"

"In the meantime," says Tower, "General Clinton, advancing along the Ridge Road, quickly drove in the outposts at the very time that La Fayette was retreating, and he is said to have been exceedingly surprised and angered when, upon his arrival at Barren Hill Church, he found nothing there but a column of redcoats marching toward him from the opposite direction, with no enemy anywhere in sight. The only encounter which actually took place occurred a little before that time with General Clinton's advance guard, and it was one of the most curious in the course of the war. A company of British dragoons, moving along the Ridge Road near Barren Hill, came suddenly upon the Indians [38] of La Fayette's force, who were doing picket duty at that point; the savages started up from the ground with their mad war-whoop; terrified by the cavalry, which they had never seen before, they instantly fled; whilst the dragoons on their side were thrown in such disorder by a sight and sound equally new to them that they retreated hastily in the opposite direction."

Back to Philadelphia went the British; "very tired," says La Fayette, "very much ashamed and very much laughed at."

Next day La Fayette recrossed to Barren Hill; and marched back to Swedes' Ford, and thence to Valley

[38] Wayne in a letter to Colonel Delaney says they were Oneida Indians. He adds: "At the first fire they killed five of the enemies' horse and by the war-whoop put the remainder to flight." In the "Public Papers of George Clinton," vol. iii, p. 118, is a letter on La Fayette's "Efforts to Win the Indians." It is dated Fort Schuyler, 2d of April, 1778, and the writer is George I. Denniston, who tells how "Marquis Le Feiatt" sent an "engineer" to Oneida Castle with a speech to the Oneidas and Tuscaroras, inviting 300 warriors to join him.

Forge, along the same roads he had used in the preliminaries. He had lost but nine men. He had put the British to blush. Grant "only escaped a court-martial" by his powerful interests. Of course La Fayette himself by no means escaped criticism. But a miss is as good as a mile. The soldiers who were with him talked of his coolness and his foxy faculty of eluding the "lobsters." They sang his praises in such a way that he gained greatly in popularity and repute.

Next we come to Monmouth—that final chapter in the book of battles fought in Philadelphia terrain. The Battle of Monmouth was the sequel to Brandywine, Germantown, and Valley Forge. Short, sharp, superheated—how different were La Fayette's midsummer experiences on this field from his midwinter miseries at Valley Forge, with its bleak hills, its cutting cold, its hardships! Whatever joy La Fayette had in his heart when he thought of the purifying experiences of Valley Forge was coupled with thoughts of Washington; whatever thrills possessed him when bloody Monmouth came to mind were traceable to Washington. Monmouth, which might have been La Fayette's battle, became Washington's—and that, too, in a strange dramatic way fit for handling by a ballad-singer, if ballad-singers longer sang.

Let us limit ourselves, however, to the speedy telling of a plain, straight tale about it: A month after the Barren Hill episode, Clinton crossed the Delaware; and set out, in two columns, by slow marches, northeastwardly, for some unknown point. Washington watched him. Clinton himself led one column; following him was Knyphausen, with a baggage-train twelve miles long. What was in that train? What was not in it, indeed? Certainly the caravan conveyed many a refugee, many a lovely Tory maid; and much else deemed precious at the abandoned capital. It took a whole

week for this retreating army of 17,000 men with its immense impedimenta, to journey forty miles. Dog-day heat came on. The sun broiled "the Lobsters," as the redcoats were called. Of an evening thunder-gusts arose in the northwest, and they seemed to roll down out of the high hills where Washington was thought to be. When it "blew great guns" they sounded like his. By the magnolia swamps, blessed coolness and fragrance gave compensation for the distress of the day. But the excessive heat, the horse-flies, the gnats, the blackheads, the mosquitoes, pestered Sir Henry abominably. He was in a low, sandy, piney country. Even at Crosswicks no one knew where he was going. General Philemon Dickinson was scouting for the Americans. So was Maxwell's Brigade. Did Sir Henry mean to strike his foe by a swift march northward? Or would Washington swing south and strike Sir Henry, dragging along across Jersey with groans and sweat, and trailing a dust-cloud visible for miles?

Washington, for his part, was in the less sultry, and, therefore, less pestiferous, hills. Forest trees shaded his camps. Cool springs abounded along his way; and there was fresh forage for his horses. His march was less arduous than Clinton's, but his troubles were greater. He wanted to intercept the British army and smite it, hip and thigh. Moving on parallel lines with it, he knew, just as soon as it bore eastward from Crosswicks, that it meant to evade him. He perceived that Clinton intended to swing clear over to Sandy Hook, where his whole army could snuggle down in safety under the guns of His Majesty's fleet. It was clearly his business to give battle. But there happened to be one man in his army powerful enough to oppose him—Charles Lee, senior Major-General. How could Lee thwart the purpose of the Commander-

in-Chief? Who was he? and why, especially, should he set himself in opposition to Washington, who, in his dealings with Gates, had proved himself capable of standing up against the most subtle and wicked of cabals? Possibly this was a recrudescence of the Conway cabal. La Fayette thought so. In any event, Lee it was who now caused trouble.

Let us not confound him with the numerous Virginia Lees. He was the youngest son of General John Lee, of Dern Hall, in Cheshire, England. His mother was Isabella, daughter of Sir Henry Bunbury. He was born in 1731—Washington in 1732. He was the same "*Monsieur Général Lee, un Anglais*" who had campaigned on this continent in the French and Indian war; who had been shot through the body at Ticonderoga; who had married the dusky daughter of Chief White Thunder of the Five Nations; who had served the King of Poland, thus obtaining the rank of lieutenant-general; who had fought in a Russian army against the Turks; in fine, who had cut a considerable figure in many countries and at many capitals.[39] "He roved over Europe with the speed and irregularity of a meteor"—a bit of hyperbole on a par with the story that he wrote the Junius letters. He killed an officer in a duel; and himself was maimed, losing the use of of two of his fingers.

Lee was no fool as to his books. His military knowledge, his forcefulness, his persuasiveness, his caustic wit, his cynicism, commended him to the less

[39] General Charles Lee's lively letters about himself, together with his "plans" of campaign, his memoranda, the proceedings in his court-martial, his vindications, his "Memoir," by Isaac Langworthy; his "Memoir," by Sir Henry Bunbury; his "Life," by Jared Sparks, and "The Treason of Charles Lee," by George H. Moore—all these appear in the Collections of the New York Historical Society for 1874. They are entitled, "The Lee Papers," and fill four volumes.

sophisticated officers of the Amercian army, and gave him undue influence over them. Lee was not alone in his assumption of superiority. "An arrogant contempt for the American people pervaded English society," writes William Massey.[40] "The colonists were haughtily regarded as degenerates from the great parent race. Their pretensions to an equality of civil privileges was considered presumptuous. Their personal courage even was disparaged." Recall good old Dr. Samuel Johnson, for a moment, and his attitude toward Americans. He had a low opinion of us; and so had Lee in spite of his championship of freedom. At the same time, Lee stood as high as the highest anywhere—in his own estimation; and Congress and the people apparently thought well of him. Washington overrated him. "Tall, hollow-cheeked and uncomely, he was irascible, selfish, pompous and censorious; but these qualities were regarded as but the pardonable eccentricities of a great man." As to his American service: He had disobeyed Washington's orders in the fall of 1776, and had thereby imperilled the very existence of the main Continental Army, in its retreat across New Jersey. Then, too, he had slept out of his lines at Baskingridge; and had been made a prisoner so neatly as to put it into many a head that the "capture" was only a trickster's name for desertion. But had not Prescott, a British major-general, been taken by the Americans at his quarters a full mile from his troops? The soldiers of Washington's army had laughed to hear that a negro, using his head as a battering-ram, had butted through the door of Prescott's bedroom. So the two had been exchanged, April 21; and on the 20th of May Lee had ridden into camp at Valley Forge. Washington's friends recalled many questionable acts and

[40] "History of England During the Reign of George III," by William Massey, M.P., vol. ii, p. 197.

expressions of Lee. He had boasted that if he could be dictator one week he would bring order out of chaos. He had written to Gates that Washington was "damnably deficient." So when Lee opposed Washington in the council of war at Valley Forge, on the 17th of June, nobody was surprised. On the contrary, Lee drew many officers into his way of thinking. After all, this old eccentric soldier knew a thing or two. Steuben had Europeanized the army; why not take cognizance of European strategical methods? Strategy was strategy; and had not Washington been brought up as an Indian fighter? His army knew him not as we know him—all greatness, so to say; but as a man with greatness still to be won, though he was in a fair way to win it. There were stories about him told over the glowing coals. He wore a number thirteen boot—that was a foot for you! When he suddenly loomed up he was "that monstrous big man." When younger he was a champion—so he was; he could outjump anybody in the United States. He was not a boxer, like Thomas Jefferson; but he could throw farther; and the soldiers had seen him ride like the wind. He had blood in him, and his face reddened; he was a man of great dignity, but no demi-god. He was all alive and full of a vigor that turned into vehemence upon occasion. But Washington did not read Lee's heart, Lee's secret purpose, any better than the other Continental officers. It was not until a hundred years had passed that the world, or a part of it, was half convinced that Lee had attempted to play into the hands of the British. He it was who, while a captive in New York, made plans for the transfer of the British army by water—part by way of the Chesapeake to Philadelphia, and part by way of the Potomac to Alexandria, Virginia.

Sydney George Fisher [41] does not admit that Howe was influenced by Lee. "The mere fact of the plan being found among the secretary's papers," says he, "is no proof that Howe was influenced by it and is not even proof that he ever saw it. Moreover, he had formed the plan of going to Philadelphia early in the winter before Christmas, and many months before the date of the plan. . . . Howe was notoriously indifferent to advice or suggestion. If it (the plan) came to his attention he probably tossed it aside, and his secretary may have preserved it as an interesting curiosity, coming from a treacherous man." Bancroft thought Howe did not like to assist the Canada expedition because it might bring to New York General Carleton, who would outrank and supersede him.

However these things may be, Washington, in so far from suspecting Lee's loyalty, treated him with the utmost deference. He bore with his eccentricities, and did his best to make him see that big battle was now the logic of the situation. Aloft sat the gods, wondering that the enormous monster "drawing its slow length along" through the Jersey woods, its head miles from its tail, should be allowed to escape without a scotching stroke. But Lee had no thought of giving in. He "appears to have been desperate in his attempt to secure for the British army undisturbed passage through New Jersey." Thus Tower, who adds: "He vehemently denounced the policy of attacking it; with great eloquence and skillful address, he argued that instead of molesting the retreating enemy it would be the part of wisdom to help them forward, even to build a bridge of gold to let them pass. . . . In conclusion, he proposed that the American forces should advance immediately to White Plains." This

[41] In his well-wrought work, "The Struggle for American Independence," vol. ii, p. 75.

was at a second council of war, held at Hopewell, on the 24th of June. Lord Stirling and many brigadiers thought him right. La Fayette, Greene, Wayne, Cadwalader and Colonel Alexander Hamilton differed *in toto* with him. La Fayette's speech in favor of an attack came too late. He was outvoted. That night the argument was resumed before Washington, who clung to the idea of strong battle, though he does not appear to have made up his mind absolutely even on the 25th, or the 26th. Those two dates mark his approach, by way of Kingston and Englishtown, to Clinton's columns. They also cover what might have been a comedy but for the tragic *dénouement:* Lee was offered the command of an advance guard of 5000 picked troops. He refused it. Thereupon it was offered to La Fayette, who accepted with enthusiasm and alacrity. Then Lee put up a sorry mouth. He would be eternally disgraced! Washington thereupon considerately adjusted the matter. Lee should command the advanced guard; but, of course, he would not interfere with any plans the Marquis had set afoot in the preliminaries. Washington acted with his customary magnanimity; La Fayette, handsomely. Lee had spoiled a chance for him; but his letters of the 25th and 26th show the greatest complaisance, courtesy and good humor. His sole desire was to further the public service. Lee had reason upon reason for preventing battle. Having vehemently opposed an attack, he could not afford to see a successful one, such as La Fayette probably would have made. Having planned a Philadelphia expedition, he did not wish Howe's (Clinton's) to end in bloody disaster for a King from whom he might have meant to exact lordly compensation. Whether playing for a dukedom or for guineas, or both, or neither, or for something treasonable or for something merely selfish, does not appear;

but it was perhaps a part of his plan that Washington should be made a fool of. He actually had tried to persuade Washington "to draw off into the interior of Pennsylvania along the Susquehanna River," on the theory that the British would move south upon evacuating Philadelphia. "He had refused to command the advanced detachment," commented Tower, "probably with the specific determination of not making the attack himself; and he now asked for the command in order to prevent the attack from being made by somebody else. That this was his purpose is evident from his subsequent conduct in the action. After having made his request to General Washington, he appealed to the Marquis de La Fayette to give up the command, saying to him: 'I place my fortune and my honor in your hands; you are too generous to destroy both, the one and the other.'" "La Fayette," says Trevelyan, "was not hard-hearted enough to reject the entreaties of a famous man, more than twice his own age; and, late at night on the twenty-seventh of June, he wrote a letter definitely handing over his command to Lee. The chivalrous Marquis was now to learn, not by any means for the last time in the course of his career, that occasions occur in the management of public affairs when it is quite possible to be too much of a gentleman."

La Fayette, with Maxwell, Scott and Wayne, stood at Washington's side when the chief told Lee to attack Clinton's rear early in the morning. He instructed Lee to get his generals together and give them their orders. That night La Fayette went to Lee and asked what he could do; and when, and how. Lee said he had no plans. La Fayette got up at four. Day was breaking. The birds had begun to whistle; "I went to Lee's headquarters," said he, "to know if there was anything new; the answer I received was that one bri-

gade was already marching. As I considered myself a volunteer, I asked General Lee what part of the troops I was with; General Lee said, if it was convenient for me, with the selected troops. I put myself with them, in full expectation that these troops would act and be opposed to the British Grenadiers."

La Fayette's five thousand, now given up to Lee, consisted of Maxwell's corps, Morgan's, Jackson's, Scott's and Wayne's. They were the pick of the army for light service—all tried men, well officered. They were at Englishtown, five miles from Monmouth Courthouse, where, on the night of June 27th, Clinton's army lay.

So now we come to the battle. If Shakespeares had not been so scarce during the last hundred and forty years we should long ago have had a series of scenes under some such title as "Trumpets and Treason." Or, if the writer of such a historical play, had not determined in his own mind that Charles Lee was guilty of treason, he could have called his drama—and drama it was—"The Exciting Enigma; as Devised by the Great Eccentric;" for whatever conclusion one may reach with regard to Lee's misconduct at Monmouth, another will be sure to dispute it. Lee, if not treasonable, was, and is, at least a riddle of the Revolution—much more a riddle of that war than was Fitz John Porter of the Civil War. Arnold's treason as compared with that of Lee, who was more like Aaron Burr, was plain. Lee does not figure in Trevelyan's "History of the American Revolution," or in Sydney George Fisher's notable work, as a man who sought to betray the cause he had sworn to serve.

But to get back to that drama of June 28 and its moving scenes in the wooded, level country, where the hostile forces converged and where by the will of Washington one army was about to strike the other

—how would such scenes figure in an old play leading up to the crisis of human passion and to that roar of cannon which was the greatest heard on the continent up to that hour?

The "first scene of all," on that hot night, with the moon shining through the foliage and flecking the sandy spaces, might well depict the heavily accoutred and heavily encumbered army that was hoping to get away. Fatigue was upon it; and it slept in spite of its danger and its exceeding discomfort. Bats circled above the clearing at Monmouth Court-house. Frogs croaked in the alder cripples; for here were the branches and brooks that sprang up in the swampy patches and formed Wemrock rivulet, a stream that ran northward into the Raritan River. There were meadows and marshes along it. Clinton knew that he might entangle his troops in the Wemrock and Raritan marshes should he move that way; so he, sleepless, as was Cornwallis, awaited daylight in order that his van might push on oceanward, to the higher ground of Middletown, whence he could readily reach the still higher Neversink. Not only was Clinton up, but Knyphausen was astir at midnight; and soon off with his wagons and baw horses, along the sandy defile through which his beasts, stung by vicious insects but as yet unstung by Morgan's riflemen, labored with sweat and groans. Meanwhile under the moon at Monmouth Court-house lay some of the best troops in the world, commanded by some of the best officers—the grenadiers, the chasseurs, not to mention the Queen's Rangers, made up of American Royalists. These would move as soon as the road should be clear; and move they did at eight o'clock, breakfast or no breakfast.

Not to tell in such detail of the scene, six miles north, where Washington lay in more open ground,

with the bulk of his army, which he put in motion as soon as he learned of Knyphausen's march, we come back to within a short distance of Monmouth Court-house. Here under the moon, and among the trees, we find the various commands constituting Lee's advanced guard. La Fayette was up and about. His was not the responsibility; but he wished to acquit himself like a soldier. He knew little of what Lee was doing—still less of what was in Lee's mind. All that he understood was that there was to be an attack—it might come any moment—and that quick concentration of the main corps with Washington at their head would follow. Wayne, nearby, felt the same. So did Charles Scott. Dan Morgan in the bushes, with his men in their breech-cloths that hot night, oiled like Indians to keep the pests away, had his work cut out; and probably did not know as much concerning the general plan as Butler, Jackson and the officers nearer to the commander of what Wayne calls: "The Flying Army." These felt themselves to be the head of the hammer that was to strike Sir Henry Clinton and strike him hard. They did not think they would "fly the handle."

Day broke. The sun came up, red and scorching. And still no action. But, by and by, the corps marched east, Butler in the van, and took position about a mile from the enemy. They seemed about to attack, but no attack was made. Lee blew hot and blew cold. At last a body of British came within view, and Butler gave some charging horsemen (Simcoe's Rangers) a taste of his fire. Lee ordered first this brigade to withdraw; and then that. No one understood what he meant to do, save that he might be trying to draw the British rear guard into a trap. La Fayette asked that he might halt and fight. Lee said: "Sir, you do not know British soldiers. We cannot stand against them."

With Wayne it was the same. Like La Fayette, he chafed, but held himself in. Indeed, all the officers of the advanced corps were beginning to feel chagrin. This deepened into anger when they learned that the troops in rear were mysteriously retreating. What did it all mean? They, too, were obliged to go back, and it was not long before they felt British pressure, hot and menacing. Confusion followed. The heat, the mischievous, mad mix-up, the unwonted bewilderment of the officers, the pressure of the enemy, would have resulted in the rout of the whole corps but for the training they had received at Valley Forge. As it was, they felt that some curse was upon them. They filled the roads and paths that led back toward Washington's main body. Some complained bitterly, almost with sobs. Others with faces swollen from the fire of the hottest sun they had ever felt, and with the hottest thoughts they had ever had, cursed their luck, cursed Lee, cursed everything. Thus the advanced corps passed in disorder rearward. At the same time, that masterful tactician, Cornwallis, gathered in his hand the powerful brigades of Clinton's rear guard and hurled them with due precision into the dust-cloud made by the retreating thousands. It looked like a disaster that might—yea, must—imperil the new nation. It was a bitter hour.

But Washington was coming up. He would meet all this. He would take the two staggering blows full upon his breast—first, Lee's, then Clinton's.

As he led his main army southward, he saw a fifer in flight; halted him; put him under guard lest he regain his wind and pipe some panic-breeding tune far down the road. Washington spurred ahead. He met other fugitives—men with their shame-faced officers, who could only say they had been ordered back. He struck out into a gallop, using his spurs; and, by and by,

his horse, reeking, got in among the men of the advanced guard. Seeing Lee, he "descended upon him like an avenging deity." As he drew rein, he cried: "I desire to know, sir, what is the reason—whence arises this disorder and confusion."

"Sir! Sir!" stammered Lee.

"You are a poltroon," said Washington.

Bystanders declare that he in the same breath gave vent to a thundering big oath. General Scott, for instance, when asked if he had ever heard Washington swear, replied: "Yes, once; it was at Monmouth; on a day that would have made any man swear. Yes, sir; he swore on that day till the leaves shook on the trees, charming, delightfully. Never have I enjoyed such swearing before or since. Sir, on that memorable day he swore like an angel from Heaven." [42]

La Fayette said to Chief Justice Marshall: "Never was Washington greater in war than in this action. His presence stopped the retreat. His dispositions fixed the victory. His fine appearance on horseback, his calm courage, roused by the animation produced by the vexation of the morning, gave him the air best calculated to arouse enthusiasm." And Alexander Hamilton said: "I never saw him to such advantage. What part our family acted, let others say." "Our family" consisted of Meade, Hamilton, Laurens, Tilghman and other aides. Useful, indeed, did these men make themselves in the furious work of bringing up the troops and forming a new line.

Wayne was first at hand and Washington used him as the nucleus of this new line. La Fayette was given a position upon which to form a second line. Wayne placed two regiments speedily, and soon three more, across Clinton's path. At this point was a ravine. Nearby was a farm; and into the outbuildings and

[42] *Pennsylvania Magazine of History*, vol. ii, p. 141, note.

orchard he threw his troops. On either side were hills. Greene, with Knox and the cannon, occupied the hill on the right; Stirling, also with batteries, planted himself on the hill to the left. Thus friendly guns enfiladed Wayne's front.

It was now noon—the high-riding sun unobscured as yet by battle-smoke. But battle soon broke out. Cornwallis selected Colonel Henry Monckton, brother of Lord Galway, to lead the *corps d'élite* of the King's army against the improvised line in the orchard between the hills. The hope was to break this line and repeat the victory of the morning. It might mean the complete rout of Washington's army—possibly its destruction. In forming his grenadiers for a bayonet charge, Monckton made them a fiery talk. His voice sounded over the field, from which heat waves were rising visibly. Wayne's men, in the orchard, heard the appeal and knew what it meant. The drums rolled the charge. As they came on, in their gorgeous uniforms and with their glittering bayonets, they seemed about to do all that their leader had asked them. They were as on parade; and a cannon-ball from an enfilading gun struck down not one man merely but a great number of men. And to Wayne the grenadiers became better and better targets, the nearer they drew to him. At the word, fire withered them. Some came to the clinch and the thrust and the knockdown, but the mass of them were beaten. They cumbered the fields—Monckton among them. Washington had converted Lee's disaster of the morning into a noontime victory.

But the fight was still on. It was a long afternoon and a long battle. Cannon roar was continuous. It was "Moll Pitcher's" day; and water was the most precious thing on earth. "Several of Clinton's soldiers ran mad from heat." "Three officers and fifty-six men" . . . "fell dead as they advanced, without

a wound." Heatstroke was worse among the encumbered British than among the Americans, who stripped to the skin. Clinton and Cornwallis exposed themselves constantly. Twilight found them holding their ground. The moon came up. Silently the British army moved on its way. But many deserters dropped out of column, hiding in the woods.

Washington shared his cloak that night with La Fayette. They talked of the day's work—big with history. There in the moonlight slept the two. Each thought to be up before day; for the expectation was that the conflict would be resumed. But the battle of Monmouth was ended.

Wayne wrote to his "Dear Polly": "British courage failed." To Secretary of War Peters he wrote:

"Their killed and wounded must be full fifteen hundred of the flower of their army. Among them are numbers of the Richest blood of England. Tell the Phil'a ladies that the heavenly, sweet, pretty redcoats—the Gent'n of the Guards and Grenadiers have humbled themselves on the plains of Monmouth."

Lee was ruined. He wrote abusively to Washington, who ordered a court-martial. La Fayette's testimony before this court appears in full in the Lee papers.[43] The court-martial suspended Lee for one year. Congress, which reviewed the proceedings, dismissed him from the army. Lee continued to write vituperatively of Washington. Steuben, Wayne, and Laurens all sent him challenges. Lee accepted the Laurens call,[44] and with that the great Monmouth quarrel ended.

[43] *Collections of the New York Historical Society* for 1872, vol. iii, pp. 10–17.

[44] Lee was wounded in the side. He went to Berkley, Virginia, where he bought a farm. He lived alone with his dogs in a barnlike house. He returned to Philadelphia, lodging at the "Conestoga Wagon" in Market Street. There he was seized with a chill, followed by fever, and died October 2, 1782.

Howe's fleet reached Sandy Hook the day after the battle of Monmouth. Clinton's army crossed to Staten Island by a bridge of boats. Washington's army in three divisions, one under La Fayette, moved on to White Plains, east of the Hudson, and sat down before the British in New York. For eighteen months it watched the enemy.

On the heels of the exciting Monmouth affair, we have the much less piquant Sullivan-La Fayette-d'Estaing episode—the Newport expedition. Hardly more than a week had passed after the big battle in the heart of Jersey when (July 7) the French fleet, under the Comte d'Estaing,[45] appeared off the Capes of Delaware. Howe's ships escaped in good time. It had taken the Comte d'Estaing nearly three months, sailing from Toulon, to reach the New World. Having dispatched the frigate *La Chimère* up the bay and river with M. Gérard de Rayneval, the first French minister, the Comte, with his twelve ships of the line, his six frigates and his 4000 troops, bore away for New York.[46] If he could have crossed the bar at Sandy Hook, there probably would have been a harbor fight of a magni-

[45] Jean Baptiste Charles Henri Hector, Comte d'Estaing (born at the Château de Ravel, Auvergne, in 1729; guillotined in Paris, April 28, 1794), had a long and distinguished career. He was a brigadier of infantry in the Lally-Tollendal expedition to the East Indies in 1758. He saw much service in Asiatic waters, as well as in the Atlantic.

[46] La Fayette wrote to the Comte d'Estaing from "the Camp near Paramus," July 14. This, says Tower, was the first of a series of important letters, 27 in all, "discovered recently in the Archives of the French Navy at Paris by M. Henri Doniol." D'Estaing probably deposited them. In the letter of July 14, La Fayette gave d'Estaing this interesting reminder: "I do not believe you know my handwriting, but when I refer you to our lands in Auvergne, to my château at Chavaniac, to the fine estate of Port-du-Château and the excellent salmon-fishing that belongs to M. de Montboissier; when I mention Madame de Chavaniac and Mlle. du Motier, my aunts, as well as the marriage of my cousin with M. d'Abos—these little family details will enable you to recognize me as a genuine Auvergnat."

tude and spectacular quality never seen in those waters. But d'Estaing's 74-gun ships of the line, such as the flag-ship, *Languedoc* (101 guns), drew at least two feet more than the heaviest of Howe's men-of-war. Pilots were hard to secure. La Fayette labored to help d'Estaing in this and other particulars. D'Estaing's needs were numerous. It is idle for one unfamiliar with the requirements of a great fleet in hostile waters to assume that the French Admiral should have gone in whether or no. There he was, within sight of hundreds of enemy craft, but dared not risk passing the bar. He himself had made some soundings. Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Hamilton and Lieutenant-Colonel John Laurens brought messages from Washington and La Fayette, giving him all the encouragement they could. They brought American sea-captains, too; and at least one pilot whom La Fayette had drummed up. But facts are facts, and bars are bars; and d'Estaing could not regard them as torpedoes and "damn" them, as Farragut did, and "go ahead."

Such as a rule is the view of the earlier writers; but the later and the more critical experts dwell upon Lord Howe's excellent defense. His fleet was not in New York bay, but in the old Amboy bay, behind Sandy Hook. "Each vessel," says Fisher, "had a spring line from her stern to the second anchor, so that when the French entered from the east, with a flood tide and easterly wind, every English ship could be hauled round to present her broadside to the French coming bows on, and incapable of using her guns. If the French survived this raking fire and continued their course, the English ships could swing back so that their broadsides would bear across the channel." Captain Mahan thinks that d'Estaing could have gone in and would have done so but for Admiral Howe's advantage.

Another consideration: There was a menace in a different quarter—Congress sent d'Estaing word that a British fleet under Admiral Byron [47] (whom he was to fight in the West Indies) had sailed from England to coöperate with Lord Howe. Thus the Comte was not between the devil and the deep sea, but might soon be between the uncrossable bar and a fresh brood of heavies from the British Isles. "It is terrible," said he, "to be within sight of your object and yet unable to obtain it."

Under the circumstances, Hamilton and Laurens, acting for their chief, arranged with the Comte d'Estaing that he should bear away for Newport, R. I., where there was to be an attack of allied land and naval forces on the British garrison of 6000 men commanded by Major-General Robert Pigot, who had led the charge at Bunker Hill. The British had held this post since December, 1776.

Let us glance a moment at the scene: Three channels—Narragansett (on the west), Middle Passage and Seaconnet—open out, due south, into the ocean. Many long islands thrust their heads southward. Two of these—Rhode (with Newport at its ocean end) and Conanicut—were the scene of operations.

Sullivan, with headquarters at Providence, was to be the American commander. As for the coöperating Continental troops, it was first arranged that they should proceed from White Plains under the leadership of La Fayette. They numbered 2000, and consisted of Varnum's and Glover's brigades and a detachment under Colonel Henry Jackson.

This march was a happy one for La Fayette. He was filled with enthusiasm. He had won the heart of

[47] As a matter of fact, Byron's ships, scattered by storms, reached New York soon after d'Estaing had quit those waters. If he had remained there he could have taken them one by one.

Washington; he had won the esteem of those amiable and able, not to say brilliant, young men of the headquarters staff. "His influence had increased." He had just found himself of great use in linking Washington to d'Estaing. In brief, he, as a French enthusiast for liberty, was right at home. He was not in the graces of the French Court—no; that was true, as a matter of fact! La Fayette could afford to laugh at this turn of his thoughts. He knew well enough—and the Comte d'Estaing also knew it—that the Court would wink at his work for liberty so long as it was destructive of British rule. "He felt assured of the pardon of the King." Thus his march was much to his liking. As he himself says: it was a rapid march "along the Sound, across a smiling country, covered with villages, in which the evident equality of the population distinctly proved the democracy of the government."

All good things end; and with the end of the Connecticut march came something of a damper for La Fayette, eager to coöperate with Sullivan and d'Estaing in the reduction of Newport. Washington's order of July 22d, placing La Fayette at the head of the continental reinforcements, was now changed by a pleasantly worded letter from the same source, dated White Plains, July 27, in which Greene was named as sharing the command. Greene was a native of Rhode Island. Greene would be a great help. It was a wise thing for Washington to do; but La Fayette naturally felt that his comb was being trimmed, if not cut. However, he accepted the transfer to Greene of 1000 Continentals; and, with the best possible grace, set about his task of helping to organize the siege. He had his regulars and was to have 5000 militia, together with the two battalions of Foix and Hainaut.

It is clear enough that now, with a considerable force present, with a powerful fleet before the harbor, with

4000 seasoned French soldiers on board, Sullivan might have gone at Newport pell-mell and won it. Quick action was the prerequisite to success. Sullivan no doubt contemplated such a move in his inspired moments; but there was another side to the case. How many men might he lose by haste? It was like marrying. He would repent at leisure. No, he must assemble his New England militia and go at his task in a soldierly manner. He accordingly requested d'Estaing to give him nine days' grace. He might have known that, with spies and couriers a-plenty, Pigot would in the meantime beg Clinton for speedy succor. The Comte d'Estaing did not relish the delay, Scurvy had broken out; water was scarce; other matters were amiss; but he politely acquiesced. La Fayette was of great service to him in making known the requirements of the fleet; in interpreting and translating; and welding the two forces which, though politically allied, were by no means in touch at all points. He was exceedingly active. That he won the Comte's confidence was not strange. M. d'Estaing, writing to the Ministry, said of La Fayette: "No one is in a better position than this young officer to become an additional bond of unity between France and America. He enjoys here the highly merited consideration which is due to his zeal, his gallantry and his wisdom."

Sullivan, sad to say, now offended the French. He had fixed upon August 10 as the date upon which the allies were to attack. Upon discovering that the enemy had abandoned the north end of Rhode Island he crossed on the ninth—a day too soon. News of this, says Tower, "struck the Comte d'Estaing with amazement. . . . It aroused a storm of anger. . . . The Frenchmen began to look with suspicion upon their English-speaking friends as wilful, careless and unreliable. The Americans considered the French

officers as oversensitive, excitable, and absurdly tenacious of their scruples about things that were of no consequence." Amory in his "Life of Sullivan" declares that "D'Estaing was unreasonably offended He was unduly sensitive and punctilious." Colonel John Laurens, "who appears not to have had a strong liking for La Fayette," was with the allies at the time—a very young man. He, too, notes the umbrage taken by the French; and puts it upon the record that La Fayette stood up for the rights of his own people. Why not? It was to his honor that he did so. But big things were about to happen that would end the petty ones. M. d'Estaing began to land his sailors, "armed with bayonets made of the blades of cutlasses," his marines and his French infantry on Conanicut Island; but, even as they debarked British sails appeared off the bay. It was a formidable British fleet —thirteen ships of the line, seven frigates and other craft. At once d'Estaing re-embarked his men, ran the batteries and, having cleared for action, put to sea on the morning of the 10th. Let Tower tell of the fight:

"Upon his approach, the British fleet cut their cables and stood out under full sail, leaving behind many of their ships' boats, which, in their haste to get away, they had not stopped to pick up. All this took place, as La Fayette said, in describing it, 'in the most delightful weather in the world, and in sight of both the English and American armies. I was never so happy as upon that day.[48] And indeed it seemed as if the Comte d'Estaing had found at last the opportunity he so ardently sought, of measuring his strength with the British, and performing a brilliant action for the glory of France and for the cause of Independence in America. Lord Howe's fleet . . . continued its course under full press of canvas, in the direction of New York, with the French fleet pursuing throughout

[48] "Correspondence de La Fayette," i, 214. Letter to the Duc d'Ayen.

that day and the ensuing night. The next day it became evident that the Comte d'Estaing was gaining the advantage of position, whilst at the same time he was overtaking the enemy. About four o'clock in the afternoon he gave orders for a general attack which Admiral Howe, who perceived that he could no longer escape it, was now preparing for, when suddenly the sea became rough and a gale arose of almost unexampled fury, which concealed the two fleets from each other in the darkness that accompanied it, separated them from each other, and beat upon them all night with such violence that it left them crippled and torn when daylight came, so that neither admiral could think of beginning the combat; but each, occupied entirely with the welfare of his own fleet, took the best course possible to bring his ships safely into port."

Buffeted and broken, d'Estaing's fleet put back for Rhode Island, whence it was proposed to sail for Boston. Sullivan, through La Fayette, endeavored to shake the purpose of d'Estaing's officers, but without avail. The anchors were weighed August 21st.

La Fayette, however, was not ready to admit that this joint expedition from which so much had been expected was a failure. He "did not share with his countrymen a want of confidence in Sullivan." At the same time he of course refused to sign a round-robin of Sullivan's officers protesting against the fleet's departure. He was "incensed at Sullivan's conduct," and demanded that he should withdraw "certain objectionable words." His position was most uncomfortable. Good sense, good humor, the keen desire to help America, not Great Britain, stood him in stead; and he rode off to Boston to see what he could do to set things right. He pushed on so fast as to cover seventy miles in seven hours. It was not so thrilling a ride as Paul Revere's; but, really, it was a patriotic ride. In Boston, John Hancock and Dr. Cooper helped him to smooth out matters; and d'Estaing agreed to

return to Newport with his fleet. Just then the news reached Boston of Clinton's arrival at Newport with a strong body of troops. Thereupon La Fayette "rode back as fast as he came." Too late to take part in the battle, he was in time to be of service in covering the retreat. He was given the command of a detachment at Bristol. Once more, however, did he hurry to Boston where trouble had arisen between the French and Americans. A French officer was killed. He successfully made peace between the disputants, and from that time on all went well.

The Tory gazettes sought to ridicule the French allies. C. H. Van Tyne says in "The Loyalists in the American Revolution":

"The whole unlucky career of the French fleet was watched by the Tories with great pleasure. The French Admiral, it was declared, had 'not even Pantagruel's luck, who conquered two old women and a duck.' La Fayette and his countrymen were described as the 'frog-eating gentry now capering through your provinces' and the Marquis was represented as amusing himself before the glass or taking snuff, and always bowing thirteen times—the exact number of the United States—when the 'renowned Don Quixotto, draw Cansiro de Fayetteo' was saluted by the Lieutenant-General of France, George Washington." [48]

Thus, La Fayette, happy enough when August opened, was by no means so at the beginning of September. One cannot say that he was in sackcloth and ashes over the Newport *dénouement;* was he ever quite downhearted—unless, perhaps, in his deep dungeon, years after? But things had gone contrariwise. He was mortified, at least. Imagine, then, his surprise, his delight, when he received not only warm and

[49] Of his own choice, as well as from the English instinct in him, Washington had no love for France or confidence in her. M. de La Fayette alone knew how to gain his affection and his esteem.—M. Guizot, "Hist. of Engand," p. 346, vol. iii.

commendatory letters from Washington,[50] but a resolution of thanks from Congress. A load was off his mind at once. Come to think of it, he had done his best. So, for that matter, had the luckless d'Estaing. He wanted to go over many matters with the Comte; therefore, he journeyed once more to Boston. He wished to discuss certain recent insults to France. There was one in particular that aroused fierce resentment. Lord Carlisle, one of the British Peace Commissioners (William Eden and George Johnstone were the other two), had, in an address to Congress, accused France of "a perfidy too universally acknowledged to require any new proof." Perfidy! perfidy! We to-day tickle our tongues with the phrase "Perfidious Albion," but, to La Fayette, at that time, there was no such place as "Perfidious France." Perfidy stuck deep in the craw.

Saratoga opened the eyes of George III, who told Lord North to try different measures. Hence Lord North's conciliatory scheme, and the Carlisle Commission. Frederick, Earl of Carlisle, who headed it, was "a contemporary and schoolfellow of Charles Fox, and the sworn companion of his early scrapes and follies." He continued to mend his ways, says Trevelyan; and, "in the eyes of his youthful kinsman, Lord Byron, the poet, was respectability, even pomposity, personified." At the time in question, continues Trevelyan, "Carlisle seemed too slight and juvenile for a plenipotentiary; and the general opinion concerning him was summed up in the verdict that he was 'a very fit commissioner for a treaty that never would be made.'" That he was a "fastidious aristocrat" offended many. In the imagination of the young gentlemen of Washington's family, he stood for the

[50] He burned some of Washington's letters, lest they should fall into other hands, and give the enemy clues.

haughty lord who patronized as many mortals as he honored with his notice. In sooth, his lordship was a worthy man—a much abused man, it appears, since he was not in the confidence of the British ministry but a victim of its tergiversation. He had not been long in America when he discovered that he had come hither upon a fool's errand. Be that as it may, he had said things that had aroused La Fayette's knightly dander and La Fayette laid before d'Estaing a proposition to challenge the maligner of France. The Comte demurred; grew anxious; wrote twice to Washington about it. He did not want La Fayette killed. Washington subscribed to this ruling. Such ideas as that of settling battle quarrels by duels were exploded, he said. However, an exchange of letters followed. La Fayette's was in French; Lord Carlisle's in English. "I do not deign to refute your language, my Lord," wrote La Fayette, "but I am anxious to punish you for it. . . . M. de Gimat, a French officer, will make any arrangements, in my behalf, that may be agreeable to you. I have no doubt that General Clinton will assent to this for the honor of his fellow countrymen." Serious reply was difficult, wrote his lordship, with a fine tincture of irony. Still, he must invite attention to the fact that for his public acts he was responsible to his country and his King—not to an individual. The alleged "insult" was not of a private nature. "Therefore," said the Earl, in conclusion, "I believe that all these national disputes will best be decided when Admiral Byron and the Comte d'Estaing meet each other." [51] In after-life

[51] When the fleets met in the West Indies the British under Admiral Samuel Barrington so humbled the French, at first, that American observers were deeply distressed. Washington's spirits were at a low ebb. He had expected great things of the French ships. But at last d'Estaing struck Byron a great blow. If he had followed it up the victory would have been doubly valuable.

La Fayette admitted that Lord Carlisle had taken the right view.

The Comte d'Estaing and La Fayette had many conferences in Boston. Fresh plans were discussed. The fleet was to sail for the West Indies;[52] but after that voyage it might be used in carrying out a grand plan for the conquest of Canada. La Fayette could not relinquish readily this fine scheme—it fascinated him. The fleet would enter the St. Lawrence. Three expeditions, one setting out from the Connecticut River line, another from Niagara, the third from Detroit, would converge, and, lo! the work would be done. "I can think of nothing," wrote La Fayette to d'Estaing, "but of the happiness of being united to you, of Halifax surrendering, of St. Augustine taken, of the British islands on fire, and all confessing that nothing can withstand the French."

His head filled with these thoughts, he asked Washington, at Fishkill, on the Hudson, October 6th, to let him go to Philadelphia. There he won Congress to his plan, which was duly forwarded to Franklin in France. That nothing came of it did not matter. It was well intended, and well imagined. Other ways of working out independence would supersede it. Perhaps the real reason it was never executed was that Washington opposed it. In this one matter he and La Fayette took opposite ground. Washington had no wish to re-establish the King of France on this continent; and in his long-headedness, he might have foreseen some such eventuality if French arms had reconquered Quebec.

And now for home! La Fayette had long contemplated a return to France during the inactive season.

[52] D'Estaing left Boston for Martinique, November 4th. On the same day a British fleet under Commodore William Hotham left New York, convoying 5000 British troops for the West Indies. The hostile fleets, sailing on parallel courses, were "each ignorant of the other's nearness."

While at Fishkill, on his way to Philadelphia, he had secured Washington's consent to ask Congress for a leave of absence.[53] Congress gave it; and set apart the frigate *Alliance* to take him across the ocean. The gentlemen of his suite (except Pontgibaud) were to remain in America. The frigate was at Boston; and thither La Fayette started on October 26th.

As he left Philadelphia a cold rain set in. He had undergone too much fatigue during recent months and was not up to the mark in bodily resisting power. He had been out in cold rains on various occasions; and thought himself inured. But it was not the case this time. He was chilled to the bone. Tower says:

"He continued, however, to ride in the rain, and, in spite of the fever which soon laid hold of him, to take part in the festivities that were prepared for his reception by the people of every town through which he passed, strengthening himself as he imagined, for further effort, by frequent draughts of rum and wine and tea, until he had reached Fishkill, where he succumbed to a violent illness. For many days his fever raged so that his condition gave the greatest concern to those about him and the news of it spread through the country. Everywhere the people gave expression of their sympathy and regret, and especially in the Army there was the profoundest grief when it was reported that 'the Marquis,' as La Fayette was always familiarly called, 'the soldier's friend,' was going to die. General Washington, whose headquarters were but eight miles away from the place where he lay, went every day to ask for him . . . and frequently went away with a sorrowing heart. La Fayette himself believed that his end had come."

[53] "He was by no means backward in asking favors. He pressed for a command, and when about to sail for Europe sought to obtain from Congress a written promise that if taken by the enemy he could be exchanged for one of the British generals captured at Saratoga."—"The Administration of the American Revolutionary Army," by Louis Clinton Hatch.

The man who saved him was Dr. John Cochran, Surgeon-General of the Continental Army. Three weeks found the worst over. He began to mend, and, in December, accompanied by Dr. Cochran (affectionately known among Revolutionary soldiers as "Bones" Cochran), he resumed his journey to Boston, whence he sailed for Brest on the 11th of January, 1779.

The *Alliance* was a prime Continental frigate of thirty-two guns. She had just been built at Salisbury on the Merrimac. The commander was a Frenchman in the service of Congress, Captain Pierre Landais, of St. Malo. But it was understood that "the ship was under the orders of M. de La Fayette and the captain was to land him wherever he wished." The Chevalier de Pontgibaud, who sailed with La Fayette, says in his Memoirs:[54]

"The port of Boston was then frozen, and we were obliged to cut a passage for the ship through the ice. The wind was extremely violent, though favorable. We put up our mainsail only and that alone took us along at the rate of ten knots an hour. There were many French officers on board, amongst others M. de Raimondis, the Captain of the *Cæsar,* who had lost his right arm in the last naval battle. Off the Banks of Newfoundland we were assailed by a terrible tempest. It lasted so long and grew so much worse, that first inquietude, then alarm, and at last consternation, seized everybody on board. M. de La Fayette was invariably very ill at sea: he was down on the sick list. He often sent me to enquire after old Captain Raimondis, who suffered much pain from his amputation—sufferings which were increased by the heavy rolling of the ship. The old sailor did not take a hopeful view of the situation; he told me that he had never, in all his voyages, met with such a fearful tempest. I carried these remarks back to M. de La Fayette, but to comfort him, as well as myself, told him that I

[54] "A French Volunteer of the War of Independence," translated and edited by Robert B. Douglas.

thought the state of health of Captain Raimondis must necessarily influence his mind and make matters look worse than they really were. M. de La Fayette lay on his back and soliloquized on the emptiness of glory and fame. '*Diable!*' he said philosophically, 'I have done well certainly. At my time of life—barely twenty years of age—with my name, rank, and fortune, and after having married Mlle. de Noailles, to leave everything and serve as a breakfast for codfish!' For my own part I was better off; I had nothing to lose and no one to regret me. I went back to the old sailor. He occupied a cabin on the deck below that where M. de La Fayette was lodged, so that in going from one to the other I met with frequent falls, and had plenty of bruises to show as a result of my message. It was impossible to keep one's feet, owing to the continual heavy seas which struck the ship. There was some talk of cutting the masts. [She did lose her maintop.] One of my comrades, M. de N——, became so excited that I saw him charge his pistols, so as to shoot himself rather than be drowned. This unlucky fellow had a mania for suicide. In 1792, after the 10th of August, he was an officer in the 'Constitutional Guards,' and when the patriots came to drag him away to the Abbaye, he escaped from their hands by passing his sword through his body."

The tempest lasted three days out of the twenty-three days of the voyage, during which the *Alliance* captured two British vessels. But the great event of this memorable maiden-run of the new frigate occurred on February 2d. It was nothing less than a mutiny. "Whilst we were at dinner," says the Chevalier de Pontgibaud, "thinking no more of bad weather but of France, from which we were now only some five hundred miles distant, one of the crew entered and asked to speak to M. de La Fayette. He took the Marquis on one side and told him a good deal in a few words, namely, that the English sailors had laid a plot to kill us, take possession of the vessel and turn her head for England. The time set for the rising was

five o'clock when the English sailors came off their watch. Arms were hidden in the hammocks." The Chevalier continues:

"There was not a moment to be lost. We numbered in all fourteen officers. We began by securing the man who had warned us, and Duplessis-Mauduit (the Red Bank hero) stood over him with a cocked pistol in his hand. Some of us then went to fetch the bravest and trustiest of our sailors . . . thirty of us went down between decks. The ringleader was seized and bound before he was awake. . . . The scoundrels were so taken by surprise that they made no resistance. They had noticed amongst the baggage of M. de La Fayette some very heavy cases which they supposed contained treasure."

"The difficulty of recruiting ships' crews[55] for the regular naval service, chiefly due to the superior attractions of privateering," says Gardner W. Allen in "A Naval History of the American Revolution," "had led to the practice, in some cases, of enlisting British prisoners, who were willing in this manner to escape confinement. In the case of the *Alliance* the disinclination of Americans to sail under a French captain had increased the difficulty and accordingly many British subjects were taken. The unreliable character of such crews is illustrated in this instance. Among the ringleaders of the conspiracy were John Savage, Master-at-Arms, and William Murray, Sergeant of Marines. Murray confessed,[56] saying that Savage and he, with seventy more, had agreed to take the ship and carry her into some port of England or Ire-

[55] La Fayette was against impressment. "The Massachusetts State Government," says Edgar S. Maclay, in his "History of the Navy," vol. i, "attempted to coerce sailor to serve in the *Alliance* in 1779, when that ship was commissioned to convoy La Fayette to France, but in deference to the wishes of the French patriot, the authorities filled out the crew by other means."

[56] N. E. *Independent Chronicle*, April 29, 1779.

land and force one of the lieutenants to take command of her. He said the plan they had laid to take her was that they were to divide themselves into four divisions, the first to take the magazine, the other three at the same time to force the cabin, wardroom, and quarter-deck, then to take command of the arm-chests, and in case of opposition they were to point the forecastle guns aft and fire them, the guns being nine-pounders and all loaded. The party that was to go to the magazine were to kill the gunner, carpenter and boatswain; the other punishments for the other officers and French gentlemen were thus: Captain Landais was to be put in irons and sent in the cutter, without victuals or drink; the lieutenants were to walk overboard on a plank from the ship's side, unless they should take charge of her and navigate the ship into England; the Marine officers and the doctor were to be hanged, quartered and hove overboard; the sailing-master was to be tied up to the mizzen-mast, scarified all over, cut to pieces and hove overboard. La Fayette was to be put in irons, and sent to England."

Thirty-eight of the mutineers were confined in irons on shore to await trial. Finally they were sent back to America, in small numbers, on different vessels, but it is not stated whether they were tried upon their arrival or what became of them. They certainly were bloody-minded enough to bear watching on a long probation.

Nor may we leave the subject without an additional word concerning Pierre Landais, who made his mark in naval affairs, even if it were an unenviable one. "Landais," says Allen,[57] "had a temperament which made impossible anything like efficient coöperation between himself and either superiors or inferiors." Under

[57] "A Naval History of the American Revolution," by Gardner W. Allen, 2 vols.

John Paul Jones [58] he was insubordinate. "His erratic conduct" while bringing Arthur Lee back to America was so pronounced that he was "forcibly relieved of command." He was court-martialed, and at Boston, November 20, 1781, sentenced "to be broke and rendered incapable of service in the navy thereafter." [59]

La Fayette went first to Versailles; then to Paris. Joy at his return to the Hotel de Noailles was shorn of fullness by recollection of the death of Henriette. Anastasie was seen by her father for the first time. It must have amused the returned son-in-law when he noted the hearty and appreciative welcome of the erstwhile unapproving duc d'Ayen. "I could not but recall the attitude of my country, of America, and my own situation, at the time when I went away," says La Fayette, "as I saw the port of Brest recognize and salute the flag that was now flying on my frigate." So, too, the duc d'Ayen gave him salutation, as did a goodly part of that France which kept itself *au courant* with public events and romantic circumstances. For the sake of appearances, Versailles held him off a while, as one who had disobeyed the King. He was under arrest "in the bosom of his family." Friends thronged the Hotel de Noailles. Queen Marie Antoinette, unable to receive him, nevertheless "happened" to drive by as he was walking in the palace gardens and summoned him to her. Soon he wrote to Louis, who

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[58] Later La Fayette had occasion to write a long letter to the Admiralty Board at Philadelphia on the subject of Paul Jones and Landais. Arthur Lee appears to have caught a Tartar in this captain.

[59] Franklin wrote to Landais: "I think you so impudent, so litigious, so quarrelsome a man . . . that peace and good order, and consequently the quiet and regular subordination so necessary to good success, are, where you preside, impossible." If he had twenty ships-of-war he would not give one to Landais.—Maclay, "History of the Navy," vol. i.

For other references to Landais, see "The Life and Letters of John Paul Jones," by Mrs. Reginald De Koven, 2 vols.

had a talk with him; and "gave him his liberty, with a *'réprimande douce.'*" In his "Memoirs," La Fayette says: "In the midst of the whirl of excitement by which I was carried along, I never lost sight of our Revolution, the success of which still seemed to me to be extremely uncertain: accustomed to seeing great purposes accomplished with slender means, I used to say to myself that the cost of a single fête would have equipped the army of the United States, and in order to provide clothes for them I should gladly have stripped the palace of Versailles, as M. de Maurepas had already said. . . . I had the honor of being consulted by all the ministers, and, what was a great deal better, of being kissed by all the women." Both Maurepas and Vergennes had more in them than Thomas Carlyle allows in his "French Revolution." "The ablest man I knew," wrote Horace Walpole, "was the old Comte de Maurepas." Trevelyan's studies left Maurepas and Vergennes in his mind as true statesmen—dangerous foes of England. Such were the powerful ministers who welcomed La Fayette to court, in order that they might obtain first-hand information of men and measures in America. If he wanted to see them, they quite as much wanted to see him. Nor need we imagine that the wise old American, whose watchword was *ça ira* long before it became that of his French friends and followers, threw any obstacles in the way of the hero of the time. On the contrary, he saw that his own unending labors in behalf of America would be helped along by this heaven-sent enthusiast. Tower [60] thinks that La Fayette's letter of February 14th to the Comte de Vergennes in which "an expedition" is mentioned, refers to the proposed descent by John Paul Jones upon the coast of England. Possibly

[60] Tower's "La Fayette in the American Revolution," vol. ii, p. 58.

so, or possibly it refers to the Canadian expedition. La Fayette had sailed from Boston without learning of the abandonment of the d'Estaing-La Fayette enterprise. The other was a grand carry-the-war-into Africa scheme—the Africa being "Merrie England" itself, a most outrageous conception, of course, from the Briton's point of view. The *Alliance* was retained at Brest, by Dr. Franklin's order, and put under the command of Captain John Paul Jones, who also had three French vessels. La Fayette was to go along; and between them they were to "attack Liverpool, Lancaster, Bristol, Bath and Whitehaven." The force was to consist of 15,000 infantry, six pieces of artillery and some cavalry. Tribute was to be levied upon the larger towns and "the proceeds of their undertaking were to be sent to the United States to help equip and clothe the army." Tower, who gives a list of letters bearing on the expedition, says that it was abandoned "in favor of a larger enterprise, by which it was intended to make a descent upon England with the combined forces of France and Spain. Captain Paul Jones put to sea, however, and in the course of his cruise he fought the celebrated engagement on the 22d of September, 1779, between the *Bon Homme Richard* and the *Serapis*."

But La Fayette had plenty to do. It was a busy year with him.[61] In the first place, he was advanced in the French army. He was given the King's Dragoons at Saintes. Again he was deep in affairs at Versailles. As we have noted, Vergennes, who had opposed him in the old days, now invited his coöperation. Interviews were frequent, and many letters

[61] Vol. ii of Charlemagne Tower's "La Fayette in the American Revolution" devotes two chapters to this year in La Fayette's life. His sources are "Memoires de ma Main," "Correspondence de La Fayette, Etats-Unis, with Supplements," Doniol, B. F. Stevens's "Fac-similes," Wharton's "Diplomatic Correspondence," Sparks and Franklin.

passed between them. How could England best be invaded? How could a rebellion in Ireland best be fomented? Could not the King of Sweden be induced to lend America some of his ships of the line? Would it not be possible to arrange with Holland for a considerable loan to the United States? These were some of the large questions brought up and handled. "Fortune," says Tower, "seemed to indulge La Fayette extraordinarily at this period of his life, by throwing within his reach the opportunity which he required to attain his purpose. He possessed a remarkable faculty for recognizing advantages of this kind when they offered themselves. He seized the present one and held to it with the tenacity of purpose which had carried him through in his first attempt to go to America and had made the success of his career." Probably he prolonged his stay in France because he saw that he was doing America more good than would be possible if he were in camp by the Hudson. It was Premier Floridablanca of Spain who had urged France to stir up Ireland. La Fayette selected Edward Bancroft [62] (whom he had known in Deane's day) to go to Ireland as an emissary. Dr. Bancroft reported that "the fruit was not ripe"; and so no rebellion was fomented in Erin. But there were other plans on foot and these gave La Fayette little leisure during March, April, May and June. "The affairs of America I shall ever look upon as my first business whilst I am in Europe," he wrote to the President of Congress by the hand of M. de la Luzerne, who was to go to Philadelphia in place of M. Gerard de Rayneval, quitting on account of

[62] This Edward Bancroft (b. Westfield, Mass., Jan. 9, 1774; d. Margate, Eng., Sept. 8, 1821) was doctor, writer, naturalist, novelist and politician. "Franklin's spy," he was called. He was accused of attempting to burn Portsmouth dockyard. Nevertheless, in 1785, Parliament gave him special rights in the use of oak bark in calico printing.

the ill effect of the climate upon his health. In this letter, dated "St. Jean d'Angely, near Rochefort," La Fayette gives a modest account of his activities, adding: "I hope to leave this place before long, in order to play a more active part and come nearer the common enemy." And to Washington he wrote: "I have just received, my dear General, an express from court, with orders to repair immediately to Versailles. There I am to meet M. le Comte de Vaux, Lieutenant-General, who is appointed to command the troops intended for an expedition. In the army I shall be employed in the capacity of *aide-Maréchal-général des logis,* which is, in our service, a very important and agreeable place, so that I shall serve in the most pleasing manner, and shall be in a situation to know everything and to render services." This was the joint expedition of France and Spain against England. Troops were already assembled at various points on the Channel. La Fayette accompanied the Comte de Vaux to Versailles, where, on June 21, the King gave Vaux his instructions. Thereafter La Fayette was at Havre until the abandonment of the expedition because of the non-arrival of the fleet from the south under the Comte d'Orvilliers. It came too late—a hundred ships of the line and frigates; it could not convoy the troops across the Channel because of the powerful British squadron assembled at Portsmouth. La Fayette simply said that he would "grieve in silence." It was a Newport fiasco on a grander scale.

So now La Fayette had come to the largest of his propositions. He remembered Havre with pleasure all his days, for while he was there, with the Comte de Vaux, the sword Congress had voted him came; and especially because the great expedition to America was then first regarded as something tenable, something practicable, something necessary. He had convinced

the ministry that it was frittering away its strength by confining the naval war to the West Indies. The thing to do was to send a great combined army and navy to coöperate with Washington. He was soon writing to Vergennes and Vergennes to him. The French and American archives [63] contain much data on the subject of sending ships and soldiers to this side of the sea. Maurepas encouraged La Fayette, and in a general way assented to his propositions. These took definite shape in a memorandum of January 25, 1780, addressed to the Comte de Maurepas.[64]

From this time on the expedition was assured. Not only so, but "it immediately assumed a character of the highest importance" when its leader was fixed upon—Lieutenant-General the Comte de Rochambeau.

Rochambeau's appointment was announced on the 9th of March; on the 11th La Fayette boarded the frigate *Hermione,* Captain Latouche, at the Isle d'Aix. M. Latouche said of his now distinguished passenger: "I consider it a favor that an opportunity has been given me to prove the high esteem in which I hold him." Sailing from Rochelle, March 14th, La Fayette was nearly six weeks at sea. He had plenty of time to read the official memorandum regulating his conduct as a representative of the French government, as well as his private instructions.[65] The *Hermione,* flying the French flag, sailed into Boston harbor on the 28th of April. Word that she was coming in circulated throughout the city, and soon the wharves were lined with people. As La Fayette landed, he was given a demonstrative welcome by a crowd that followed him

[63] See Tower, Doniol, Sparks's "Franklin," Stevens's "Facsimiles," Wharton's "Correspondence," "Correspondance de La Fayette" and "Mémoires de Rochambeau."

[64] For a translation of this letter to Maurepas, see Tower, vol. ii, Appendix E, pp. 499–504.

[65] For these documents in English, see Tower, vol. ii, pp. 95 and 99.

to the dwelling of the Governor, John Hancock, whose greeting was as pronounced as his signature to the Declaration of Independence. La Fayette at once sent off a letter to Washington at Morristown, who in his reply broke away from his wonted epistolary restraint and grew almost ebullient. No father was ever more affectionate to a son than Washington to his "young soldier." "I most sincerely congratulate you upon your safe arrival in America," he said, "and shall embrace you with all the warmth of an affectionate friend, when you come to headquarters, where a bed is prepared for you." La Fayette slept in that bed on the night of the 10th of May, but not until he had delighted his chief with a full account of his success in France. On the 16th, Lafayette paid his respects to Congress in Philadelphia; but Congress was not told of the coming of General Rochambeau and Admiral de Ternay. Everything of that sort was secret. Nevertheless, some curious impressions got abroad. It was suspected that Arnold, whom Washington trusted, tried to betray the Franco-American plans with respect to the expedition. At any rate, Sir Henry Clinton's information was that Canada would be attacked by Rochambeau. This distinguished soldier arrived with his army at Newport, R. I., on board M. de Ternay's ships, July 10th, and on the 25th La Fayette greeted the commanders in behalf of General Washington. But there was considerable excitement on all sides on account of an expected British attack at Newport. Admiral Graves had arrived in those waters, had joined his fleet to that of Admiral Arbuthnot, and the hostile ships were cruising just outside. Sir Henry Clinton had intended to coöperate but had turned back. Heath was in command at Newport, and it was thought best that La Fayette should remain there; but when the danger had died down and

the negotiations with the French commanders had been completed, he returned to headquarters, now removed to Peekskill. Upon his arrival in camp he found that Washington had assigned him to the command of a corps of light infantry [66] made up of six battalions, in two brigades, under General Hand and General Poor. On August 7th La Fayette found himself at the head of this "flying army"; but he was not so busy in the field that he could not write his reports of what befell him at Newport. These strictures, it seems, so irritated the Comte de Rochambeau that he was on the point of quarrelling with his young countryman. Fortunately each suddenly ceased to sand his ink with gunpowder. Indeed they wisely ended their controversy in warm friendship. Rochambeau was full of trouble. His second division was still in France—blockaded at Brest by thirty British ships. At a council held by Washington on September 6th it was decided not to attack New York until the arrival of the second division. La Fayette attended this council, as he did the Hartford conference (which sent Laurens on his secret mission) on the 20th. This must have been one of the greatest occasions in La Fayette's life. It gave him pleasure to introduce such a man as Washington to the French chevaliers. Seeing that almost every one present became famous, either in the American Revolution or in the French Revolution, MM. de Rochambeau, father and son; MM. de Ternay, de Fersen, de Damas and Mathieu Dumas—we find material here for a great historical painting. Count Jean Axel de Fersen, aide-de-camp of General de Rocham-

[66] According to Tower, "the corps was distinguishable by the black and white plumes which La Fayette had had made for his men." He sent to France for presents for them. One of their flags showed a cannon bearing the device *Ultima ratio;* a second flag "bore a crown of laurel joined with a civic crown, with the device "No other."

beau, in a letter to his father dated Newport, 16th October, 1780, thus tells of the Hartford meeting: "During our stay in Hartford the two Generals and the Admiral were closeted together all day; the Marquis de La Fayette assisted as interpreter, as General Washington does not speak French nor understand it. They separated quite charmed with one another, at least they said so." It was on leaving Hartford that General Washington discovered Arnold's treachery.[67]

La Fayette was with Washington all through the peculiarly painful Arnold-André period. Arnold was a hero with a grievance. No public character one can think of was without a few nettles in his shoes during the Revolution. Arnold suffered some ill-treatment; but, in the main, was his own assassin. His life in Philadelphia was of the sort to spoil him. The Shippens were rich Tories, and he was successful in winning the smiles, the love, the hand of Margaret ("Peggy") Shippen, a lovely girl, belle of the Meschianza. Unluckily he was a spendthrift, lived like a lord, got in debt, quarreled with his betters, and was up before a Committee of Congress and a court-martial. He was acquitted; but the acquittal left him quarrelsome, morose, and revengeful. By intrigue, he secured the post at West Point. It was his deliberate purpose to deliver the Hudson valley to Clinton, and thereby disrupt the Union. What Burgoyne had failed to do by force, he engaged to do by the blackest of all betrayals. Washington was to be lured to ruin. On the night of the 21st of September, Major André, in his British uniform, but cloaked, and masquerading thus as "John Anderson," was taken ashore by Joshua Hett Smith, a lawyer, from the sloop-of-war *Vulture*. Arnold

[67] "The French Army in the Revolutionary War. Count de Fersen's Private Letters." *Magazine of American History*, vol. xxv, pp. 55, 156. This is the Fersen who became devoted to Marie Antoinette, as we shall see later on in this book.

met him at a traitor's tryst among the riverside forest-trees, Long Clove, below Haverstraw, and the two planned their dark deed. Disobeying his instructions, André at daybreak went with Arnold to Smith's house not far away. While they were there, the *Vulture* being fired upon, dropped down the river. Arnold hastened back to his post; André, provided with a horse and a pass, sought to return by land to New York. On the way, he mistook three militiamen—John Paulding, David Williams and Isaac Van Wart—for Tory marauders ("Cowboys" they were called); and revealed himself as a British officer. Later, he offered a thousand pounds to be set free; but the captors took him to Lieutenant-Colonel Jameson, who in spite of papers telling of the treason-pact that had been found in André's boot, sent him, with a letter, toward West Point. Major Benjamin Tallmadge, more patriotically keen, brought André back, but let the letter go its way until it was in Arnold's hands.

In passing from camp at Tappan to the Hartford Conference on the 18th, Washington and La Fayette had met Arnold at King's Ferry, who showed his chief a letter asking that Colonel Beverly Robinson of the Robinson House, opposite West Point, be permitted to go on board the *Vulture* in Haverstraw Bay, a little ways below. Washington, altogether unsuspicious as to Arnold's loyalty, told him to refuse the request. It was upon the return of the two generals from Hartford, a week later, that they came upon the *Vulture* sequel. La Fayette wrote from West Point, September 25, to the Chevalier de la Luzerne:

"When I left you yesterday morning, M. le Chevalier, to come here to breakfast with General Arnold, we were very far from thinking of the event which I am now about to announce to you. You will shudder at the danger we have run. You will be astonished at

the miraculous chain of accidents and circumstances by which we have been saved. But you will be more greatly surprised when you learn by what instrument this conspiracy was being carried on—Arnold! That same man who had covered himself with glory by rendering valuable services to his country, had lately formed a horrid compact with the enemy.

"When we left Fishkill we were preceded by one of my aides-de-camp and General Knox's aide, who found General and Mrs. Arnold at table, and who sat down to breakfast with them. During that time two letters were brought to General Arnold giving him information of the capture of the spy. He ordered his horse to be saddled, went to his wife's room and told her he was lost, and directed one of his aides-de-camp to say to General Washington that he had gone to West Point and should return in an hour. . . . I cannot describe to you, M. de Chevalier, to what degree I am astounded by this piece of news. . . . I would give anything in the world if Arnold had not shared our labors with us, and if this man, whom it pains me to call a scoundrel, had not shed his blood for the American cause. My knowledge of his personal courage led me to expect that he would decide to blow his brains out (this was my first hope); at all events, it is probable he will do so when he reaches New York, whither the English sloop proceeded immediately upon receiving Arnold on board." . . . The unhappy Mrs. Arnold did not know a word of this conspiracy; her husband told her before going away that he was flying never to come back, and he left her lying unconscious. When she came to herself, she fell in frightful convulsions, and completely lost her reason. We did everything to quiet her, but she looked upon us as the murderers of her husband, and it was impossible to restore her to her senses. The horror with which her husband's conduct has inspired her, and a thousand other feelings, make her the most unhappy of women. *P. S.*—She has recovered her reason this morning, and, as you know, I am on very good terms with her, she sent for me to go to her chamber. General Washington and everyone else here sympathize warmly with this estimable woman, whose face and youthfulness

make her so interesting. She is going to Philadelphia; and I implore you, upon your return, to use your influence in her favor. It would be exceedingly painful to General Washington if she were not treated with the greatest kindness. . . . We are certain that she knew nothing of the plot."

When La Fayette heard of André's capture, he said: "I hope he will be hung; for he is a man of influence in the English army, and his distinguished social rank will act as a warning to spies of less degree."

With these thoughts on the subject, it is not strange that he signed the finding of the court-martial in André's case. After the execution, which was at Tappan, October 2, La Fayette, addressing Mme. de La Fayette, wrote of him: "He was a very interesting man; he conducted himself in a manner so frank, so noble, and so delicate that I cannot help feeling for him an innocent pity."

La Fayette originated and outlined a plan for a bold descent upon Clinton on Manhattan; but Washington deemed the risk altogether too great. We have a good description of the camp of La Fayette's Light Infantry at Totohaw, or Second River, in New Jersey, seven miles from Washington's headquarters at Tappan, by the Chevalier de Chastellux. This officer was serving as a Major-General under Rochambeau. La Fayette's soldiers, he says, "made a good appearance;" they "were better clothed than the rest of the army—the uniforms were smart and military, and each soldier wore a helmet made of hard leather, with a crest of horse-hair." He added: "The officers are armed with espontoons, or rather with half-pikes, and the subalterns with fusils; but both are provided with short and light sabres, brought from France, and made a present of to them by M. de La Fayette." The tents were formed in two ranks. They had good chimneys

on the outside. He rode over to Tappan. La Fayette was in conversation with a tall man, five feet nine inches high [five feet ten and a half], of noble and mild countenance. It was the General himself.[68] Returning " we arrived wet at Marquis de La Fayette's quarters, where I warmed myself with pleasure, partaking, from time to time, of a large bowl of grog, which is stationary on his table and is presented to every officer who enters."

General Mathieu Dumas, describing a scene at Rochambeau's headquarters during the autumn of 1780 when Washington and his staff were entertained, writes: " I was particularly impressed by the marks of affection which the General displayed for his pupil, and son of adoption, the Marquis de La Fayette. He watched him with complacency as they sat opposite each other at table and listened to all he said with visible interest."

La Fayette entertained many of his countrymen. Chastellux went to Philadelphia, where La Fayette joined him. Together they visited Brandywine battleground, and rode over Barren Hill. Meantime, Washington had gone into winter quarters at New Windsor, where La Fayette, in company with Colonel John

[68] Here is a memorandum made by Major Thomas Woodbridge, of the Connecticut line (*Magazine of American History*, September, 1882).:

" Sunday, Aug. 26 [1780].

"At Gen'l Washington's table, a branch with 13 apples very curiously set together on it was sent in by Major Leavenworth—the Gen'l ordered their bearer a bottle of rum for his recompense. The Gen'l handed it to the Marquis—while he was viewing it two dropped off. The General observed to the Marquis 'he had ruined two of our States.' As they were handed round they came to Gen'l Greene, at which all but four had come off. 'All gone' (says Gen'l Greene) 'but the 4 New England States—here is one smaller than the others—that is Rhode Island.'

" One among them (which was a withered one, exclusive of the 4) is dried up before it was grown (says the Marquis), which is Vermont."

Laurens, about to go to France, arrived on the 11th of January, 1781.

Now we come to the story of La Fayette's Virginia campaign. It is so long a story that, to tell it as it ought to be told, one should have much more space than is allowable here. But the main attendant circumstances are no doubt already familiar. Only reminders need be given. The war had swung to the south; and seemed to be going in favor of Great Britain. It had swung south because the British plan of occupying cities—and cities only—had failed. After three years the British held New York and Newport, and not much more. Then they abandoned Newport, "the best harbor in the world." King George was disgusted; but as obstinate as ever. Lord North tried repeatedly to give up the government, but was not permitted to do so. The British ministry changed its policy. It planned attacks on Georgia, the Carolinas and Virginia. It was to be fire-and-sword on the coast, and rifle-and-tomahawk along the back-country line of the Appalachies. France, Spain, Holland, most of Europe, were at "outs" with Britain; but there were wheels within wheels, and only France was of great help. Spain wanted access to the Mississippi. A world drama, if not a "world war," was in process of panoramic unfolding before those who sat on high Olympus.

In this effort by Sir Henry Clinton to roll up the rebels from the south, he sent Campbell by water and Prevost by land (from St. Augustine) against Georgia. D'Estaing sailed up from the West Indies to counter them. But his star was unlucky at Savannah, as elsewhere. In an attempted seizure by assault, Pulaski fell. The siege was raised. The Comte d'Estaing, whom Washington hourly expected off Sandy Hook, sailed for France. Then Clinton caught Lincoln in Charleston. Lincoln surrendered 5000 men; and

much besides—including the very heart and hope of many despondent ones. All the Carolinas now seemed about to be overrun. The dashing and driving Banastre Tarleton had little to cross him as he ranged the land. And worse; for, when Washington had detached the Maryland and Delaware line and sent these picked troops—flower of the continent—southward under Kalb, along came Congress, and without consulting anybody placed the new army in the hands of Gates. Then followed fresh disaster—Camden battle; the heroic death of Kalb [69]—and deep depression.

When we wonder at these American reverses, as all of us do, it is but fair to look upon their excusatory side. Congress perverse? It had deteriorated since 1774 and 1776, but the evils were inherent in the situation. It had no power to raise money. It could only recommend that money be raised. Washington, for his part, could only write letters of appeal. His army was unprovided with necessaries. He could not help himself. Congress was guilty of a gross blunder in sending Gates south; yet we can understand why it did so. Many members had been seized with the illusion that Gates had won at Saratoga because of his military genius. Congress, wrong in this, was right in some other matters. It was by no means idle. Being unable to raise funds at home, it tried, in November, 1780, and thereafter, to borrow 25,000,000 francs in specie. In January John Laurens was sent to Paris to urge the loan and ask for more ships and soldiers. "He was guilty," says Sydney George Fisher,[70] "of the old indiscretion John Adams was con-

[69] Baron de Kalb was wounded eight times. He fell into the enemy's hands and died two days later. He was buried with the honors of war. His funeral was attended by all the British officers.—Bulletin of the Bureau of Rolls, Sept., 1894.

[70] "The Struggle for American Independence," vol. ii, p. 448.

stantly falling into; he would insist that France was indebted to America for helping her to cripple England as much as America was indebted to France for helping her to win independence." It was telling the truth with a bludgeon, in true American style. But, if he did not oil his words, he and others—many others—obtained large sums as well as "7000 French troops, and the very large fleet under DeGrasse." [71]

However, for the time being, all that was not black in the situation was blue. Sir Henry Clinton had hit America "below the belt" in suborning one of the most brilliant Major-Generals—one of its heroes—who about this time entered into eternal infamy. True Americans everywhere were dumfounded by Arnold's treason, angered, depressed. The skies lowered for them. "They were not yet aware," says Sydney George Fisher, "of the change which Cornwallis and the Ministry were working in Clinton's policy, and they could see only their own helplessness. No money was left; the paper currency was on the eve of complete worthlessness; and the Congress was bankrupt. Washington had not been able to fight a battle for two years. He had had to allow his men to maraud to feed themselves, and he borrowed food from the French. He could barely keep together enough starving troops to hold the strategic position of the Hudson Highlands. 'We seem to be verging so fast to destruction,' he said, 'that I am filled with sensations to which I have been a stranger till within these three months.'" But "the defeat of Gates at Camden was really a patriot victory in disguise," adds Fisher, "for it gave to Cornwallis an overweening confidence in himself and led the Ministry to substitute his absurd plans for the more soldier-like and scientific policy of Clinton." Clinton regarded

[71] John Laurens gave his life finally. He was one of the last victims of the war. He was killed in a skirmish, August 27, 1782, on the Combahee River.

Charleston as the key to the South; Cornwallis wished to cut loose from Charleston (as he soon did) and transfer the war to Virginia. B. F. Stevens, in the "Clinton-Cornwallis Controversy," turns a strong light on a number of matters that were enigmatic to Americans at the time and to the earlier American historians. Clinton had quarreled with Lord George Germain and had gone to England to fight a duel with him; but the affair had been amicably adjusted, and Clinton had been appointed to succeed Sir William Howe. Cornwallis, an aristocrat, was less under Clinton's control than he should have been. When he was in the Carolinas and Clinton in New York, communication was difficult. Not that Cornwallis wished to be directed by a superior. It suited him to be let alone. Clinton, it is said, would have resigned, in disgust, if he could have done so decently. He was disgusted with Admiral Arbuthnot, who was slow, self-centred, and non-coöperative; and he was particularly wroth with the victor of Camden. Cornwallis, who gave Gates his quietus, did not realize that he himself was playing something of a Gates-game. He was, in a sense, Clinton's Gates. Still, in another sense, it is unfair, or at least incongruous to compare the two soldiers. Cornwallis had proved his genius in actual battle. But he now tried to deceive the British Ministry as to the magnitude and effect of his successes in the South. He expected to be made Commander-in-Chief of the King's forces in America. Thus proceeded this grand tragi-comedy, involving empire, the liberties of a people, and the personal jealousies of ambitious men.

Cornwallis would soon have other things to think about. Washington sent Greene south. Of him, John Fiske [72] says, that in every campaign since the begin-

[72] "The American Revolution," Fiske, vol. ii, p. 250.

ning of the war he had been Washington's right arm, and for indefatigable industry, for strength and breadth of intelligence, and for unselfish devotion to the public service, he was scarcely inferior to the Commander-in-Chief."

It will take but a minute to run over Greene's work in the South. After the Gates disaster at Camden, August 16, 1780, came the setback to Cornwallis at King's Mountain, October 7th. All the time the heroic partisans—Sumter, Pickens, Marion, Davie and their kind, were active. Remembering that Andrew Jackson, then an orphan of thirteen, fought at Hanging Rock, we appreciate the sterling quality of this partisan material. To Cornwallis there were still catamounts in the timber. Tarleton had a taste of this when Morgan fought him at Cowpens, January 17, 1781; and, though his lordship claimed victory over Greene, at Guilford Court-house, March 15th, he nevertheless retreated toward the coast,[73] encamping at Wilmington, N. C., on the 7th of April. Of Guilford fight, Ramsey said: "The British had the name; the Americans the good consequences of victory."

Cornwallis and Greene now turned their backs upon each other. Greene kept on southward. He meant to crush Lord Rawdon with whom Earl Cornwallis had left some troops, and regain South Carolina. Bancroft quotes him as having said that he would "fight, get beaten and fight again." His Hobkirk's Hill fight, April 28th, and his victory at Eutaw Springs, September 8th, forced the British to seek the cover of their fortifications; and, finally to retire

[73] "There is the most conclusive evidence," said Fox, in the House of Commons, "that the war is at once impracticable in its object and ruinous in its progress. . . . Had our army been vanquished, what course would they have taken? Certainly, they would have abandoned their field of action, and flown for refuge to the seaside, precisely the measures the victorious army was obliged to take."

upon Charleston. Cornwallis, for his part, now made the initial blunder of his new campaign, which began at Wilmington, April 25th, when he set out for Virginia, abandoning the pivotal post at Charleston which Clinton had told him to hold.

As to British operations in Virginia: Clinton had sent General Alexander Leslie, October 16, 1780, with 3000 men, who had occupied the south side of the James River but who, upon news of the King's Mountain disaster, had sailed for Charleston, November 24th, to join his forces with those of Cornwallis. Then, on December 30th, there appeared in Hampton Roads a British fleet, transporting an expedition under the command of Brigadier-General Benedict Arnold.

Bitter indeed was the feeling stirred in the breasts of Americans by the turn-coat activities of the man they hated. It brought back to the flag many a patriot who had thought himself incapable of further exertion or sacrifices. It intensified feeling up and down the Continent. Clinton, who sent Colonels Dundas and Simcoe to watch Arnold, was hardly wise to flaunt his red rag before the bull unless he wished to make lively times for his unloved matador—Earl Cornwallis, who would soon be toiling northward along sandy roads to meet his fate. Arnold, wearing the uniform of a British General, at the head of 1600 regulars, lit the torch, in short order, in the old Pocahontas country. He burned Richmond. But Steuben, at Petersburg, threatened him, and he returned with the tide to Portsmouth.

News of Arnold's incursion reached Washington's headquarters at New Windsor in January. Now, it would be much more in keeping with the romance of the Revolution, not to speak of the eternal verities, if we could picture General Washington as becoming excited, even to the point of quick dramatic action,

over the Arnold outrage and his despicable employment. Possibly Washington did become indignant. But the truth is that, for some time, he had contemplated sending an expedition southward. On December 15th he wrote to the Comte de Rochambeau and the Chevalier de Ternay, at Newport, that a British expedition had embarked at New York; and asked French aid for operations in the South. Arnold, or no Arnold, it was the Franco-American cue to be alert. On the day this letter was dated, Admiral de Ternay died, and was succeeded by a more energetic commander, the Chevalier Des Touches, a "brigadier des armées Navales." Des Touches sent a few cruisers, under M. le Gardeur de Tilly, after Arnold. Washington foresaw that M. de Tilly could accomplish little without the coöperation of a land force. Nevertheless the cruising Frenchman was at least lucky, in that he not only took some valuable prizes but hit upon papers containing Arnold's instructions. The situation was clearing. M. Des Touches now coöperated with Washington [74] in a definite plan to entrap Arnold. And at this point, La Fayette, who probably had been in Washington's confidence all along, comes forward as a chief participant in the operations. We are in fact at the prologue of the Yorktown drama.

It would be good to know just what Washington's thoughts were when he decided to assign La Fayette to this new duty. The instructions,[75] February 20th, read as though they had been talked over, and most likely they had. "You are to do no act whatever with Arnold," wrote Washington, "that directly or by implication may screen him from the punishment due to his treason and desertion, which, if he should fall

[74] MS. Letter Books of Rochambeau, Library of Congress. Sparks' "Writings of Washington." Tower's "La Fayette," vol. ii, p. 219, *et seq.*

[75] Sparks' "Writings of Washington," vol. vii, p. 417.

into your hands, you will execute in the most summary way." If Washington had foreseen that Cornwallis would be La Fayette's antagonist the assignment probably would have been made just the same. La Fayette had a large view. He fully grasped the vital idea of campaigning in Virginia, which was to coöperate with the French navy. The strategy was to bottle up the British in the Chesapeake and pin them down at some spot where Continental troops could operate. He also understood that he must live on air if he could not obtain provisions; and especially did he understand that he was to play the fox. Washington remembered with what skill La Fayette had stolen away with the last of the pickets at the time of the withdrawal from Rhode Island.

La Fayette left camp at once. He made a feint as if he meant to attack Staten Island, but kept on across Jersey. His troops were New England Light Infantry, under Vose, Gimat and Reid. Gimat was his old aide-de-camp, now Lieutenant-Colonel. The New Englanders were joined by New Jersey troops, under Barber, at Morristown. This was in a heavy rain on February 24th, and the detachment now numbered 1200. At Philadelphia, on the 26th, La Fayette sent Lieutenant-Colonel Gouvion on ahead to aid Steuben and to reconnoitre. Head of Elk was reached March 3d, three days before the detachment was due at that point. La Fayette was all activity. He wrote to Thomas Jefferson, Governor of Virginia, with respect to militia, artillery-horses and vessels; to Steuben; to Washington. Tower says that La Fayette was aware of a certain feeling against him among his own countrymen who "were jealous of his prestige in America." Some of them "had begged the Comte de Rochambeau not to employ them under him." Others thought of him as a stripling. According to

Balch, the Duc de Lauzun, however, was willing to go with him, "though he had made war as a Colonel long before La Fayette had left school." Tower dwells in detail on the bitterness shown in this connection. If La Fayette had been a smaller-minded man it is doubtful if he would have gone through the campaign. Not only must he be a fox, but he must be a Job.

If there were dampers and drawbacks, there were inspirations, also. Washington wrote, giving him greater latitude. He was to keep an eye on Cornwallis. Again, from Newport, whither Washington had gone to hasten the departure of the French frigate, he wrote (March 8th): "The whole fleet went out with a fair wind this evening about sunset." There is a picture for an artist in that sentence. And so beautiful a river is the Elk, that your artist might find another picture in a scene of the very next day when La Fayette was on board the *Dolphin,* off Turkey Point, with his fleet of transports and escort of bristling bay craft. Thus he reached Annapolis, whence he and his friend, the Comte de Charlus, son of the Marquis de Castries, Secretary of the French Navy, proceded in a small boat on a reconnoitering expedition as far as Yorktown. There were no signs of the French fleet. Perhaps if he had listened well, two days later—and the wind had been right—he might have heard a far-away booming of guns off the Virginia Capes. Arbuthnot had come up with the tardy French fleet and was driving it back to Newport. The British fleet had entered the Chesapeake. Soon, March 21st, Arnold would be reinforced by a detachment under Major-General William Phillips, the old artillery expert, who had fought the French when La Fayette's father was alive.

But for the time, La Fayette knew nothing of the naval battle. He went to Williamsburg and thence to the militia camp at Suffolk. General Muhlenberg

went with him toward Portsmouth. He was told that a fleet had anchored inside the capes. He thought it that of M. Des Touches; but, by and by, word came from Major McPherson at Hampton that the ships were British. Swift were the changes in this spring-time game of war. La Fayette made the best of a disappointing situation. He struck out for Fredericksburg, where he paid his respects to Mrs. Mary Washington, mother of the General; thence to Mount Vernon was a short journey; and, on April 4th, he was back again at Annapolis. There a surprise awaited him. Out in the Severn lay the *Hope* and the *Monk,* British boats. He was blockaded. But Commodore Nicholson chased these small craft off; and La Fayette, slipping out of the river, with his fleet, passed on up to Head of Elk, where he landed one month to a day from the time of his departure. He had failed to trap Arnold—not through any fault of his own, but because M. Des Touches had not been quick enough in closing the mouth of the Chesapeake. Arnold would soon return to New York. Yet the expedition was of use to La Fayette. He had been on a grand scout. He had beheld broad rivers bright with the blue of heaven and sparkling in the sun. The bay and its noble estuaries, the embowered dwellings, the far-reaching forests with fragrant spring in their depths—these and other features of the great Chesapeake region had impressed themselves upon him. He had gone to school topographically. He now knew the ground. A Virginia river—ah well! it was no stream to leap over; one would be lucky to shoot a cannon-ball across some of the great affluents of the Chesapeake.

La Fayette was about to take up his march of 300 miles for Washington's camp when a fresh order caused him to right-face about. "Turn your detachment to the southward," wrote Washington. La Fay-

ette was not only surprised but, strange to say, disappointed. He had it in his mind that the main army would do the fighting around New York that summer; and he wanted to be there. His troops from the north were unaccustomed to southern summers. They were in rags and unshod.

But just as soon as he had grasped the full import of the order, which was that "Washington relied upon him to support Greene," he accepted the situation and threw himself into his new campaign. His corps left Head of Elk, April 10th, crossed the Susquehanna at the Bald Briar in a windstorm on the 13th and arrived at Baltimore on the 18th. The first thing he did there was to borrow, in his own name, from the merchants of that city, 2000 guineas. With this money, he re-equipped his men. Thus did he put them in better humor. Some of them had declared that they had rather "take a hundred lashes" than a trip South; but now all went well with the detachment. A man who would buy them shirts and hunting-shirts, linen overalls, stout shoes and other necessaries meant well by them, and they, in turn, would do well by him. He soon said of them: "These three battalions are the best troops that ever took the field; my confidence in them is unbounded." As the first thing he had done in Baltimore was to borrow of the men, the last thing he did in that patriotic city—of John Eager Howard and Otho Williams—was to dance with the women. Short as his stay was, there was a ball in his honor. On the 19th of April he led his troops toward the Potomac. He was at Alexandria on the 21st; at Fredericksburg on the 25th; at Bowling Green on the 27th; at Hanover Court-house on the 28th, and reached Richmond on the 29th. We string these dates across the page to indicate the rapidity of his marches. It was characteristic of La Fayette throughout the Yorktown campaign.

His mobility had much to do with his success. It was of a piece with other qualities as now developed. Celerity, with cunning, marked his operations. Simcoe, telling of the movements of the British troops under the veteran Phillips, who had ascended the James, driven Steuben out of Petersburg, and hastened toward the Capital, says: "Next morning they marched to Manchester, from whence they had a view of M. Fayette's army encamped on the heights of Richmond." La Fayette had come in the very nick of time. A day later, Phillips would have gained his objective point. As it was, Phillips felt so angry that he swore, fell back down the river to Brandon's, and La Fayette advanced to Bottom's Creek and the Chickahominy. Here the two wily ones watched each other. Often enough La Fayette saw the sky lit by a great tobacco fire. Simcoe speaks of La Fayette's "gasconading disposition and military ignorance;" but La Fayette's letters, among the Washington papers, in the Department of State, show with great clearness that he knew exactly what he was about. If he gasconaded, it was to fool Phillips. With an inferior force he was holding in check a much greater force which, but for him, might carry the torch, or join Cornwallis, or harry Greene. He was north of the James; Phillips was south. He was keeping Phillips out of Richmond and away from Williamsburg. Strategically, the young fox was outwitting the old artillerist. They were on ground destined to be overrun by *blue* and *gray* in a great war of the future. Here would be battle upon battle; and here in the swamps of Patrick Henry's Hanover, thousands upon thousands would fall. In his twists and turns, his marches and counter-marches in this campaign, La Fayette would traverse the fields

sometime to be fought over by the Army of Northern Virginia and the Army of the Potomac.

Not only was La Fayette keeping Phillips out of Richmond, he tried to prevent him from re-entering Petersburg. That was not an easy task. There was danger of venturing too far. His was the north side—at Wilton now; and it was the part of wisdom to stick to it. Besides he had got wind of the northward march of Cornwallis. That made him eager for the coming of Wayne, who was to make a southward march. Great battle was brewing. But, before the arrival of either Cornwallis or Wayne, typhoid fever attacked his antagonist. General Phillips [76] died of that disease on the 13th of May; and Arnold succeeded to the command of his 2400 troops. La Fayette had honored the flag of truce when sent by Phillips; he scorned it when Arnold sent it. That traitor's day was done, however, for Cornwallis arrived at Petersburg on the 20th of May. Avery tells us that "Jefferson offered a reward of 5000 guineas for Arnold's capture." In the campaign Arnold [77] is said to have asked a captured captain: "What would be my fate if I should be taken prisoner?" "They will cut off that shortened leg of yours wounded at Quebec and Saratoga, and bury it with the honors of war, and then hang the rest of you on a gibbet." Cornwallis got rid of Arnold as soon as possible.

Troubles multiplied for La Fayette. "With so many difficulties to combat, so many enemies to deal

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[76] Letters passed between La Fayette and Phillips. These are to be found in the Correspondence of La Fayette. Tower's chapter on the campaign also contains them, as well as much else in the way of documents, maps, etc. See, also, "A History of the United States and Its People," by Elroy M. Avery, vol. vi, p. 302. "He [General Phillips] was very ill in bed when a cannon ball traversed his bed-room."—La Fayette's Memoirs."

[77] Arnold's "Life of Arnold."

with," it looked like, not a mere cloudburst, but a cataclysm. His was now the full responsibility; for a letter had just come from Greene directing him to take command in Virginia. The odds were all in favor of the British. "Their infantry," he wrote to Alexander Hamilton, "is near five to one; their cavalry ten to one." He was urging Hamilton to hurry down and take command of the artillery. He wanted at least one bloody tussle—"to receive one blow that, being beat I may at least be beat with some decency. . . . But, if the Pennsylvanians come, Lord Cornwallis shall pay something for his victory." As things were, he was "not strong enough even to be beaten." Alas, for La Fayette! the Pennsylvanians were still in Pennsylvania. Wayne would not be down for two weeks. "Were I to fight a battle," he wrote to Washington, May 24th, "I should be cut to pieces, the militia dispersed and the arms lost." What, then, should he do? Skirmish! "I am therefore determined to skirmish, but not to engage too far; and particularly to take care against their immense and excellent body of horse, whom the militia fear as they would so many wild beasts."

Cornwallis, on the contrary, was as pleased with the situation as La Fayette was displeased. "I shall now proceed," he said, "to dislodge La Fayette from Richmond." He crossed the James at Westover; reached White Oak Swamp on the 27th, and Bottom's Bridge on the 28th. "The boy cannot escape me," said this portly, smiling lord, in his red coat and epaulet glitter.

La Fayette evacuated Richmond, marched to the Forks of the Chickahominy, thence to the South Anna, thence to the North Anna, thence to the Rapidan. That was the quickest way to join hands with Wayne. Cornwallis, moving in the same direction,

was drawing further away from his base. It was the worst game he could play, and the best game for La Fayette. Cornwallis had one satisfaction—Tarleton, with his dragoons, and Simcoe, with his rangers, were riding at will. Tower says: "He had mounted upon race-horses his advance guard under Tarleton, who overran the country, and, like birds of prey, seized upon everything they could find."[78] They burst upon Charlottesville, captured seven members of the Legislature, and were within a little of taking the Governor himself—great Jefferson—author of the Declaration. Luckily he rode away to safety. Like La Fayette, he was "flying before the storm." But at Fredericksburg, La Fayette's retreat was over. Better days were in store. On the 10th of June Anthony Wayne, who had begun his march at York, Pa., little knowing that he would end it at York, Va., came into camp with close upon a thousand veterans covered with dust and full of fight.

Cornwallis grew cautious. His lordship had heard of Wayne before. He drew off to think the thing over. Really it was not worth while to work his dragoons to death. He had already done damage to the extent of $15,000,000. His predecessor had sent all the tobacco up in smoke; and he himself had stolen all the horses. As for the silver, it was buried, and the negroes were well hidden in the swamps. Besides he must draw La Fayette down to tidewater. His own supplies must come up by boat. Nor would Clinton let him alone. Here was an order to send 3000 troops to New York and to seek a safe defensive position. His lordship accordingly left Richmond June 20th for Williamsburg. Incidentally he set a trap for Wayne, who was leading

[78] "Mémoires historiques de La Fayette," p. 270.

La Fayette's advance.[79] Wayne had heard that Cornwallis was crossing the James at Green Spring to retire upon Portsmouth; and he was hastening to strike him, while he could catch him foul, when lo! at the far end of a swampy, marshy causeway—a dirt and corduroy road—he found Cornwallis awaiting him with 5000 veterans. Wayne knew that, in such a predicament, "he who hesitates is lost." His riflemen opened with "a galling fire." Then he charged with the bayonet—800 against 5000. Cornwallis thought La Fayette was upon him with his whole army, now numbering 6000. So he made ready for bigger battle, and, while he was thus engaged, Wayne drew his men out of the trap. La Fayette, who was with Wayne a part of the time and spurred back to hurry up his main force, greatly admired Wayne that day. He wrote to Washington in his praise. Greene, too, commended Wayne: "The Marquis gives you glory for your late conduct," he said, adding: "Tread softly on the heels of Cornwallis." Wayne was sent across the James to watch the enemy on the south side. It was good that he got so much glory at Green Springs, for one of La Fayette's sentries shot him in the leg while he was visiting headquarters; and "the caitiff disorder," as he called it, kept him from living up to his new nickname. One of his "characters" called the "Commodore," or "Jemy the Rover," an Irishman in the guardhouse, was told that, if disorderly again, he would receive, by Wayne's order, "twenty-nine well laid on." "Then," said Jemy, "Anthony is mad.[80] Farewell to you! Clear

[79] Cornwallis was at Bottom's Bridge, June 21st; New Kent Court-house, 22d; Byrd's Ordinary, 24th. La Fayette was at his lordship's heels. At Cooper's Mills, 20 miles from Williamsburg, on the 25th he threw Wayne forward. On the 26th Butler, of Wayne's, struck Simcoe at Spencer's Ordinary. It was a brisk fight. The Americans had assumed the aggressive.

[80] "Anthony Wayne," by John R. Spears.

the coast for the Commodore, Mad Anthony's friend."

This Green Spring affair was the hardest encounter of La Fayette's campaign. Controversies have arisen with respect to it. La Fayette's account of it in his letter to Greene (from Ambler's Plantation, opposite Jamestown, July 8th) is clear and manifestly just. Tarleton, in his Campaigns, declares that Cornwallis would have annihilated La Fayette's army. Tower finds that La Fayette was altogether too wide-awake to permit of such a thing. He "had not rashly attacked the whole British army." On the contrary, he had moved cautiously. When rifle-fire broke out, he threw forward Vose and Barber to support Wayne; but he did not permit them to waste a shot, or put themselves in the enemy's clutch. Then he pushed up, and in, to see with his own eyes what Cornwallis was about. Thus he had two horses shot from under him. But he drew a tenable conclusion—he decided that Cornwallis had something more vicious in his intent than a rear guard fight at a river crossing. He thereupon reconnoitered:

"Following the dictates of his own judgment in the matter, he rode forward alone to a point of land which extended into the river to the right of his position, whence he could observe the movements of the enemy. There he discovered that the British force was posted upon an open piece of ground a short distance from the river bank at, or near, Ambler's Plantation, under protection of the batteries upon their ships, and evidently awaiting his attack. The situation instantly became clear to him."

Thus La Fayette informed himself; thus he grasped all the necessary facts of the situation and thus he guided the succeeding events. La Fayette's wise direction at Green Spring, in addition to the fierce

fighting of Wayne, defeated the purpose of the British Commander.

La Fayette occupied Williamsburg and Malvern Hill. He was holding Cornwallis, and he continued to hold him the summer long.

But why did Clinton weaken, rather than strengthen, Cornwallis? Was it that he sought to hamper his rival? Hardly. It was because Washington had made it appear to him that the real American objective, during the fighting season of 1781, would be New York.

At Wethersfield, Conn., May 21st, Washington held a conference with the Comte de Rochambeau, who was accompanied by the Chevalier de Chastellux. The Comte de Barras, who had succeeded the Chevalier de Ternay in command of the French squadron at Newport, was unable to attend the meeting which was for the purpose of bringing about joint action by the French land and naval forces and the Continental army. Rochambeau was the good genius of the conference. He was in favor of operations in the South. Washington, dreading the waste of troops and time involved in a long march to Virginia, preferred an attack upon Clinton, provided the French West Indian fleet, under the Comte de Grasse, would coöperate. Admiral de Barras had it in mind to go to Boston; but agreed, at a Council held on board his flagship, to remain at Newport ready for service at Sandy Hook, or at the Capes of Chesapeake. Upon his return to New Windsor, Washington reiterated his wish to strike Clinton. In letters to Rochambeau he invited attention to the dark outlook in the South. The enemy were making strides there. Nothing would help more in that quarter than "a serious menace against New York."

Rochambeau sent the frigate *La Concorde* all the way to the West Indies with a letter to DeGrasse telling of Washington's plans and begging that Admiral

to sail north and bring with him the corps of five or six thousand French troops who were stationed at Santo Domingo. Rochambeau wrote: "General Washington has but a handful of men. This country has been driven to bay. The Continental army has been annihilated." Therefore, Rochambeau was anxious for DeGrasse to bring with him money as well as men —1,200,000 livres—which would be needed to see the campaign through.

La Concorde and the man-of-war *Saggittaire* were "ships that pass in the night." After he had sent his dispatches, Rochambeau received by the *Saggittaire* word from DeGrasse that he would be at Santo Domingo toward the end of June, adding: "It will be toward the 15th of July at the earliest that I shall be able to reach the coast of North America." With respect to America, says Tower, Rochambeau always acted "with an inflexible rectitude free from any trace of self-interest or personal emulation."

With the utmost urgency he wrote again to the Comte de Grasse. His letter is really eloquent in its appeal. The two communications [81] to De Grasse are regarded by Tower as "among the most important historical documents of the Revolution; for they laid the basis upon which was established the coöperation of the allied forces in the Yorktown campaign. They formulated the plan of action which Admiral DeGrasse carried out, and presented the case to him with such emphatic expression that he executed it at once, without stopping to consult the Ministers, either of France or Spain: assuming the responsibility, in view of the unquestionable urgency of the case, he turned the course of his fleet toward North America, and that prompt action on his part assured the success of the campaign."

[81] MS. Letter Books of Rochambeau, Library of Congress.

The same *Saggittaire,* with troops in convoy, brought money and other needed things; so that Rochambeau was enabled to join forces with Washington at Dobbs' Ferry, on the 6th of July.

Matters were mending. And glorious news was to come from De Grasse. *La Concorde* brought it, and it was in Washington's hands by the 14th of August. DeGrasse was coming with his whole fleet. He would bring the Marquis de Saint-Simon's troops, with field-pieces, siege-guns, mortars and everything that helped to make up a formidable army. He would sail for the Capes of Chesapeake—"the point," he wrote, "which appears to me to have been indicated by you, Monsieur le Comte, and by MM. Washington, de la Luzerne and de Barras, as the one from which the advantage which you propose may be most certainly attained." As for the money, that would come, too. He would sail on the 13th of August, but, he added: "As I shall be able to remain upon the Continent with my troops only until the 15th of October, I shall be obliged to you, Monsieur le Comte, if you make use of me promptly and effectively."

That was enough for Washington and Rochambeau. Here was a chance to win the war. No time could be lost. Washington dispatched a courier to La Fayette, informing him of the coming of DeGrasse and Saint-Simon, and of the plan to capture the army of Cornwallis. La Fayette was to see to it that Cornwallis did not escape toward the South. If Wayne had started for the Carolinas, he was to be brought back.

Meantime Clinton had rebuked Cornwallis for quitting Williamsburg. The Chesapeake should not be abandoned. So far from it, Cornwallis was directed to fortify a place between the James and York Rivers, covering a harbor for ships of the line. Old Point Comfort would not do. Yorktown and Gloucester, on

the opposite bank of the York River, would answer admirably. Thus, on the 1st of August, Cornwallis established himself on the bluffs of the York, at Yorktown; and on the 22d, concentrated at that point his whole army—"a very advantageous place," wrote La Fayette to Vergennes, "for one who has the maritime superiority."

Clinton and Cornwallis thought they had "the maritime superiority." Neither knew of what fate had in store for them. Washington arranged for "a false demonstration against New York and a real movement against Yorktown." He and Rochambeau started south on the 23d and 24th of August; but Clinton mistook their march as belonging to a series of movements against himself. It was not until the 2d of September that light broke in upon him. On that day he discovered that he was not facing General Washington at all but General William Heath, who had been left in charge of the forces on the Hudson. Clinton sent Arnold into Connecticut, to burn and ravage, in the hope of bringing Washington back; but his hope was vain. Washington and Rochambeau, with 2000 Continentals and 4000 French, were well on their way. Washington was his own van-courier. He rode into Philadelphia as early as the 30th of August. He wanted to save both time and shoe-leather by the use of boats. At Philadelphia the Comte de Rochambeau gave the Continental troops a surprise. He paid them $20,000 in gold. At Chester, on the 5th of September, Washington heard of DeGrasse's arrival in the Chesapeake. One of Rochambeau's officers says: "I never saw a man so thoroughly and openly delighted." Standing on the river bank, says Tower, he waved his hat in the air as the Comte de Rochambeau approached, and, with many demonstrations of uncontrollable happiness, he announced to him the good news.

The Duc de Lauzun[82] says: *"Je n'ai jamais vu d'homme pénétré d'une joie plus vive et plus franche que le fut le* General Washington; and "Colonel Guillaume de Deux-Ponts declared that, instead of the reserved and exceedingly dignified manner of the Commander-in-Chief to which they had grown accustomed, they then saw his face beaming in delight, and 'a child where every wish had been gratified could not have expressed a keener joy.'" Here is your human Washington—no demi-god, no unapproachable one here. He palpitates, he warms, he reveals his very heart.

Next day he was at Head of Elk, where Rochambeau's troops arrived on the 8th. There again they boarded boats. Washington, by a quick détour, saw Mount Vernon for the first time in six years. On the 14th, he greeted La Fayette at Williamsburg, where the French troops under General Saint-Simon, had arrived. The Marquis Saint-Simon, a much older man, paid La Fayette the compliment of serving under him. La Fayette had played his part well. General du Portail had written concerning him: "Our young General's judgment is mature; with all the ardor of his temperament, I think he will be able to wait for the proper moment and not touch the fruit until it is ripe." He had posted Wayne at Westover to bar the way south against Cornwallis, and had taken all other helpful precautions. And in due course, he had sent Colonel de Gimat to Cape Henry to watch for DeGrasse. Gimat boarded the flagship, *Ville de Paris,* and delivered the dispatches, which must have been of great help to the Admiral since they set forth the situation clearly and in detail. La Fayette "begged him to sail up Chesapeake Bay immediately, to drive the enemy's

[82] "Mémoires de Lauzun," p. 367; Tower's La Fayette, vol. ii, p. 441.

frigates into the James River in order to keep the passage clear and to blockade the York River."

Thus all was going well. And all continued to go well. Admiral Rodney had blundered when he lingered over "the disposal of his rich spoil at Saint Eustatius." He had sent Admiral Hood, with 14 ships of the line who had peeped into the Chesapeake in search of DeGrasse just before DeGrasse got there. Admiral Graves, searching for Admiral de Barras, had looked in upon DeGrasse; and DeGrasse had gone outside and driven him back to New York, seeing which, the wily Barras had entered the bay and sailed up it to help transport the gathering troops. La Fayette, of course, was ready to close in upon Yorktown long before the other commanders. He was "within striking distance," with his now formidable force, on the night of the 7th. Admiral DeGrasse and M. de Saint-Simon [83] urged him to attack. They had little time to spare—must be off; "but La Fayette was deaf to this temptation." He knew what Washington wanted. Washington had written that should the retreat of Cornwallis by water be cut off, "you will do all in your power to prevent his escape by land. May that great felicity be reserved for you." "That felicity," comments Tower, "was, indeed, reserved for La Fayette, and it was one of the proudest recollections of his life."

"You see how critically important the present moment is," wrote Washington to La Fayette, in another letter; but the time for letter-writing in this campaign was past; here was Washington himself. He arrived, with Rochambeau, on the 14th. A salute was fired. Both armies paraded. Visits of courtesy were exchanged. An elegant supper was served up, and Colonel Richard Butler says in his *Journal*, many

[83] "Mémoires historique de La Fayette," i, 277.

"great personages and officers supped together in the utmost harmony and happiness."[84] Poor La Fayette that day looked pinched and yellow. He had the ague. Chickahominy Swamps and other malarial spots in the Virginia Peninsula had been too much for him. But, next day, he was himself again, and gave a dinner in honor of the many distinguished officers then in camp. He was no longer an independent commander. He was happy in the thought that Washington was about to end in triumph his long and heroic struggle against innumerable discouragements and downright adversities. But there was still some apprehension. DeGrasse was restless. Accordingly, La Fayette went on board the *Ville de Paris* and begged for a little more time. He gained his point. It is important to remember that the impatience of DeGrasse was not only justified, under the circumstances, but that his haste made all others hasten.

On the 27th of September Washington issued his orders—and model orders they were—for the investment of Yorktown. At 5 A.M., of the 28th, the two armies pressed forward. In Washington's own words: "Half a mile beyond the Half-way House the French and Americans separated. The former continued on the direct road to York, by the Brick House; the latter filed off to the right for Munford's Bridge, where a junction with the militia was to be made. About noon the head of each column arrived at its ground." The enemy's pickets were driven in on the left; the enemy's horse patrols, on the right. The American troops constituted the right wing; the French troops the left wing. The French took advantage of the woods, the rideaux, and the marshy creeks, so as to confine the enemy to within pistol shot of their works. The left wing of the French battalions rested upon the river

[84] *The Historical Magazine*, vol. viii, p. 102.

above the town, and their right extended to a low ravine where it was met by the left wing of the Americans, whose right rested upon the stream below the town." "The lines being formed, all the troops, the officers and men, lay upon their arms during the night." Then guns and stores were brought up.

Trenches were opened on the 5th. Tighter and tighter the allied armies gripped their game; though not without trouble—not without tragedies. Colonel Alexander Scammell of the Light Infantry, pushing too close to town, was taken; and, though he had surrendered, was vilely shot in the back. A noble soul was he—six feet-two, patriot and gentleman—whose death angered his comrades because of the treachery of the wretch who had pistoled him.

There was keen rivalry among the officers. They were impatient. Malaria was in the air. "The night dews were heavy, and wet through the tents." The French especially feared the ague. The motto was: "Drive ahead! Drive ahead! Drive ahead hard!" On the 9th the batteries opened fire. Washington, with his own hand, touched off the first American cannon. Red-hot shot set British vessels on fire in the York, and sunk many of them. All night long the sky was lit. On the American part of the line, La Fayette, Steuben and Lincoln alternately commanded in the trenches; on the French part, Saint-Simon, Chastelleux, and the brothers de Viomenil. On the 10th, Cornwallis unsuccessfully attempted to break through by way of Gloucester Point. He had some troops there, hemmed in. He embarked a strong force on flat boats, crossed the York, and attempted to turn the right of M. de Choisy, who commanded the French marines, Lauzun's Legion and other troops, enveloping the British under Tarleton on that jutting point of land. Really two sieges were going on—Yorktown and Gloucester. That night there

was fighting. So, too, on the 11th. On the 12th, the second parallel was begun, close in upon the enemy's works. On the 14th, came what John Austin Stevens [85] calls "the magnificent episode and conclusive event of the siege."

"Nightfall was the hour fixed upon. Soon after it was fully dark, six consecutive bomb-shells, fired from one of the French batteries, gave the signal for the sudden dash. Baron Viomenil commanded the entire movement. Washington, in the trenches, witnessed all the dispositions at the moment of the attack. The American Light Infantry, commanded by La Fayette, stormed the left battery on the river bank; the French grenadiers led by the Baron de Viomenil, the right British redoubt. . . . Conspicuous for their steadiness were the grenadiers of the regiment of Gatinois, thirty of whom fell in the attack at the first fire. They had promised Rochambeau, who made a personal appeal to them, to suffer themselves to be killed to the last man rather than fail, but they entreated to have the ancient name of their regiment restored. The motto of '*Auvergne sans tache*' (Auvergne the spotless) had been famous in the army. Rochambeau kept his promise, and the King wrote upon his petition with his own hand '*Bon pour Royal Auvergne.*' La Fayette in his report to Washington the next day said that Lieutenant-Colonel Gimat's battalion led the van and was followed by that of Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton, who commanded the whole advance corps, while Lieutenant-Colonel Laurens with a party of eighty turned the redoubt. Not a gun was fired, and the ardor of the troops did not give time for the sappers to derange the abatis, and owing to the conduct of the commanders and the bravery of the men the redoubt was stormed with an uncommon rapidity."

Colonel Stephen Olney, of Rhode Island, was first to mount the parapet. He was wounded. Colonel

[85] "The Allies at Yorktown," by John Austin Stevens, *Mag. of American History*, vol. vi, no. 1.

Armand (the Comte de la Rouerie[86]) accompanied the assaulting column as a volunteer. The French marched with fixed bayonets "through a fire that lasted eight or ten minutes." The Comte de Deux Ponts and de Lameth were among the wounded. The Chevalier de Chastellux repulsed a vicious sortie on the 15th. It was made during a violent storm. On the 16th the French batteries opened from the second parallel; on the 17th the American batteries.

At ten that morning the British beat a parley. A flag of truce went up. At the old Moore house they offered to surrender. On the 19th they signed articles of capitulation.

Thus writes J. J. Jusserand: "On the 19th of October, after a loss of less than 300 men in each of the besieging armies, an act was signed as great in its consequences as any that ever followed the bloodiest battles, the capitulation of Yorktown. It was in a way a ratification of that other act, which had been proposed for signature five years before at Philadelphia by men whose fate had more than once in the interval seemed desperate, the Declaration of Independence."

A story got abroad that the Americans grew savage in storming the redoubts at Yorktown. There were

[86] Comte de la Roueire (Colonel Armand) was born at St. Malo in 1756. He was an officer in his early youth in one of the regiments of the Royal Body-guards. He fell madly in love with Mlle. Beaumesnil, "a pretty, but not clever," actress, who refused him. On her account he fought a duel with the Comte Bourbon-Brisset. Then he became a monk at the monastery of La Trappe. But he "threw aside the monk's cowl, and joined La Fayette."

In the French Revolution he led the Breton peasants in behalf of royalty. Disguised as a beggar he wandered about Brittany where he died for lack of food and care, Jan. 30, 1793. "His body," says the Chevalier de Pontgibaud, "was buried in a grave dug in the midst of the forest. His papers were buried with him in a glass bottle." The papers were dug up by a spy and on the strength of them fourteen persons were executed, including the proprietor of the Château where La Roueire died.

charges of inhumanity, which Colonel Hamilton felt called upon to deny. They were based upon the cry raised: "*Remember New London!*" . . . "Yet," says George Washington Parke Custis, "no sooner had the foe submitted, than mercy, divine mercy, sat triumphant on my country's colors."

Rochambeau, "veteran of a hundred fields"[87] gives a clear pen-picture of the final scene:

"The Americans and French took possession of the two batteries at noon. The garrison marched out at two o'clock between the two armies, drums beating, carrying their arms, which were stacked with about twenty flags. Lord Cornwallis being ill, General O'Hara marched out at the head of the garrison. When he approached me he presented his sword. I pointed to General Washington opposite to me as the head of the American army, and said to him that, as the French army was an auxiliary on this continent it was now from the American general he must take his orders."

General Lincoln it was who took from O'Hara the sword of Cornwallis. At once he returned it. The affair was decidedly more spectacular than one gathers from the French general's matter-of-fact description. The colors were cased. The drums beat the march "The World Turned Upside Down."[88] The field

[87] Lieutenant-General Jean Baptiste Donation de Vimeur, Comte de Rochambeau, was seven years older than Washington. This Minden veteran was in Paris suffering from rheumatism when given the French command. He was a fit mate for Washington—a wise leader as well as a great soldier. One of the best studies of him is "Rochambeau in America," by J. J. Jusserand, in the volume, "With Americans Past and Present." After having been very near death from his wounds in 1747, Rochambeau died only in 1807, being then in his castle of Rochambeau, in Vendomois, aged 82. His widow lived to be 94.

[88] According to Levasseur, when La Fayette noticed that the British were disposed to avert their faces from the Americans and look toward the French, he ordered the band attached to his light infantry to play "Yankee Doodle."

was brilliant with banners and the proudest troops of France—Soissonais, Bourbonnais, Gatinois, Royal Deux Ponts, and Saintonge.

The prisoners numbered 7247 troops and 840 sailors. Washington was too wise to grant Cornwallis the privileges accorded Burgoyne by Gates. He reaped the full fruits of the great victory.

After the horse was taken—a whole week after—the British came down from New York to lock the stable door. Clinton, Graves, Hood, with a big fleet, with 7000 fresh troops and all the determination they could muster, approached the Capes; but they were too late.

"The play is over, Monsieur le Comte," wrote La Fayette to Vergennes; "the fifth act has just come to an end. I was somewhat disturbed during the former acts, but my heart rejoices exceedingly at this last; and I have no less pleasure in congratulating you upon the happy ending of our campaign."

So ended not only La Fayette's greatest campaign, but the American Revolution. "It was the grandest of causes," said La Fayette, "won by the skirmishes of sentinels and outposts."

Lauzun, "the hard-fighting, amorous Duke," took the news to France in 22 days. Maurepas heard it as he lay dying. Versailles rejoiced. But the happiest of men was a certain old Doctor at Passy.

But how was it across the Channel? Sir N. W. Wraxall, in his "Memoirs," says that he asked Lord George Germain how Lord North took the news of Yorktown. "As he would have taken a ball in the breast," replied Lord George, "for he opened his arms, exclaimed wildly as he paced up and down the apartment during a few minutes: 'O God! it is all over!' words which he repeated many times under emotions of the greatest agitation and distress." The

surrender long remained a sore matter with the British. Clinton wanted to call Cornwallis out; but the affair ended in a paper quarrel.

Yorktown was a great triumph for La Fayette. It was on his 24th birthday anniversary that he took command of the allied armies—a coincidence remarked upon by many of his friends. They were impressed by the fact that one so young should have risen so high; mainly, too, through his own enthusiasm and exertions. Cornwallis paid him a compliment when he requested an interview with him. La Fayette met his lordship and there was quite a talk over the incidents of the campaign.

La Fayette accompanied Washington on a visit to Admiral DeGrasse. A Carolina expedition in which La Fayette was to command the land forces was planned; however, as DeGrasse was keen to be off, the whole scheme fell through. On the 14th the French fleet sailed for the West Indies.

La Fayette set out for the North. At Baltimore, responding to an address, he said: "My campaign began with a personal obligation to the people of Baltimore, at the end of which I find myself bound to them by a tie of everlasting gratitude." At Philadelphia, Congress voted him leave of absence. By him it sent dispatches to Louis XVI. Washington wrote La Fayette a good-by letter, closing "Your affectionate friend." At Boston, La Fayette subscribed 25 guineas toward rebuilding Charleston meeting-house, destroyed during the Battle of Bunker Hill. Two days before Christmas, he sailed by the French frigate *L'Alliance* for France. Twenty-three days later he landed at L'Orient.

V

BEFORE THE OUTBREAK

Long since La Fayette's fame had spread in France. He was in particular the hero of the young *noblesse;* and it is hardly too much to add that he was the envy of the old courtiers of Paris and Versailles. False tales about him were woven with the true. One rumor ran that he had fought single-handed with savage warriors of the Alleghenies. Another asserted that he was as dead as Hector; but that the truth was being suppressed. As soon as the duchess d'Ayen heard this piece of saddening news, she thought out a plan to keep it from Adrienne until it could be either disproved or verified. She knew how deep her daughter's love was for her absent young knight, and proceeded to shield her. Together they journeyed to Bourgogne, where dwelt Mme. d'Ayen's father, M. de Fresnes; and, after that visit, they made another to the Comtesse Auguste de la Marck at Raismes. Not until years after did Madame de La Fayette know of her mother's loving strategem. Meantime, Louise lost her son, Adrien; and Adrienne herself became the mother of a boy—George Washington La Fayette, born on December 23, 1779. Thus joy and sorrow alternated at the Hotel de Noailles, while Louis de Noailles, in Rochambeau's army, and La Fayette in Washington's, helped to give Cornwallis his quietus at Yorktown. Then there was a surprise in the Rue de Honoré. On the 21st of January, 1782, La Fayette appeared in Paris. He was his own courier, announcing the discomfiture of King George. Great was the "enthusiasm excited by M. de La Fayette's arrival." A fête was being held at the Hotel de Ville in honor of the Dauphin's birth. "Mme. de La Fayette, who was present, received a very

remarkable proof of royal favor. The Queen herself drove her back in her own carriage to the Hotel de Noailles, where M. de La Fayette had just arrived." "With a last word of congratulation to the wife of the fortunate general," says M. MacDermot Crawford, "Marie Antoinette drove away. Almost beside herself, stumbling over the ceremonious dress she wore, Adrienne flew up the steps between stiff rows of lackeys and a moment later was folded tightly in those arms whose circle made her world. . . ." "The joy of seeing him again and the fascination of his presence were intensely felt by my mother," her daughter tells us. "So overpowering were her feelings that for several months she felt ready to faint every time he left the room. She was alarmed at the vehemence of her passion, fearing that she could not conceal it from my father, and that it might become annoying to him, and she therefore endeavored to restrain it for his sake only." M. MacDermot Crawford[1] adds:

"For the months following the return of her husband she was in a very grave condition, and after seven months of great suffering, her last child, Marie Antoinette Virginie, named for the Queen, and in memory of the Virginia campaign, was born. Though the child was at first delicate, from the circumstances preceding its birth, it throve apace, and from this time, the mother seemed to rally, and daily gained strength as she rested in the shade of their beautiful garden, or from the window watched the ever-changing aspect of river and royal palace beyond.

"Shortly after this event, the La Fayettes, who had lived at the Hotel de Noailles, according to agreement, since their marriage, bought a fine hotel in the rue de Bourbon—now rue de Lille—almost at the corner of the rue de Bourgogne. This house, to be later the scene of great hospitality, cost the sum of 200,000 livres, with another 50,000 livres for improvements

[1] "Madame de La Fayette and Her Family," p. 121.

and 50,000 for furnishings, now alas! gone the way of so many fine old places, swept by the restless march of alteration into the Boulevard St. Germain. From the windows could be seen the tree-tops of her childhood home."

La Fayette, though lionized in many circles, kept his head. When we stick a pin at the fact that he was not yet twenty-five years old, we are inclined to wonder at his self-restraint in an exceedingly alluring capital famed for its gaieties.

As illustrating his temptations, and in deference to the eternal verities, we find ourselves impelled to quote from the "Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne."[2] as follows:

"It was not only wealth that furnished victims for the Queen's balls. M. de Chabannes, of high birth, handsome, young, rich, and almost the man of the hour, in making his first appearance was so clumsy as to fall down while dancing, and was so tactless as to cry 'Jesus Maria!' as he fell. It was a fall from which he never arose again; the designation clung to him permanently to his complete despair. He volunteered for the American wars and distinguished himself in action, but he came back 'Jesus Maria,' as he went out. Thus the Duc de Coigny observed to his daughters on the day they were presented at Court, 'Remember that in this country vice is immaterial, but ridicule is fatal.'

"M. de La Fayette did not, however, succumb to the epithet 'Gilles le Grand' (the fool's part on the 18th century stage) which M. de Choiseul had given him on his return from America. On the contrary he aroused so much enthusiasm that society undertook to secure his success with Mme. de Simione, to whom he had been paying attention before his departure. She was considered the prettiest woman in France, and had no affairs as yet. Every one conspired to throw her into the arms of La Fayette, and a few days after

[2] "Mémoires de Comtesse de Boigne" (1781–1814). Edited from the original MS. by M. Charles Nicoullaud, 1907.

his return he was by her side in a box at Versailles, while an air was being sung from some opera, 'Love beneath the laurels finds ladies kind.' The moral was pointed in a manner which clearly showed the sympathy and approval of this privileged audience."

Whether La Fayette understood the gay game and was "fooling them to the top of their bent" may be surmised. But we know that he was not to be victimized when it was designed to draw him into the train of the Count de Provence, and we know that he clung through a long life to high and definite principles. In one of his letters to the bailli de Ploen, he declared: "I have always loved liberty with enthusiasm which actuates the religious man, with the passion of a lover and with the conviction of a geometrician. On leaving college, where nothing had displeased me more than a state of dependence, I viewed the greatness and the bitterness of the Court with contempt, the frivolities of society with pity, the minute pedantry of the army with disgust, and oppression of every sort with indignation. The attraction of the American revolution transported me suddenly to my place. I felt myself tranquil only when sailing between the Continent whose powers I had braved and that . . . to which I had devoted myself."

La Fayette was made Field Marshal, his appointment dating from the surrender of Cornwallis. He met the other Marshals of France at a dinner given in his honor by the Maréchal de Richelieu. Washington's health was drunk. Franklin wrote (March, 1782) to Robert R. Livingston:

"The Marquis de La Fayette was, at his return hither, received by all ranks with all possible distinction. He daily gains in the general esteem and affection, and promises to be a great man here. He is extremely attached to our cause; we are on the most

friendly and confidential footing with each other, and he is really very serviceable to me in my applications for additional assistance."

Again, June 23, Franklin wrote: "The Marquis de La Fayette is of great use in our affairs here."

Nevertheless, he "nettled Franklin," and "nettled both Franklin and Jay," according to John Adams (in his Diary, November 23, 1782) when at Passy the four great men were together. La Fayette had shown them a letter to the Comte de Vergennes about a loan; and had asked the three Americans to certify his retention at Paris as desirable in view of pending negotiations. "This unlimited ambition will obstruct his rise," comments the diarist; "he grasps at all civil, political, and military, and would be thought the *unum necessarium* in everything; he has so much real merit, such family supports, and so much favor at Court that he need not reccur to artifice." Adams was hard on La Fayette, who had been told by Vergennes he must have "something French to go upon." He was supplying the "something French." As for the certification, he was safeguarding himself as an American officer and was doing it in the right way. This is Tuckerman's view, who adds: "Vanity is the Frenchman's weakness, and La Fayette was a thorough Frenchman." Yet our John of Braintree, Mass., was no Frenchman.

But big affairs were afoot. So dilatory was Great Britain in her peace negotiations that France and Spain organized a powerful force, on sea and shore, to cross the Atlantic and attack the English Colonies in American waters. Comte d'Estaing was in command of the ships of the line, which formed a fleet of sixty-four sail. La Fayette was to go out as a chief of staff of the allied army, whose destination was: First, Jamaica; then, New York; and then Canada. He left

Brest in December for Cadiz. But the expedition was nullified by the peace at Paris. As soon as La Fayette heard of it, he induced the Comte d'Estaing to dispatch the *Triumph* to Philadelphia with news of the treaty. "My great affair is settled," he wrote to Vergennes; "America is sure of her independence; humanity has gained its cause, and liberty will never be without a refuge."

While in Spain, La Fayette did America a good turn that should not be forgotten. Jay had quit the court of Madrid in disgust with Spanish methods; and Floridablanca, the minister, had refused to allow Carmichael, Chargé d'Affaires, official standing. La Fayette was so much in favor, by reason of his laurels, that he secured full recognition for Carmichael. And so the incident was closed. This Spanish service was but one of the numerous friendly services on La Fayette's part. He persuaded the French Government to open its ports to American commerce. "In the arrangement concluded," says a Nantucket, Mass., writer in *The Magazine of American History* (vol. ii, p. 368), "was the admission of the whale oil into the French ports on the same terms as that imported from Hanseatic towns." This concession gave an immediate impetus to the American fisheries, and employment to many, who were about to leave their homes to take up residences in Nova Scotia. By way of thanks Nantucket people each contributed the milk his cow yielded in the course of twenty-four hours and sent a 500-pound cheese to La Fayette.

Busy with his own affairs, he was unable to revisit the United States during the year 1783. Washington urged him to come and wrote also a very hearty invitation to Mme. de La Fayette. He regretted, he said, that Mrs. Washington could not go to France; but with the lady of his young friend it was different.

"Come, then," he wrote, "let me entreat you. Call my cottage your own, for your own doors do not open to you with more readiness than would mine." But Mme. de La Fayette felt that she could not leave her children. Many letters passed. Several dates were set for La Fayette's start. Finally he boarded the packet *Courrier de New York,* Captain Joubert; and, departing from l'Orient in company with the Chevalier de Caraman and Colonel Harmar, who had carried the ratification of peace to England, reached New York on Wednesday evening, August 4.[3]

As Washington himself described it, the visitor "was crowned everywhere with wreaths of love and respect." Comrades greeted him at every turn. At New York they put on their uniforms to attend the dinner in his honor. Word ran on ahead of him that he was coming and in every town there was a welcome. Approaching Philadelphia, he found his escort ten miles out. The city was *en fête;* bells rang till ten at night; the illumination was brilliant; huzzaing crowds followed him. Wayne, St. Clair and Irvine presented him with an address in behalf of the Pennsylvania Line. The Legislature told him they had named Fayette County after him. He left Philadelphia on August 14th and reached Mount Vernon on the 16th. There he spent the happiest twelve days of his visit. At Baltimore, on the 1st of September, he was the guest of honor at a banquet of three hundred covers. It was a Revolutionary love-feast. At New York, twelve days later, he was given a golden box in which was "the freedom of the city." There was a banquet, too. Nothing like the lionizing, or the banqueting had ever before been seen in America.

[3] "Visit of La Fayette to the United States in 1784," by John Austin Stevens, *Mag. of American Hist.*, vol. ii, pp. 724–733. See also "Voyage aux Etats-Unis in 1784. Memoires, Correspondence et Manuscrits," ii, 95–107.

At Fort Schuyler he had a talk with the Indians. Tocksicanetrion, chief of the Mohawks, Grasshopper and other orators addressed him. To the Indians La Fayette was Kayewla—the white warrior—a name they had given him during the Revolution. He visited the Saratoga battlefield, whence he passed eastward through Connecticut and Massachusetts, feasting as he progressed. The great New England event was at Boston, when, on the 19th day of October, anniversary of the surrender of Yorktown, he was given a dinner of 500 covers at Faneuil Hall. "Thirteen partiotic toasts were drunk, each accompanied by a salute of guns from the market-place. When the health of Washington was proposed, a curtain placed behind the Marquis fell and disclosed the picture of General Washington, crowned with laurels and decorated with the colors of France and America. La Fayette, rising to the toast, answered it with the cry of 'Vive Washington,' which was taken up and re-echoed through the hall." After a northward cruise along the coast and a visit to Newport, La Fayette sailed in the 40-gun frigate *La Nymphe* for Yorktown, where he was the guest of the old patriot, General Nelson. At Richmond, on the 16th of November, Washington met him. So did Patrick Henry, Madison and many another patriot and statesman, for the Virginia of that day was full of great men and they all found delight in honoring one whom they regarded as the traditional "friend in need." Washington again entertained La Fayette at Mt. Vernon and accompanied him to Annapolis, where the State of Maryland conferred citizenship upon him. Several states naturalized La Fayette. His farewell to General Washington was followed on December 8 by a ceremonious leave-taking of Congress, then sitting at Trenton. On the 21st he boarded *La Nymphe,* amid the thunder of guns, and sailed

for home. "In the four months and twenty-one days of his stay he traveled over 1914 miles." One of his fellow passengers was Otsiquette,[4] an Oneida Indian, whom he was taking to Europe to educate.

Not only did La Fayette try to develop the Indians but he was one of the most active members of the society for the elevation of the negroes—*les amis du noir*. M. MacDermot Crawford in "Mme. de La Fayette and her Family," tells of this philanthropic undertaking in a few words, thus:

"It was the burning question of the day. La Fayette and Larochefoucauld were at the head of the movement. La Fayette was encouraged by the Minister of Marine, M. de Castries, who directed M. Lescaliers, the Intendant of Cayenne, a 'man of skill, probity and experience,' to try upon the King's negroes the scheme for a new system. La Fayette had at first expended 120,000 livres upon the purchase of his plantation La Belle Gabrielle, at Cayenne, on the northeast coast of South America, its management being confided to a kindred thinker and philosopher, M. de Richeprey. The details of the venture were the sole care of Mme. de La Fayette. With its management she was familiar, of each expenditure she kept careful account, and had a *carte blanche* from her husband, who was too much occupied with the troubled politics of France to have much time left for other matters. What an opportunity for her devout mind and unworldly disposition. She cultivated the friendship of the priests of the Seminaire du Saint Esprit, worthy men who had a missionary establishment at Cayenne. With the Abbé Farjon, the curé in charge, she corresponded continuously."

[4] In the late vessel from France came passenger Peter Otsiquette, who we are told is a son to the King of the Six Nations, and whom the Marquis de La Fayette sometime since sent to France to be educated. He speaks the French and English languages with accuracy, and is acquainted with most branches of polite education—musical, etc., and is on his way to the Indian country.—*Boston Advertiser,* Aug. 6, 1788.

The plan was this: Richeprey was to start La Fayette's plantation; then La Rochefoucauld was to buy another and Malesherbes a third. The three were to become the nucleus of a grand experiment of gradual emancipation. At the right time of ripeness France was to decree the emancipation throughout the colony.[5]

But the Revolution interrupted the work. Revolutionists seized La Belle Gabrielle, and the slaves were sold. So little, if anything, was accomplished for the benefit of the black people in that part of the world.

Those days of plans and projects and travel were happy ones for the La Fayettes. Some of the experiences were amusing. In Walpole's Letters[6] we find a reference to the stir caused when Washington sent to La Fayette the order of the Cincinnati. Says Walpole: "He sent it to La Fayette and it made an uproar in Paris. As the *noblesse* spell only by ear, they took it for the order of St. Senatus. They had recourse to the calendar, and finding no such saint in heaven's almanac, concluded it was a new organization at Boston, and were enraged that Washington should encroach on the papacy as well as on the diadem."

As for La Fayette's European travels, here is an account of his visit to Frederick the Great:[7]

"La Fayette was dressed as became a gallant and a famous nobleman of the politest nation on earth, Frederick was dressed very much like a man who thought it made no difference what sort of clothes he wore. La Fayette was scandalized at Frederick's appearance and wrote to Washington about it immediately. Frederick was clad in 'an old dirty uniform

[5] Lady Morgan, in "France," speaks of the Hotel de La Rochefoucauld as the rendezvous "where the first meeting of those five friends took place who formed the subsidiary society of *les amis de négres*"—Gregoire, Mirabeau, de La Rochefoucauld, Condorcet and La Fayette.

[6] Vol. xiii, p. 106, "To the Comtesse of Upper Ossary."

[7] "The Story of France," by Thomas E. Watson, vol. ii, pp. 730, 731.

all covered with Spanish snuff, his head leaning over one shoulder and his fingers almost dislocated by gout. However shabby and filthy Frederick's dress was, La Fayette says his eyes were fine—the finest he had ever seen—sometimes fierce, sometimes soft.

"The King invites La Fayette to dinner, and La Fayette talks copiously and enthusiastically of Freedom. America has led the way, mankind will throw off the shackles of the past, fraternity, good-will and peace will bless the world, and so forth and so on. Old Frederick listens, his head hanging over to one side, his eye as bright as a bird's, his lips parted in a sarcastic grin. 'America will return to the good old plan,' ventures Frederick. 'No! Never!' says La Fayette. 'No monarchy, no aristocracy will ever exist there.' The King is silent, his look incredulous.

"'Do you think,' says La Fayette warmly, 'that I went to America to win military renown? No. It was for liberty I went there. He who loves liberty can only remain quiet after having established it in his own country.'

"The old King listens with a grim smile, and says: 'Sir, I know a young man who, after having visited countries where liberty and equality reigned, conceived the idea of establishing the same system in his own country. Do you know what happened to him?'

"'No sire,' answered La Fayette.

"'He was hanged,' says Frederick."

It is now our duty and our purpose to simplify, if we can, an exceedingly complex matter. Insofar as we can, in brief space, we shall seek to make plain the causes, the progressive stages and the issue of the French Revolution. One must understand the French Revolution in order to understand this La Fayette of whom we are trying to take the measure. One ought to understand it anyhow, altogether apart from La Fayette, who certainly was no inconsiderable figure in it. Taine, with a pack of documents on his back, comes to us and helpfully clears up the subject. He gives us origins—digs to the roots, or some of them,

and lays them bare for us. Others find other roots. Indeed many able historians—Mignet, Michelet, Carlyle—who specialize on this event, all agree with Alexis de Tocqueville when he says:[8] "The Revolution will ever remain in darkness to those who do not look beyond it. Without a clear view of society in the olden time, of its laws, its faults, its prejudices, its sufferings, its greatness, it is impossible to understand the conduct of the French during the sixty years which have followed its fall." Again, he says, with something of awe, something of eloquence: "I read attentively the memorials drawn up by the three orders before the meeting in 1789, and when I come to put them all together I perceive with a sort of terror that what is demanded is the abolition of all the laws and the usages which are current in the country; and I see at a glance that there is about to be enacted one of the vastest and most dangerous revolutions ever seen in the world."

So, too, such a one as Louis Blanc is made solemn in recounting the tragic and interest-compelling events: History begins and finishes nowhere. How, then, fix the genesis of the Revolution? There is nothing so alarming about it—at first. But the Assembly? Its members represent all of humanity's interests, resentments, griefs, hopes. They are in "the thickest of treasons and plots." They hear the clamors of civil war. Europe leagues itself against them. Châteaux burn, tocsins sound, drums beat. Then the furies are let loose. "France is filled with funerals." "Many perish to-day; no one knows if he will be alive to-morrow." "What a formidable, what a bloody history!" In his exaltation, in his dignity, man rises above the fear of death. Prison, guillotine, street-tri-

[8] "The Old Régime and the Revolution," by Alexis de Tocqueville, Introduction.

bune "bring to light virtues and crimes of which antiquity was ignorant."

Just how was the ancient balance first disturbed? Well, we must go back a long ways to answer that. We must go back to November, 1439, when, under Charles V, who was voted a subsidy by the States-General at Orleans, a decree was issued providing for a body of gendarmerie. A simple matter, you say, but a land-tax—the *taille des gens de guerre*—was imposed for the support of these soldiers. This tax was annually re-imposed by the King in Council. It was levied upon the property of the *routiers* (plebeians); it left "the *clergy and the nobility, who were exempt from it, without motive for resisting, through the States-General the increasing power of the crown.*" After 1439 they abandoned the championship of the great principle insisted upon by the States-General in 1355–56 that no tax should be levied without the assent of that body, and that the three Orders should be subjected to the same taxes. Henceforth it was admitted that, "the clergy paid with their prayers, the nobility with their swords, and the people with their money."[9] The Third Estate, thus abandoned by the privileged classes, turned to the King and supported every attack made by the Crown upon the rights of the clergy and the nobility. When those rights were abolished, the Crown was absolute; and, being absolute, was left alone to face the people who had made it so. "The defection of the clergy and nobility," says Rambaud, "Hist. de la Civilization Française," "was the first cause of the establishment of absolute power, and of the Revolution which was accomplished 350 years later."

Let us mark this well: For a mess of postage, for immunities, privileges, pluckings, the clergy and the nobles sold their birthright. Half the taxes wrung

[9] Headlam, "France," pp 73, 74.

out of the toilers went into the pockets of the idle lords. "Of 35,000,000 of taxes only 16,200,000 reached the treasury." If lords and clergy had been tax-payers instead of tax-eaters no bloody internal trouble might have come upon France.

But Taine warns us against losing sight of the fact that the nobles and clergy bore great parts in the making of France. Each was essential. Time was when, as by magic, the over-running warrior-brute was checked and charmed at the church door and knelt there. He ceased to destroy. He began to build villages, with other churches; and soon cities, with cathedrals. There was prosperity in France in that early day; there was chivalric tone and feeling; and a certain happiness that goes with the light yoke. But nobles and clergy being human, being selfish, being haughty, drew too much to themselves. The common man[10] found the valley and the field of labor lower—much lower, deep, like a sepulchre—and the two towers in the horizon more lofty—more gloomy, more heavy; gloomy the church-steeple, and dismal the feudal castle. The church bell murmured *"Ever";* that of the donjon, *"Never."*

Ruinous religious wars during which some 800,000 people perished (1559–1578) were followed by a relapse of France into feudal and communal anarchy. But the Crown re-established internal order (1598–1659); and, in his long reign (1661–1715), Louis XIV (of whom Mazarin said: "There is stuff enough in him to make four kings and an honest man") aggrandized all power. Under him, science, art, architecture, literature, the refinements and elegances of aristocratic life, were developed in a high degree. But all that was done for the Crown, and was at the expense of the commons. Majesty, moreover, meant servility. One

[10] "The French Revolution," by J. Michelet.

had to be careful of the breath he breathed; and it was dangerous to talk in one's sleep.

Thus, Louis the Great [11] was by no means Louis the Wise. He was the State. He was France. He was le Roi Soleil—the Sun King. He was a spendthrift on money mulcted from the millions. His Versailles venture in magnificence drew to him the nobles, and gave him the whip-hand over them; but they were worth more to France away from him than with him. Sycophants multiplied. Court crimes bred in the atmosphere of scandal. Then, too, for all the glory bought with gold somebody must pay; and for all the sins in the gilded palace somebody would suffer at once as well as in after-time. Saint-Simon, who said the Court "sweated hypocrisy"; Vauban, who died soon after the rejection of his plan for the institution of a royal tithe to be collected from noble, priest and commoner alike; Colbert [12] whose heart was broken, because of his failure to find remedies for evils rife in the state; Fenelon [13] who as Duruy declares rediscovered when exiled to Greece, the simple truth of democracy "that governments are made for the governed"—all these far-seeing men had powerful adumbrations of the mighty storm brewing in the Kingdom of France. When Colbert had gone, writes Cecil Headlam, Louis was soon borrowing at 400 per cent. Deficit followed deficit. The tax-farmer only was

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[11] In her "France," Lady Morgan depicts Louis XIV as seated between his mistresses—favorite and ex-favorite—listening to the recitations of Boileau and Racine. And they recited "The History of Louis Le Grand," commanded by himself, planned by his mistress and executed by two pensioned poets. What a combination!

[12] The great Jean Baptiste Colbert, who, in 1681, said, "One can go on no longer." But the evils he saw lived for a hundred years after that. Colbert tried to equalize tax burdens. He felt the injustice of the taille.

[13] Fenelon said, in 1709, "The old machine will break up at the first shock." The public debt in 1715 was 2,400,000,000 livres.

prosperous. Since the burden-bearing people of France were staggering more and more under burdens progressively heavier, the end could be naught but bankruptcy.

But, strange to say, those despotic times were "unmarked by rebellions." "No people," Michelet reminds us, "ever had fewer. This nation loved her masters; she had no rebellion—nothing but a Revolution." Louis Blanc calls it "the Burgher Revolution of 1789." He narrows it, but stresses this particular proposition. He is laboring to make us distinguish between burghers and peasants. "The vile persons of the vulgar," said Loiseau in his "Traité des Ordres," "had no right to be qualified as burghers. The proof is: they had no share in the honors of the city, nor voice in its assemblies, in which burgherism consists." The burgher was the privileged man of the "bourg"—the city. He had a voice in the commune. "By means of the communes, burgherism overthrew the feudal system." But if the vulgar were vile, who made them so? Who enslaved them? "Richelieu had no bowels for the people; and judged burgherism as a great lord would. He compared the people to mules who were spoiled by quiet." Yet, in spite of himself, he cleared the way by which burgherism was to advance in France. "For these great men are but powerful blind men. The part which they play is rarely their own." Richelieu took away political power from the nobles[14] as he did

[14] Armand Duplessis de Richelieu, Bishop of Luçon, then 29, was orator of the clergy at the meeting of the States General in Paris, Oct. 14, 1614. Not until 1789 did this body again sit. The nobles gave trouble. They refused to recognize the Third Estate as on a par with themselves. They demanded "the suppression of the *paulette*, which, in establishing hereditary offices, had inaugurated the *noblesse de robe*." France now had the haughty, ancient nobles and the office-holding nobles. The Third Estate demanded a general assembly every ten years, an equable system of taxation, abolition of sinecures and other reforms, which, if adopted, might have saved France from the terrible convulsions of 1789–1794.

from the Parlement of Paris, made up of hereditary lawyers. Let us not liken our legislative parliament, or congress, to the parliaments of the French cities. We shall confuse things if we do. In France the parliament was, in the main, a court. That the Paris Parlement had the right to record, or refuse to record, the King's edicts is another matter. And it may be noted, in passing—for we must get along—that the Fronde [15] (so named from a children's game, Fronde, sling, catapult) was due to the refusal of the Paris Parlement, seeking to check wasteful administration, to register edicts.

In encouraging literature and industry Louis XIV (as Victor Duruy tells us) "fostered two forces destined to overturn absolutism itself." A new criticism, a new philosophy, appeared as the abuses of the absolute monarch continued during the long period of Louis XV—regency and reign (1715–1774)—Voltaire was heard; then Rousseau; then the encyclopedists and economists. The *contrat Social* came out (1762). "Voltaire seduced our imaginations," wrote La Fayette's friend, the Comte de Ségur; "Rousseau touched our hearts." It was Voltaire *versus* the Hardness of Creed, and Rousseau *versus* the Hardness of despots. Voltaire was the first to use the word "patriot" in its present significance.[16] Moreover, Montesquieu's "*Lettres Persanes*" were filled with the new spirit. There had begun to be a strong "appeal from ancient law to reason and free will." The wits, too, were sowing seeds that would by and by germinate in unexpected places. Our M. de Beaumarchais, for instance. His "Marriage of Figaro" (*Comédie Française,* 1784) is regarded as "that drama which caught the colors of

[15] The second Fronde (1649–1653) was an affair of the nobles, who were after pensions and sinecures.

[16] "Literary Journeys in France," by M. Betham Edwards.

the Revolutionary dawn before the sun had risen." [17] Observers foresaw a great overturn. Lord Chesterfield said: "All the signs I have encountered in history as forerunners of great revolutions at present exist in France, and are every day increasing."

As we have seen, the nobles and clergy were without legislative and executive power. Under Richelieu and Louis XIV they became less helpful to France and more a burden. "Louis XV," says M. Duruy, "having destroyed the great body of the magistracy, what remained to support the old edifice and protect the monarch?" In 1771 more than 700 magistrates were sent into exile. Maupéon then formed a new Parlement. Taxes increased in 1715 to 365,000,000. "Matters will go on as they are as long as I live," said Louis XV; "my successor may get out of the difficulty as well as he can." Echoing which, spoke Madame: "After us the deluge" (*Apres nous le déluge*). "When I was first presented to his Majesty, Louis XV," wrote La Fayette [then fourteen], "I well remember the eldest son of the Church, the King of France and Navarre, seated at the table between a Bishop and a prostitute. At the same table was seated an aged philosopher"—Voltaire.[18] Mme. de Pompadour died in 1764; Mme. du Barry by the guillotine; we have seen how Louis XV died and now we come to Louis, the Irresolute.[19] This Louis put his hand to his head as the crown was being placed upon it at Rheims, saying, "It hurts me." "It pricks me," Henry III had exclaimed.

[17] "The French Revolution and English Literature," by Edward Dowden.

[18] "A revolutionist in religion, he did not understand that there could be such a thing in politics."—"French Revolution of 1789," by Louis Blanc.

[19] Now in mentioning his (the King's) virility, it is of prime importance for the student to remember, though the matter can be touched upon but lightly, that Louis in this department of physical life suffered from a mechanical impediment which gravely distorted the first years of his marriage,

Thus we are at the beginning of the reign in which the heavens opened; and we may well sum up:

"The three orders of the state—clergy, nobility and plebeians—were distinguished by privileges or burdens which made the French people three different nations, each having its hierarchy and its distinct classes." So concludes M. Duruy, adding: "There was the greater and the lesser nobility—the one living at court and upon the national budget, the other in the provinces and on its own meagre revenues; the upper and the lower clergy—the former rich, the latter poor. Among the non-noble classes, fifty thousand families possessing hereditary offices of judicature formed a real autocracy [20] which did not mix with the financiers; the middle class scorned the artisan, and the peasant at the bottom of the ladder, in poverty and ignorance bore angrily all the weight of the society which was crushing him." The intendants were of the *noblesse de robe,* hereditary officeholders. Each intendant, absolute in his own district, had an army of underlings. "Socias" wrote La Bruyere, in "The Characters of Manners of the Present Age," "got to be underfarmer of the revenues, and by extortion, violence and abusing his trust, is now advanced on the ruins of several families to a high post. He is ennobled by his station, and wants nothing now but honesty." Here is de Tocqueville again: "Taxation fell not upon those who could best pay it but upon those who could least

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which undoubtedly wounded his self-respect, and which was perhaps the only thing which caused him permanent anxiety. He was cured by medical aid in the summer of 1777, but he had already been three years a King and seven years married before that relief came.—Hilaire Belloc.

[20] The hereditary nobility were the *noblesse de race.* The *noblesse de robe* (of the bourgeoisie class) had established its hereditary character by virtue of its money and the paulette—so called from Charles Paulet, who farmed this source of revenue under Sully. By this system officials named their own successors, paying succession duties to the Crown.

escape it." The old nobility "lived largely on pensions; they were gilded drones; the King paid their debts." And here is Michelet again: "Some of the bread eaten in France was made of fern. Famine stalked." The Bishop of Chatres told old Fleury that "in his diocese men browsed with the sheep." "The evil consists in this, that the nation from the highest to the lowest is organized so as to go on producing less and less and paying more and more." "The desert expands," in spite of the fact that "men, women and children yoke themselves to the plow . . ." "The yearly produce no longer suffices for the year." People thanked God when Louis XIV died; and then when they were through with the Regent, who sold the honor of France to England, again they thanked God. Once more they gave thanks on account of the passing of another King, who had seemed destined to live forever. The peasant was reduced by the *taille,* or direct tax; the *gabelle,* or salt tax; the *corvée,* or enforced labor; the *droit de chasse,* involving his lord's right to gallop over and trample down his crops; his church and seignorial duties, and many another burden, until in thousands of instances he had come to possess but an impoverished scrap of land. "*Corvées* were used not always to build roads, but as a pretext to send off husbands and fathers." The peasants' animals were requisitioned likewise. The peasant must not weed in egg time. His manure "must not injure the flavor of my lord's game." The noble, says Watson, "is still lord of the dove-cote, the rabbit-warren and the fish-pond. He must have his toll out of the wine, the provisions, the passing merchandise. His detested rights shadow the bridge, the mill, the public fair, the public scales, the oven, the wine-press. He is the hawk of the community, soaring aloft and pouncing down on the

natives for his living." [21] In addition to private pillage by lords of the land and the church, and the stupid system of legalized brigandage under which the *fermiers généraux* taxed people to line their own pockets—a thing done in the King's name and, therefore, all the more outrageous—the commons suffered also from the depredations of bandits and assassins who traveled in gangs. Salt smugglers ranged the country, which, with its 26,000,000 people—130,000 ecclesiastics and 130,000 nobles—was now too surcharged with misery to remain longer unprotesting. Louis Blanc loves to dwell upon the patience of the French, as well as upon that "luminous good sense which is the very foundation of the Gallic genius."

Well, patience was now passing; and so, too, might good sense pass. "Sire," said the Duke of Richelieu to the newly-crowned King, "under Louis XIV no one dared utter a word; under Louis XV they whispered; under your Majesty, they talk aloud."

Yet there was little, if any, downright disloyalty when Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette became King and Queen. Apparently there was joy. But we have seen how Marie Antoinette played an untactful and provocative part—a defiant and scornful part, indeed; and we have also seen how she was harried and maligned and made out to be ever so much worse than she was. They were in trouble—the King and the Queen; she, the "Austrian," and he the Capet picked out by Fate to pay the enormous bill of accumulated Capet iniquities. Their costly coronation was a scandal-breeder. As for the ministry, Maurepas was "old and useless." So it was said; but he brought back Parlement; and soon Lamoignon de Malesherbes, "an admirable man," and Turgot (Anne Robert Jacques, Baron de l'Aulne, 1727–1781) were called in. Vergennes and

[21] "The Story of France," by Thomas E. Watson.

Saint Germain already are known to us. Turgot had been a shy, studious, somewhat slow youth; but, as an intendant of the provinces of Limousin, Angoumois, and Basse-Marche, he had developed into a true statesman.[22] The Intendant was the real ruler in France. In "*L'Ancien Régime*," De Tocqueville quotes what Law, the hero of the most "iridescent of bubbles," said to the Marquis d'Argenson: "Do you know that this Kingdom of France is governed by thirty intendants? You have neither Parliaments nor Estates nor Governors. It is upon thirty Masters of Requests, despatched into the provinces, that their evil or their good, their fertility or their sterility, entirely depend." Thirty such intendants as Turgot might have saved France. He alone might have staved off revolution if his proposed reforms had been carried out. But "if" is both a little word and a big word. On a grand scale Turgot wanted to survey and assess and equalize. With a land tax on the clergy and nobility, and the *corvées* abolished, the people, long prostrate, could rise and breathe. Gradual self-government was to be given them; they were to have uniform laws, weights and measures; they were to enjoy public education, liberty of conscience, liberty of worship. In fine, by the suppression of evils and abuses and the enactment of beneficient laws Turgot [23] was on the eve of regenerating France. But the meddlesome Queen attacked him; the intriguing Maurepas "undermined" him; the unsteadfast King removed him. Thus Turgot, a great economist like Adam Smith, a great law-giver, was succeeded as Comptroller-General by M. de Cluny, a great nobody, a great spendthrift and instituter of lotteries; who, in turn, was succeeded by Jacques

[22] "Life of Turgot," by W. W. Stephens. See also Lord Acton's "French Revolution."

[23] Turgot said, "Let mankind be free and let each country enjoy the peculiar advantages bestowed on her by nature."

Necker (1732–1793). And now Necker! This celebrity was *de facto* Comptroller-General; but ineligible as a Protestant to sit with the other ministers, and, therefore, director of finance. Sainte-Beuve says he was "a thinker by nature," and so he was, no doubt; but with him it was largely a case of think-all and do-naught. True, he put forward his famous *Compte rendu,* claiming an excess of revenue of ten millions; true, also, that he floated loans and planned reforms. Yet he seemed to juggle. Privilege began to hate him for his plans. He was soon "surrounded by intrigues, embarrassments and discontent." When Necker went out, M. Joly de Fleury came in, then d'Ormesson [24] and next, thanks to the money-hungry Polignacs and Marie Antoinette, the spendthrift Charles Alexandre de Calonne entered into power (1734–1802). One might say "burst upon the scene," or "vaulted into the ring." We find in him the very antithesis of Turgot, who would not crook a knee to the Queen. He was stern; and she, for her part, had no idea of the sterling qualities of his remedial statesmanship. Turgot was a God-sent man, a profound statesman; Calonne was a suave, time-serving, insincere, profligate man, who smoothed and oiled the way onward—to ruin. "His lofty stature, his easy carriage, his grace, the mobility of his agreeable and fine figure contributed to gain the great world for him." "All Paris," adds Louis Blanc, "knew that one day Calonne had sent pistachio nuts wrapped in the notes of the bank of discount to certain ladies. Complaisance was erected into a system." This was about the time of the affair of the "collier," the diamond necklace—sent by the Cardinal

[24] Henry François de Saul Le Fèvre d'Ormesson d'Aambouille (1751–1807) was of the famous office-holding Ormessons, *famille de robe*, known in the public life of France for three centuries. His equally distinguished brother was guillotined.

de Rohan to Marie Antoinette, "the miserable affair," Talleyrand called it, adding, "I should not be surprised if it overturned the monarchy.[25] The Queen was a victim, the Cardinal a dupe and the La Mottes criminals." It did not help matters that Mme. La Motte had Valois blood in her veins. The triumphs of the Cardinal's party over the King and Queen was a strange commentary on the Court's standing—its old prestige was going or gone. There was a taint in the air; and Calonne was but one among many brilliant charlatans of his class and calling. "There were those," writes Louis Blanc, "who said with a smile on their lips, 'God keep us from honest men.'" In short order, Calonne borrowed 500,000,000 francs and ran the annual deficit up to 100,000,000.

To observers less sanguine than La Fayette, it was evident that the Government's demoralization was chronic. He was full of hope. In a letter to John Adams, October, 1787, he wrote:

"The affairs of this country considered in a constitutional light are mending fast. The minds of the nation have made great progress. Opposition is not of course free from party spirit. . . . This country will, within twelve or fifteen years, come to a pretty good constitution, not the best perhaps that can be framed but one. . . . I think a representation will be obtained in France much better than the one now existing in England."

To Washington he wrote:

"The King is all-powerful; he possesses all the means of compulsion, of punishment, of corruption. The ministers naturally incline and believe themselves bound to preserve despotism. The court is filled with swarms of vile and effeminate courtiers, men's minds are ener-

[25] "It did not overturn the monarchy," comments Watson ("The Story of France"), "but it disclosed the weakness of royal influence, the intense ill-will borne the Queen and the fatal feuds among the natural defenders of the crown." Vol. ii, p. 118.

vated by the influence of women and the love of pleasure, the lower classes are plunged in ignorance. On the other hand, French character is lively, enterprising and inclined to despise those who govern. The public mind begins to be enlightened by the works of philosophers and the example of the other nations. The inhabitants of the distant provinces are disgusted with the despotism and extravagance of the court, so that there is a strange contrast between the Oriental power of the King, the care of the minister to preserve it intact, the intrigues and servility of a race of courtiers on the one hand and on the other, the general freedom of thought, of conversation and of writing, in spite of the spies, the Bastille, and the press laws. The spirit of opposition and patriotism diffused through the highest class of the nation, including the personal servants of the King, mingled with the fear of losing their places and pensions; the derisive insolence of the populace of the cities (always ready, it is true, to disperse before a detachment of the guards) and the more serious discontent of the rural population—all these ingredients mingled together will bring us little by little, without a great convulsion, to an independent representation and, consequently, to a diminution of the royal authority. But it is a matter of time, and will proceed the more slowly that the interests of powerful men will clog the wheels."

Did La Fayette feel certain compunctions with respect to the piling up of the great debt? Did he remember that America was, in a sense, partly the cause of the huge accumulation? He probably did. But Thomas Jefferson, then in Paris, did not trouble himself about the debt, nor did he mince matters in speaking of the King. He wrote to John Jay (October, 1787): "Louis XVI hunts one-half the day and is drunk the other. The King goes for nothing." And the same year he wrote to John Adams: "It is urged principally against the King that his revenue is 130,000,000 francs more than that of his predecessor, yet he demands 120,000,000 further."

It looked as though M. de Calonne would hardly last the year out. But he did. He, of all men, suddenly turned reformer. "He proposed to subject the privileged classes to a tax and the payment of a subsidy based on land; to diminish the *taille;* to decree the freedom of grain." Then the beneficiaries of the vast suicidal system turned upon Calonne. He knew them of old. He smiled. There was one doorway open for him—and he passed out of his ministerial *cul-de-sac* by that exit. He advised (June, 1786) the convocation of the Notables. Henry II and Louis XIII had brought them together—cardinals, archbishops, princes of the blood, grand seigneurs, gentlemen and presidents of the provincial parlements. Why should not Louis XVI, since vital problems must be solved? Louis—not a bad man as bad men go, but not an able man, either; a well-meaning man, weak, vacillating, under the Capetian curse, under the ponderous Capetian burden—hesitated a long time; and then, on December 29, issued his proclamation assembling the Notables. Next day he wrote to Calonne: "I have not slept a wink all night, but it was for joy." Very soon he was in another mood. Vergennes died on January 12, and Louis at the grave said: "How happy should I be to repose at your side."

On February 22, 1787, the Notables met in the banqueting hall at Versailles. There were 144 of them representing nobility, parliament, clergy and the third estate. They sat in seven sections, each section or bureau presided over by a prince of the blood. The Comte d'Artois, whose extravagances were notorious, was president of the bureau to which La Fayette was assigned. It seems that La Fayette was slightly under the age required by the laws of France (he was 30); but in his case, the regulations were suspended. He soon made his presence felt. Calonne, for his part,

was "cunning, witty, bold and easy." He confessed to an enormous deficit; but kept back part of his stunning tale. There was one remedy: It was the abolition of exemptions, privileges and abuses. The Notables themselves and all their class must make sacrifices. It had always come to that during recent ministries and it would continue to come to that. Turgot knew. Necker knew, but Necker's figures were false. Anger arose in the hall, at court, in Paris. The Queen called Calonne a lunatic. She herself was hissed at the opera as "Madame Deficit." The King smashed a chair in a fit of rage, crying: "That knave Calonne deserves I should hang him!" The Notables wanted to discuss the deficit; Calonne harped on the necessity of freeing France from the paralysis of Privilege. And the upshot was that he speedily quit Paris on *lettres de cachet,* exiling him to Lorraine. He was willing to be hanged, he said, if all the rest of those deserving the rope should hang with him. Calonne, of course, was fighting for his political life. La Fayette fought at the same session for human betterment. His first address provoked the King, who resented some of his statements, adding that such attacks should be signed. After that La Fayette put his name to the addresses read by him. He argued:

"The millions that are dissipated are raised by taxation, and taxation can only be justified by the real needs of the state. All the millions which are given up to depredation or to cupidity are the fruit of the sweat, of the tears and even the blood of the people; and a calculation of the amount of misery caused by the collection of sums so lightly wasted would seem terrible to the justice and goodness which we know to be his Majesty's natural sentiments."

La Fayette, as one sees, had little of Calonne's wit, and none of Mirabeau's fire. He is stranger to the epigram. His language is too measured and solemn

to stir the blood. Nevertheless it fits his theme. One of his biographers, Bayard Tuckerman, declares that he "attached undue importance to outward honors and public favor. A victory seemed incomplete to him unless followed by sufficient applause. That he mistook prominence for greatness and praise for fame was largely due to the unfortunately early age at which he had become accustomed to extraordinary popularity."

But whatever La Fayette's lack of oratorical impressiveness in the Assembly of the Notables, there is no question as to the value and effect of his ideas and words. He did not know that those very thoughts and words were as so many seeds of revolution. He aimed at cleansing the kingdom of all that was false and foul. To quote from Tuckerman, he asked the King:

To name some fixed sum for his private and military establishment, for the support of the royal family, and for gifts.

To do away with costly ceremonies no longer valued and only derived from tradition.

To give each office a fixed salary, instead of allowing certain perquisites which enabled them to extend indefinitely the amount of their remuneration.

To insist on the keeping of regular accounts.

To give pensions and regular gifts only as a recompense for public service.

To abolish the custom of anticipating the revenue.

Urging the reform of the criminal law and the restoration of rights to Protestants, he rebuked "the devouring luxury of the court"; arraigned the crown for economic and financial stupidity; denounced the *taille;* and, finally, demanded the convocation of the National Assembly.

"What, sir!" exclaimed the Comte d'Artois; "you ask the convocation of the States-General?"

"Yes, Monseigneur, and even more than that."

"You wish that I write, and that I carry to the

King: 'M. de La Fayette moves to convoke the States-General?'"

"Yes, Monseigneur."

"His was the only name attached to the demand," says Tuckerman; "but it contained his ruling thought, destined to be realized—a representative body in France, such as existed in England and America. The suggestion received by the Notables with astonishment was rapidly taken up by the people and soon became a fixed thought in the public mind."

"Sirs!" cried the Duc de Pasquier, of the Paris Parlement; "this is not child's play; the first time that France sees the States-General she will also see a terrible revolution."

When Calonne was sent out, his enemy Brienne was brought in. The Queen favored him. He was Lomenie de Brienne, Archbishop of Toulouse. The Parlement of Paris antagonized him—refused to register the stamp tax and land tax edicts obnoxious to the privileged orders. Counsellor D'Espremenil of the Parlement, Brienne's chief disputant, was borne in triumph through the streets of Paris. Banished to Troyes, Parlement agreed to register a loan and was brought back to Paris. Said D'Espremenil: "We went out covered with glory, we returned covered with mud." Other Parlements balked Brienne, who was given a red hat and sent away. His end was tragic enough in the coming great time of tragedies. A mob broke into his palace; drank his wines; next day he gave up the ghost.

Back came Necker now—the man whose motto was "Credit is the salvation of states." He came in on August 25, and funds at once rose 30 per cent. But on August 8 the King had summoned the States-General to meet on May 1, 1789; and that evidence of enforced liberalism and reform may have had much to do with the temporary return of confidence. It was

Necker and a New France. In the early stages of his second ministry, Necker himself seemed liberalized. His new plan proposed (*a*) suppression of the *lettres de cachet;* (*b*) liberty of the press; (*c*) double representation for the third estate, and (*d*) the periodical reassembling of the States-general.

Meantime the man who had first demanded that the King take the sense of France by the election of deputies to a States-General was busy with the organization of the National Party. La Fayette was a recognized leader in the movement. With him were associated the Abbé Sieyès, the Comte de Mirabeau, Talleyrand and others of like celebrity. Its creed was the destruction of privilege, the equalization of taxes and the establishment of a constitutional government somewhat on the model of England. It was not averse to a monarch; but "the power of the King was to be limited and a periodical deliberative assembly was to control taxation." Things were very different from what they had been only a few years before in the days of the light-hearted old Comte de Maurepas, "tapping his golden snuff-box and uttering declamations about the rights of man." The time for misgoverning in the country and philosophizing in the town had passed. "The army was affected, the ministry was divided, the King despised, the Queen hated." But it should be kept in mind that, at this period of the organization of a considerable party in behalf of a Constitutional France, the privileged classes and vested interests as a rule continued to oppose the reform programmes. La Fayette went down into Auvergne to contest for a seat in the States-General and was elected as a noble. He found that part of France traversed by him greatly disturbed. Brienne had instituted nineteen provincial assemblies. "Under each assembly of the arrondissement were parish assemblies. The whole

machinery of administration had been changed."[26] There were conflicts of authority. Villages were aroused. Peasants were set brooding. Again the Notables met (October 5) to advise with the Crown concerning the States-General. These unwonted happenings added to the apprehension of patriotic Frenchmen.

But nature herself seemed to take a turn against tormented France. Not only was there a dearth, with poor crops, but on the 13th of July came the most devastating hailstorm ever recorded. Taine tells that throughout sixty leagues of the most fertile territory, from Normandy to Champagne, the hail did damage to the amount of 100,000,000 francs. It out-Calonned Calonne. Then followed the severest winter experienced since 1709. The temperature reached 18¾° below zero; the Seine was frozen from Paris to Havre; a third of the olive trees died in the south of France; floods swept the Rhone country and in the spring of 1789 famine stalked, while beggars multiplied. There was much hunger in Paris. Crowds besieged the bakers' shops which gave out blackish bread, earthy and bitter, that caused throat-and-bowel trouble. That winter and spring there were three hundred outbreaks in France. "Why?" asks Taine; and he answers: "The reason is that under the *ancien régime* the conflagration was smouldering in a closed chamber; the great door is suddenly opened, the air enters and immediately the flame breaks out."[27] "Intendants and sub-delegates everywhere call for aid." Dealers in contraband salt, "poachers, vagabonds, beggars and escaped convicts" increased in numbers. There were riots in the provinces. "Reforms have been announced and people think them accomplished." In a word, the Revolution has begun to roll of its own accord.

[26] Taine.
[27] "Taine," vol. i, p. 9.

VI

LA FAYETTE IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

Our story now moves forward on a somewhat swifter current, with fewer shoals, less encumbering detail, less débris. Yet we must look sharply as we sweep along; grasp dates, grasp data; and let little in the whirling flotsam escape us, even though we can give that little but a passing glance. It is now 1789—the great year—*annus mirabilis*. The motto of aspiring mankind is *salus populi suprema est lux*. Philosophers stoop to chalk the aspiration on the pavement. "It is no longer a question of what has been," said Mirabeau, "but what will be." Rejected by the nobility, this powerful orator had come into the combat as a deputy of the Third Estate.

Abbé Sieyès,[1] whom La Fayette knew well, likewise looked to the future. He was "a subtle clear-headed, thorough-going priest." He had just put forth a pamphlet in which he said.: "What is the Third Estate? The nation. What is it now? Nothing. What ought it to be? Everything." This Third Estate had but twenty-seven representatives in the Assembly of Notables; in the States-General it would have 600 in a membership of 1274. Every taxpayer in France had a vote. Servants had none. A poor vicar's vote counted for as much as a cardinal's. Moreover, Necker had given the people the right to petition for redress of grievances. This was a most important concession, as viewed by La Fayette. But Necker thought he could sway the people. Such great num-

[1] "Behold him, the light, thin man; cold, but elastic, wiry; instinct with the pride of Logie; passionless, or with but one passion, that of self-conceit."—Carlyle, "The French Revolution."

bers of them had kissed his hand. Napoleon blamed Necker with bringing on the Revolution. Through their *cahiers,* or letters of instruction, the voters asked the deputies to give France moral, economic and political liberty. That was the composite thought—the burden, the plea, the demand.

May-day, 1789, found the deputies of the States-General gathering at Versailles. It seemed a bright day for France. At last the old era was over, a new one was opening. Now would evil die, now would the good come to its own. For fertile and beautiful France was not herself at fault; the gross fault was in privilege and in that long-continued misrule begot by privilege. So thought many as they acclaimed the great convocation of deputies—those of the Third Estate chosen under almost universal suffrage, by 3,000,000 untitled, unprivileged Frenchmen. On a bright Sunday, May 4, all marched in solemn procession to the Church of St. Louis. The old costumes of 1614 had been prescribed. So the commoners wore plain mantles and unfeathered hats; the nobles, in gold-trimmed mantles, had white plumes, and the clergy were in their rich regalia. On the 5th the deputies assembled in the *Salle des Menus Plaisirs.* Good Americans, with a memory for dates, will recall that this was five days after George Washington was inaugurated President of the United States. It would seem that, after coincident turmoil of long duration, two peoples on earth had now at last coincidently emerged from misrule and misery. But in France this happiness was not to be. "Unfortunately," says Victor Duruy, "a people separates itself from its past only at the cost of cruel lacerations."

At the opening session a Turgot probably would have offered the deputies a constitution, hammered out in the smithy of his own brain; and ready for their

approval, amendment or condemnation. On this first day, Necker offered them nothing but a long speech that wearied them. Discord developed. It was kept up for five weeks. Trees were flowering; birds were singing; but there was famine in France. And Privilege still felt itself all-powerful. The rich clergy, the drones of the *noblesse* held themselves aloof from the common clay. They would not sit with the unlordly ones. Each order must have a place of its own. Thus offish, thus insolent, the two aristocratic marplots looked to the Crown to browbeat the commons; or trick them; or, in some way superciliously put them out of countenance. The real hitch was that joint deliberation would mean a majority for the reformers—separate deliberation, a majority for the privileged classes. What Privilege had hoped for was that the deputies would raise enough money to keep the Kingdom from bankruptcy, and then go home. They did something altogether different. We shall come to this in a little while; but, just here, we ought to look about us for La Fayette. He sat with his order as deputy from Riom, in Auvergne. He had walked with the nobles in the grand procession; and here, for the last time, was encumbered with his "feudal baggage." The fine trappings of the *noblesse* and clergy were in contrast with the plain black garb and white neckties of the deputies of the Third Estate. Other things must have been similarly distasteful to La Fayette. His position as a man of sense was anomalous. He wished to minimize on regalia and lordliness and all the mockeries of the *ancien régime* that he might lay stress upon the essentials of life, liberty, and the happiness of mankind. As it was, he made the best of the situation. He moved in the assembly of nobles that they unite with the Third Estate. The motion was lost by a vote of 188 to 47. What should he now do? Go over to the commons of

his own accord, or with the forty-seven adherents of the Duke of Orleans? Would the forty-seven, or some of them, follow him? No doubt these and kindred questions were debated in his own mind, and among his friends, during those five uncertain weeks when the affairs of the States-General hung in the balance. We may be sure that La Fayette was distrustful of the Duke of Orleans. Jefferson advised La Fayette to join the Third Estate. "If he delayed too long in taking up the cause of the commons, that party would receive his advances with suspicion." Gouverneur Morris advised La Fayette to give up his seat among the nobles. He could not conscientiously go with them and he could not conscientiously carry out the instructions given him in Auvergne. Later, Morris wrote:

"At dinner I sit next to M. de La Fayette, who tells me I injure the cause, for that my sentiments are continually quoted against the good party. I seized this opportunity to tell him that I am opposed to the democracy from regard to liberty; that I see that they are going headlong to destruction, and would fain stop them if I could; that their views respecting this nation are totally inconsistent with the materials of which it is composed, and that the worst thing which could happen would be to grant their wishes. He tells me that he is sensible that his party are mad, and tells them so, but is not the less determined to die with them. I tell him that I think it would be quite as well to bring them to their senses and live with them."

La Fayette did not relish the unsympathetic analysis of this well-meaning American [2] who knew the need of checks and balances in all governments managed by

[2] "Jefferson and I differ in our systems of politics. He with all the leaders of liberty here is desirous of annihilating distinctions of order. How far such views may be right respecting mankind in general is, I think, extremely problematical, but with respect to this nation, I am sure it is in wrong."—Diary of Gouverneur Morris.

many-minded men. He was more in accord with Jefferson, as witness his "Declaration of Rights," [3] offered that summer in the States-General. But he did not act upon Jefferson's suggestion. He bided his time. The scene was daily changing before his eyes. The court became more supercilious than ever; the commons grew more stubborn than ever.

Abbé Sieyès was the man of the crisis. On Wednesday, June 10, he said: "Let us cut the cable; it is time." Mirabeau demurred. That evening he secretly saw Necker. Michelet says Mirabeau really was "an aristocrat by taste and manners, and a royalist at heart; he was so in fact by birth and blood. Two motives, one

[3] *Declaration of Rights* submitted by La Fayette to the Constituent Assembly. Nature made men free and equal; the distinctions necessary to the social order are founded only on general utility.

Every man is born with inalienable and imprescriptible rights; such are: liberty of opinion, the care of his honor and his life, the right of property, the free disposition of his person, of his industry, of all his faculties, the communication of his thoughts by all possible means, the pursuit of well-being and resistance to oppression.

The exercise of natural rights has no limits but those which assure the enjoyment of the same to other members of society.

No man can be subjected to any laws but those assented to by himself or his representatives previously promulgated and lawfully applied.

The principles of all sovereignty reside in the nation. No body of men, no individual, can have any authority which does not expressly emanate from it.

All government has for its unique end the public good. This interest exacts that the legislative, executive and judiciary powers should be distinct and defined, and that organization should assure the free representation of citizens, the responsibility of agents and the impartiality of judges.

The laws should be clear, precise and uniform for all citizens.

Subsidies should be freely granted and proportionately assessed.

And the introduction of abuses and the right of succeeding generations necessitate the revision of every human institution; it should be possible for the nation to have, in certain cases, an extraordinary convocation of deputies, of which the sole object should be to examine, and correct, if necessary, the vices of the constitution.

grand, and the other base, likewise impelled him. Surrounded by greedy women, he wanted money; and monarchy appeared to him with open lavish hands, squandering gold and favors." He would soon turn against the shilly-shallying King. Sieyès and La Fayette had faith in the deputies. Mirabeau had yet to shake off his distrust of "the sovereign aristocracy of six hundred persons, who might to-morrow render themselves irrevocable, hereditary the day after, and end, like the aristocracies of every country in the world, by invading everything." The six hundred followed Sieyès; took the name of the *Communes;* elected Bailly president, June 12, and, on the 17th, declared themselves the National Assembly of France—the Constituent Assembly. More, they at once assumed the right of taxation. France was in debt; they would defend the honor of France; they would pay the debt.

"The Third Estate is the nation," said Siéyès.

Many of the clergy joined them on the 19th; but, on the 20th, the 600 found the door of the *Salle des Menus* shut in their faces. It was a shabby trick on the part of the King—this *coup d'état.* Word was passed around that there was to be a royal session; and, therefore, the hall must be put in order. Rain, like royalty, dampened the spirits of the deputies. They stood around in crowds. Their umbrellas dripped. What should be done?—disperse and come humbly back when the King pleased? That was not to be thought of.

Nearby, at Old Versailles, was "a miserable, ugly, poor and unfurnished building," the hall of the Tennis-court, the Jeu-de-Paume, with hardly a bench to sit upon; but it was nevertheless a meeting-place. "It was like the manger of a new religion—its stable of Bethlehem," cried the fervid Michelet. From that hour the Jeu-de-Paume became a shrine. Under its roof

a great and solemn spectacle was witnessed: With uplifted hands, the throng of commoners took oath not to separate until they had given a Constitution to France. Soldiers surrounded them—yes; but, come what might, it was to be so!

Not only did each deputy lift a hand toward heaven that God might see, but each oath-taker put that same hand to paper. At the National Archives one sees the book of many signatures "with the bold autograph of Mirabeau and the small, neat, pedantic writing of Robespierre." Danton's hand is "bold and round, with a flourish at the end." He had once signed his name D'Anton just as Robespierre sometimes used a de. Marat's calligraphy is described as "sprawling." La Fayette wrote a plain neat hand. Louis XVI, according to Alger, displayed more firmness in his "rather formal round hand" than in anything else.

It is understood that Necker, rather than the King, was the real strategist in this attempt to shackle the popular representatives.[4] Malouet, who acted in the open for the manipulating minister, brought Mirabeau and Necker together with the intention of breaking the deadlock.

"I am told, sir," said the moral man from Geneva, "that you have some propositions to make to me."

Mirabeau's reply was short, hot and not sweet.

"My proposition, sir, is to wish you good-day," and away he went boiling with rage. "Your man is an ass," said he to Malouet; "he shall hear from me."

Mirabeau complained of Necker: "You might as well make an issue in a wooden leg as give him advice; for he would certainly not follow it."[5]

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[4] "This coup d'état of Louis XVI was nothing save a precocious counter-revolution, which hastened the true revolution of the people."—"Memoirs of Bertrand Barére," Vol. I, p. 222.

[5] "The Story of France," Watson, vol. ii, p. 215.

Gabriel Honoré Mirabeau has been described in somebody's amusing hyperbole as "an archangel ruined." Beruffled and bebuckled, with his pock-marks [6] and like peculiarities, he was indeed a singular figure. Especially did he appear virile and masterful when, on danger's edge in debate, he deemed it time to dare all for the cause in which he was embarked.

We may as well pause for a moment to note that the record of the whole Mirabeau family—father, mother, brother, sister, wife and their numerous associates in scandalous matters connected with courts and prisons would be hard to outdo. But the Mirabeaus were as able as they were quarrelsome. "Barrel" Mirabeau, however, appears not to have been overstocked with mentality. He sat among the nobles and quarreled with his brother in the Third Estate.

In his youth Gabriel Honoré took the name Peter Buffière. He mastered language, likewise music, dancing, fencing, riding. While soldiering in Corsica, he also was called "Peter Buffière." He had led a life of escapades. His father had him put in prison more than once. His wife, whom he had married for money, had betrayed him, and he in turn ran off with the young wife of an old Marquis, his friend and host. The things told of Mirabeau blacken him as a man of honor, as a man of character. His debts, his debauches,

[6] To an admirer, a woman, who wrote to Mirabeau asking for his portrait, he replied: "Imagine, Madame, a tiger marked with small-pox and you have it."

Abbé Gregoire, Bishop of Blois, philosopher, revolutionist, philanthropist, "president of the Society of the Friends of the Negroes," happened in his old age to be feeding his fire with private papers when Lady Morgan visited him. He said to her: "I have just burned a parcel of billets of Mirabeau, which have more than once made me smile; one in particular, in which after discussing some great political question, he invites me to come off immediately and hear him play the tabor and pipe." Lady Morgan characterizes Mirabeau as "an amiable roué."

Augustine Rischgitz

LOUIS XVI, KING OF FRANCE

From the portrait by Duplessis at Versailles

his outrageous conduct toward women kept him in trouble so much of the time that it was a wonder he could have brought his mind up to its superior state as a never-failing reservoir of power. And he was no drone. He was so busy that when those whom he had stung challenged him to fight, his custom was to jot the engagement down in his memorandum book so that the little affair might not escape him.

Mirabeau was a tall, heavily built, bulky, almost obese man, with a yellow skin, a large nose and great jaws. He was big-headed and big-brained, with hair like a lion's mane. This he curled and powdered and upon occasion shook. Lord Minton (Gilbert Elliot), writing to Hugh Elliot, a brother, about Mirabeau, said of him: "He is as overbearing in his conversation, as awkward in his graces, as ugly and misshapen in face and person, as dirty in his dress, and as perfectly self-satisfied as we remember him twenty years ago at school. I loved him, however, and so did you."

But let us return to the great quarrel between the clergy and nobility on the one side and the Third Estate on the other: What happened after the historic *Séance du Jeu-de-Paume?* Next day, June 21, Louis and Necker appeared before the States-General. Necker's project then presented was intolerably tinctured with Privilegism; the Crown's was a little better. The King read his "testament of despotism with condescension." The nobles applauded. "Silence! Silence!" came gruffly, as from the very diaphragm of the six hundred. The King, who had expected homage, was startled. But he ended insolently. "If you abandon me in so excellent an enterprise, I will, alone, effect the welfare of my people; alone, I shall consider myself their true representative. . . . I order you, gentlemen, to disperse immediately, and repair to-morrow

morning to the chambers appropriated to your order, there to resume your sitting."

What folly to make threat at such a time! Despite the direct royal ruling, the deputies of the Third Estate kept their seats. Their thought was: "We owe France a Constitution." The young Marquis de Brézé, master of ceremonies, ordered the commons out. They refused to budge. Mirabeau blazed out upon Brézé: "Go and tell those who send you that we are here by the will of the people, and are to be driven hence only by the power of bayonets." One can almost hear the click of Brézé's heels as he walked backwards out of the hall. It was as if he had been startled into the intuitive recognition of a new majesty. Workmen entered to dismantle the hall. But when Brézé had reported to the King, Louis said: "Very well; leave them alone."[7]

Of course this was equivalent to surrender. Many of the clergy had gone over of their own accord; the forty-seven nobles who had voted with La Fayette were now coöperating with the Third Estate; and, on the 27th, the three orders were united by royal command. Great was the hat-tossing, the jubilation. By its victory over nobles and clergy the Third Estate thus took away from them, and itself assumed, legislative power. The crown was not merely compromised by its vacillations, but involved in the general defeat of privilege. The first aim of the Revolutionists was achieved. The date of the *Lit de Justice* was the 23d of June—the day of royal discomfiture and popular triumph. On the 24th a majority of the clergy joined the victors and on the 27th a majority of nobles entered the hall. "The family is complete," said Bailly; "we can now occupy ourselves without intermission and without distraction, on the subject of the reform of the

[7] "*Eh bien, f—, qu'ils restent!*" "Oh, well, confound it, let them stick where they are!"

Kingdom, and the public welfare." June had been a great month for mankind.

And now? With something done, the call was for a Constitution. Under it, power must not be irresponsible. Under it, there must be liberty. Both privilege for the aristocrats and despotism in the name of the crown must be swept away. For a time it seemed to the Constitutionalists that France could be aligned among the free governments of the world; indeed, it appeared to such men as Bailly, La Fayette and Lally Tollendal that the succeeding steps of reform could be taken with comparative ease.

But difficulties soon began to multiply. The court-party was active, if secret, in its hostility; the aristocratic and rich clerical deputies were ingrained enemies of the people; and the people themselves were impatient of those slow legislative mills that ground them good laws but no bread for the famishing. There was hunger in Paris, and sharp-toothed hunger and long-clawed poverty would fight in alliance with satiety and opulence against the sober and sane reformers who wished to take apart and discard and reconstruct without the shedding of blood.

At this point, as it seems, we should underscore a fact of some significance with respect to the monarchical inclination of the leaders of the French Revolution, La Fayette included.[8] One wonders when told

[8] A. Aulard, Professor of Letters at the University of Paris, says: "La Fayette is cited as the type of French Republican before the Revolution. Certainly the American Revolution had 'republicanised' him, and he vaguely hoped, without saying so in public, that at some time in the future France would adopt the political system of the United States. But in 1789, as in 1830, he was an upholder of royalty, and we shall find him helping, perhaps more than any other Frenchman, to delay the advent of a republic in France." La Fayette is quoted in *Ami des Lois* 19th Germinal, VI, as having said: "When shall I see myself the Washington of France?" Aulard's translator, Bernard Miall, thinks that La Fayette meant to be "a Washington" under Louis XVI.

that all the deputies of the Third Estate, with a single exception, were monarchists. They had no thought of ridding France of Kings. They wanted justice, honesty, helpfulness; but they were not republicans. Need we be taken aback, then, that La Fayette, in spite of his Jeffersonian ideas, was proceeding with the assumption—the most natural assumption in the world—that reformed France would become a Constitutional monarchy? In America the difficulty in understanding this and forgiving La Fayette for his attitude is within ourselves. No sound American looks with favor upon any other than a kingless, courtless, simple government subject to an overturn if the people so will it. But we were of different stock and traditions. We were experimenting. Governmentally we were but a few weeks old at that time; and La Fayette and those numerous Constitutionalists who thought as he did, looked to England for their model. Even radical-minded men cannot afford to be unfair in this matter. Condemn them not—those Constitutionalists of 1789; the happiness of their people was dear to them.

There is said to have been a court plan to use the soldiery, during the affair at the Jeu-de-Paume; but it "miscarried because the nobles of La Fayette's party protested and threatened armed resistance." Another consideration: to use the mercenaries at Versailles against the deputies would set Paris on fire. As early as June 6 Bonneville (translator of Shakespeare) had raised the cry "To arms!" Agitation followed; and continued increasingly until, on the 25th, the electors of Paris (those who had chosen the Paris deputies, then at Versailles, within easy cannon-sound) settled down in the hall of Saint-Jean, at the Hotel de Ville, ready for emergent action. The French Guards broke away from the barracks, where they were under surveillance,

and fraternized with the people. Hoche (pacifier of La Vendée) and Marceau, who grew to be great soldiers, were among them—one a sergeant, the other a private; neither would have been heard of but that the Revolution overturned the army barriers put up for the benefit of men of long lineage. The French Guards, set free by the people, began to bite their thumbs at the Swiss and the Germans. For were not these hirelings being used against liberty at Versailles? Were they not all around the session-hall ready to do their bloody work when Marie Antoinette should cry "thumbs down"? The Palais Royal was the place of meeting, and fraternization. The Palais Royal was History's own. Built by Cardinal Richelieu, it was first called Hotel Richelieu or Palais Cardinal. Mazarin planned and plotted in it. Since 1692, when Louis XIV gave it to Philip of Orleans, it had been owned by the Dukes of Orleans. The Regent Duke's famous and infamous fêtes were held there. Law's bubble was blown in it. Now with Egalité its master, it became Palais Egalité and was a hotbed of plots. The day the *coup d'état* failed (June 23) the Duke of Orleans believed the King lost, and himself King on the morrow, or the next day; "he could not conceal his joy." He knew that "an attempted violence, like the unhappy King's, is either a victory or a suicide." He was the richest man in France—this Duke. Bald, bloated, "his face brick-colored and spotty," he had "absolutely boxed the compass of vice." Again: "He was a wornout libertine, sated with lust and turning to politics as a diversion."[9] With all its grandeur, there was much pettiness about the Court at Versailles; it stooped to deceits, tricks, lies, and let itself be a party to quarrels that should have been beneath it;

[9] Watson, "The Story of France."

yet it was hardly as low as the rival affair—the pseudo-court at Palais Royal.[10]

But Louis was as yet unthroned. On the 27th of June, at his behest, the three orders were fused. Louis thus traversed himself and compromised the crown. Not only was the court angered, it was frightened. Mob news added to this fright. Paris was letting loose its worst as well as its best. Men in rags, pinched, with livid faces, began to range the streets. "The markets were battlefields." Bread was black, sour, unsatisfying. Meantime some forty thousand troops were within reach of Paris. They were, in the main, Swiss and German mercenaries.

Marshal Broglie, "that Hercules and Achilles of the old monarchy," had been called to command them. The Queen had sent for Breteuil, her confidential man, the ex-Ambassador at Vienna, a valiant penman, but who, for noise and bravado was equal to any swordsman. "His big manly voice sounded like energy; he used to step heavily and stamp with his foot, as if he could conjure an army out of the earth."[11] A salvo of cannon, a discharge of musketry, and, whiff! away they would run—mobs and mobocrats, starvelings and statesmen. Our "Bardolph," the Baron de Breteuil, added: "If we must burn Paris, we must burn Paris." So there! De Broglie, by and by, betook him to the provinces to drum up a bigger army. He found it dangerous work and drew off. But the sight of soldiers at Versailles displeased the deputies. Mirabeau made a motion on July 8, that the King be advised to order his bayonets elsewhere. When the time had

[10] According to Michelet ("French Revolution"): "Arthur Young, the English traveler, much quoted by writers on the French Revolution, was dining with Egalité and other deputies; and was shocked at seeing him laughing in his sleeve at this threatening time."

[11] Madame de Staël.

come for the motion to be referred to a committee, La Fayette arose, saying:

"There are but two motives for referring a proposition to a committee—when there are doubts as to the facts in a case, or on the determination which should be taken. But, gentlemen, the presence of the troops about the Assembly is a fact evident to each one of us. As to the determination to be taken in such a case, I will not insult the Assembly by believing that anyone of us can hesitate. I, therefore, shall not confine myself to supporting the motion of Mirabeau; I ask, instead of the reference ordered by the president, that the chamber take an immediate vote."

The vote was taken; the message was sent; the request was refused. On the 10th of July the Comte d'Artois shook his fist in Necker's face, saying: "Go where you came from, traitorous foreigner! Return to your little city lest you perish by my hand." Necker ignored him. He ignored the insinuation of Marie Antoinette that the Dauphin's death was God's punishment of the King because he had depended upon a man out of the pale. Louis made believe he was dead with sleep. He sat with his eyes shut. Necker, for his part, thought the King fairly under his control. They had been conferring, and seemingly were in accord as to the next step, when mysterious word came from the Queen; in another minute, Louis was lost to him. Necker received his dismissal, in the evening, Saturday, July 11, as he sat at his table. After dinner he invited his wife "to take a turn with him" in their carriage. They did not quit it until they had reached Brussels. "If they dismiss you," La Fayette had said to him, "thirty thousand Parisians will conduct you back to Versailles."

Next day was that explosive Sunday which saw the beginning of the great Bastille storm. It was most violent at the Palais Royal. The Duke of Orleans,

says Louis Blanc, had "constructed in the middle of the Palais Royal garden an enclosure clothed with a trellis and which a terrace with flowers and jets of water crowned."

"The apartments of the Prince were reached from it by a small open gallery and the lower apartments of the palace by a subterranean gallery. This enclosure, which from a distance resembled a large basin adorned with flowers, had been first intended as a theatre for exercises in horsemanship and had received the name of the circus. This strange forum became so formidable to the enemies of the Revolution that one of them painted it in these terms. 'It is the image of the chimera, and has the head of a beautiful prostitute, the tongue of a serpent, the hands of a harpy, its eyes emit flames, its heart is empty with lascivious thoughts, its mouth distils now venom, now heroic words.' Thither, then, went all Paris of the Revolution of the 12th of July. The crowd was so great that many were obliged to climb into the branches of the trees and remain suspended there. They as yet only waited; but that groaning of restless multitudes, so resembling the sea, was already rising to heaven."

It was the day of days for Camille Desmoulins,[12] and it was now high noon. With the tocsin sounding an alarm, cannon firing, excited crowds assembling, this young man felt his blood on fire. It came into his head to make capital of the Necker news—to proclaim "a Saint Bartholomew of patriots." He ran forth from the Café de Foix, in the Palais Royal, leaped upon a table, drew weapons, flourished them, and cried as cries the leader of a host of men charging the foe: "To arms! To arms!" Around him came crowding all who were within earshot. They, too,

[12] Michelet called Camille "a blackguard of genius"; Sainte-Beuve amends the phrase to "a backguard of verve and talent." He was the sham-fifer of the Revolution, "who made merry till the day when he learned to his own cost that we cannot, with impunity, play with the tiger."

shouted. "To arms!" he repeated; "the Germans in the Champ de Mars will enter Paris to-night to butcher the inhabitants. Let us hoist a cockade!" He reached up, plucked a leaf from a tree and tucked it in his hat. Thousands imitated him;[13] and the shamrock hue would have been that of the French Revolution had some not recalled that green was the color of the odious Comte d'Artois. Gun-shops were raided. The cry of Desmoulins, like his cockade, was changed. It became "Arms and bread!" All that day, the ferment continued. Versailles, itself inactive, watched Paris, which was only protected from pillage within and attack without by the speedy organization of 48,000 men into a Citizen Guard. Terror and feverish preparation was transmuted overnight into the very opposite. At dawn of the 14th, Paris caught up the cry, "A la Bastille!" All at once this formidable prison stood out, in the inflamed imagination of the people, as the beast that they must destroy. It typified despotism—this living tomb of old Latude. The rioters sacked the Hotel des Invalides; and, now well armed, seized the prison. Its governor, De Launey, suffered death. Never had a mob delivered such a stroke of genius as was struck that day.[14] The Duke de Liancourt was privileged to enter the King's bedchamber and it was he who bore the news to Louis on his couch, with daylight creeping through the curtains. "What then," came sleepily from the pillow, "is it a revolt?"

"Sire," said the Duke, "it is a revolution." All

[13] "The crowd is immense in the Palais Royal. The barriers on the north have been sacked; that of the throne is on fire. Everyone is taking the green cockade. . . . It is said that the prisons are to be opened."—Commandant of Paris, by courier to Assembly at Versailles.

[14] "How much the greatest event it is that ever happened in the world! And how much the best!"—Charles James Fox (on the taking of the Bastille) to Fitzpatrick, July 30, 1789.

the world, especially the despotic European world, caught its breath at the taking of the Bastille. In truth its actual importance was magnified a thousandfold. It was said everywhere: "France has destroyed the Bastille. It is through with despots. Great are the French." Or: "France has destroyed authority. It will destroy us. Terrible are the French—wicked, terrible!"

But next day, and for quite a while thereafter, Paris was really more emotional than downright wicked. As Louis had promised to send the Swiss away, the people forgave him, and wanted him to come to Paris. It was a patched-up peace, "a hollow truce," perhaps; nevertheless, there was an emotional reaction. It was "hollow" because the treacherous court ordered Berthier, the intendant, and Foulon, his father-in-law, under-minister of war, to arrange secretly for an attack upon the city. So much for Versailles; nor was Paris sure of its own amiable intentions.

La Fayette, meantime, had been chosen vice-president of the Assembly. That was on the 13th; on the 15th he, with Bailly, Lally Tollendal, and Abbé Sieyès, headed a deputation of eighty-eight members on a placatory visit to Paris.[15] They "were preceded by the French Guards, the Swiss, officers of the newly-organized militia and deputies of the Paris electors. They marched up the Rue St. Honoré to the sound

[15] Baron Thiébault (1769–1846), Lieutenant-General in the French Army, then in command of a detachment, says in his Memoirs that at 1 or 2 A.M. he was at the Barrière des Bonhommes in the Versailles road when his pickets stopped some horsemen followed by two or three carriages. "Of the four persons who were in the first, three got out; they were MM. Bailly, de La Fayette and de Lally Tollendal." The latter, as spokesman, said that he was the bearer of a letter from the President of the Assembly to the President of the City Council to inform him that the King was coming that day to the Hôtel de Ville. The incident makes "a flashlight" that reveals much.

of trumpets." It was a triumphal procession. Michelet tells us that "every arm was stretched towards them, and every heart leaped with joy. The National Assembly and the people of Paris, the oath of the Jeu-de-Paume and the taking of the Bastille, victory and victory, kissed each other." Constantly now La Fayette is growing in popularity. From this time on until he is burnt in effigy in the garden of the Palais Royal we may well think of him as a favorite. He would make enemies and would have detractors,[16] but the populace would applaud his good deeds and would condone others' they could not quite commend. "On their arrival at the Hôtel de Ville, La Fayette, Bailly, the Archbishop of Paris, Sieyès and Clermont Tonnerre were made to sit at the bureau. La Fayette spoke coolly and prudently; next, Lally Tollendal, with his Irish impetuosity and easy tears. It was at the same Grève that Lally's father [17] thirty years before had been gagged and beheaded by the *ancien régime;* his speech, full of emotion, was nothing but a sort of amnesty for the *ancien régime."* This "fattest of tender-hearted men" Lally, was crowned with flowers; Bailly was similarly crowned. Then Bailly was elected Mayor and was acclaimed by the multitude. But who was to be commandant of the National Guard? Moreau de Saint Méry, who had campaigned in America, was

[16] General Thiébault tells of "a very curious man who during that year (1789) used to come to the swimming school. He used to come with his hat on, his coat buttoned over his chest, booted and gloved, with a cane in his hand." Thus clad he would let himself fall into the water and swim about with his hat on his head and his cane in his mouth. He was getting ready against the day when he should be shipwrecked. This quaint person, whose name was M. Torneau, boasted of being what was then called an aristocrat. He cordially detested M. de La Fayette and one day maintained to the Duke of Chartres that that General had no talent. Further, he asserted that the best commandant for Paris would always be the man who best knew the streets—a cab driver.

[17] See "Memoirs of Count Lally Tollendal," London, 1766.

president of the municipal electors. At the right moment, he pointed to a bust of La Fayette in the great hall of Saint Jean. The bust had been presented by the State of Virginia to the City of Paris five years before. The gesture was enough. La Fayette was acclaimed as the head of the citizen militia. A cockade was chosen by La Fayette himself—red, blue and white; and he vowed that "it would go round the world." It is the tricolor now known in the remotest regions of the globe. This surely was a fruitful day for the Constitutionalists; and so was the 17th, when the King, melancholy, pale, entered Paris. The crowds were immense; the sun was hot; Louis was corpulent. "In front of the carriage rode La Fayette, the commandant, in a private dress, sword in hand, with the cockade and plume on his hat." Everything was obedient to his slightest gesture. There was complete order; not one cry of *Vive le Roi.* Now and then they cried *"Vive le Nation."* There were 200,000 men under arms. Two men only were applauded, Bailly and La Fayette. A gun went off. A woman was killed. "There was no bad intention toward the King. Everybody was royalist, both the Assembly and people: Even Marat was until 1791." At the Hôtel de Ville the King alighted. Bailly handed him a new cockade. The King put it in his hat. He passed up the stairs under swords placed crosswise, forming a canopy of steel. He was serious and silent. He said little except: "You may always rely upon my affections." What the King had undergone was enough to humiliate him deeply. But Louis was a strange compound. His tragedy had no hero till the simultaneous fall of the axe and the curtain; then pitying mortals began to martyrize him. But his contemporaries make him out coarse-grained and cruel. Thiébault tells of the way he turned upon a little dog at his heels and with his

cane wantonly broke the creature's back, laughing the while. Now he returned to Versailles. Those who had been most persistent in urging him to oppose the commons were no longer there. They had been "sentenced" by the mob at the Palais Royal, which had hit upon a new way to terrorize the proscribed aristocrats.

Accordingly the black-listed nobles had taken acute alarm and fled from France. Chief among them was the Comte d'Artois "who all his lifelong would do anything under the influence of fear till he might be called a very daredevil of cowardice." "He was bolting," says Thiébault, "as hard as his legs would carry him."

From this time forth "Exeunt Omnes" was the cue at Versailles. In pairs, in parties, the court now began to lose its Condés, Contis, Polignacs, Vaudeuils, its lords and lordlings—its dukes, its counts, its hangers-on of all degrees. With them went the women and their charges. Flight became the fashion under cover of darkness. It was the emigration.

And whither the lords and ladies led, many rich Parisians followed. "Six thousand passports," says a documentary delver, "were issued in Paris in five days." The gay and immoral and flaunting element such as was wont to appear upon the Longchamps avenue, behind silver shod horses, in equipages too bizarre to be tolerated, even in a city usually indifferent to extravagance and licentiousness, took itself off to safer centres of display. Discharged servants were left homeless. Travellers no longer brought spare money to town; and so the shopkeepers twiddled their thumbs as they talked trouble into an air already surcharged with revolution. With the spendthrifts gone, nobody was spending.

Not only was Paris a centrifugal, but a centripetal,

point. Since the great hailstorm vagabonds had been coming in. "All hover around Paris and are there engulfed as in a sewer, the unfortunate along with the criminals." In April, toll-house clerks made note of the entrance of "a frightful number of poorly clad men of sinister aspect." In May, foreigners entered as to a coming fête—charlatans, rogues, "minions of the moon." "The starving, the ruffians, the patriots all form one body." Toss an object from a balcony, declares Taine, and it would not reach the ground, "for the moving floor of heads;" and many of these heads were "inflated with speculative ideas the most excitable and most excited." Taine had in mind the crowds such as Camille Desmoulins harangued. "Now that the animal is entrapped," said he, speaking in the vein of the Twentieth Century anarchist, "let him be knocked on the head. Never will the victors have a richer prey. Forty thousand palaces, mansions, châteaux, two-fifths of the property of France, will be the recompense of valor." Thus the incendiary, blind as to his own future as well as that of France. "There were sixty republics in Paris." "The real sovereign was the mob."

Strangers, strange creatures, appeared in the streets like apparitions. No one knew who they were or where they were from. It was if they had come up out of some huge rat-hole extending to the remote parts of France. Or as if they had come down out of the midnight clouds. Fierce fellows some of them were; seemingly they were not far removed from those olden Franks who brandished hatchets and clubs and wore great mustaches like pendent lengths of rope. That summer many châteaux were burnt or sacked. Outlaws plundered in the name of authority. It was Nemesis. These wicked ones of Paris were the product of misrule throughout France. Really, one should say,

throughout Europe. To escape unbearable hardships in the provinces, many of them had followed the roads that led to the capital; and not the least of the roads was the road of crime.

La Fayette was never busier than at this time. As he escorted the King to his carriage, after the enforced "fraternization" at the Hôtel de Ville, Louis had said to him: "M. de La Fayette, I was looking for you to let you know that I confirm your nomination to the place of commander of the National Guard." La Fayette, nevertheless, demanded that his acts be sanctioned by the people "from whom should emanate all power." He was elected Commandant. Thereafter he felt himself a responsible executive. Many of the old *Gardes Françaises* entered the new *Garde Bourgeoise;* or, as La Fayette named the new militia, the National Guards. These he organized, clothed and armed. In their bearskin caps, the alert and well-drilled soldiers soon reflected honor upon their organizer. It is said that Bailly could only obtain "a breathing spell" on rainy days. Certainly this was the case with La Fayette. Interruptions were frequent. Abbé Cordier was about to be hanged; when, of a sudden, La Fayette appeared before the mob. As luck would have it, just then the tutor of his son George Washington La Fayette entered the Hôtel de Ville with the boy. La Fayette lifted the lad so that the sea of men could behold him, and shouted: "Gentlemen, I have the honor of presenting to you my son." There was a responsive roar; and, thus dramatically, Abbé Cordier's life was saved. But it was not all life-or-death thrill with the Commandant; there was downright work for him. Gouverneur Morris gives some pertinent passage in his diary:

"*July 20:* Go to the Hôtel de Ville, and with much difficulty find out the Marquis de La Fayette, who is exhausted by a variety of attentions. Tell him I

will send his letters to America, and that he must give me a passport to visit the Bastille. Agree to dine with him, on condition that I may bring my own wine. Return home, write, and about four go to the Hôtel de La Fayette. Find there Madame, the Duc de la Rochefoucauld, and others. Dine. He gives me my passport. Suggest my plan regarding the *Gardes Françaises,* which he likes. Advise him to have a complete plan for the militia prepared, and to submit it to the committee. Ask him if he can think of any steps which may be taken to induce the King to confer on him the government of the Isle de France. He tells me that he would prefer that of Paris simply; that he has the utmost power his heart could wish, and is grown tired of it; that he has commanded absolutely a hundred thousand men, has marched his sovereign about the street as he pleased, prescribed the degree of applause which he should receive, and could have detained him prisoner had he thought proper. He wishes, therefore, as soon as possible to return to private life.

One detects in this something of over-emphasis as to self on La Fayette's part. Even unboastful men, under long-continued strain (as witness our young organizer of the Army of the Potomac, if he may set off against the organizer of a great bourgeoise army of Paris), sometimes talk too warmly of themselves. Cold type is cold, indeed; especially Gouverneur Morris': it no doubt chills the original thought which may really have been expressed with such modest reservations as to excuse it and make the most natural utterance in the world.

There are many documents and narratives, that tell authoritatively of these days when *"Vive Bailly!" "Vive La Fayette!"* were heard throughout Paris. Few of the historians fail to comment upon La Fayette's extraordinary situation. For example, Michelet: "A mayor and commandant of Paris appointed by electors without the King's consent, those places

accepted by men of such importance as Bailly and La Fayette, and their nominations confirmed by the Assembly without asking the King for any permission, was no longer an insurrection, but a well and duly organized Revolution." Then, too, Carlyle, throwing himself into the Homeric swing:

Above all there is La Fayette; whose name shall be Cromwell-Grandison and fill the world. Many a "formula" has this La Fayette, too, made away with; yet not all formulas. He sticks by the Washington formula and by that he will stick—and hang by it, as by sure Bower-anchor hangs and swings the tight warship, which after all changes of wildest weather and water is still found hanging. Happy for him, be it glorious or not. Alone of all Frenchmen he has a theory of the world, and right mind to conform thereto; he can become a hero and perfect character were it but the hero of a single idea.

Numerous are the passages of this sort; but it is better that those given should suffice—that we should move on with the ever-accelerating current of events.

A sore trial to Bailly and La Fayette was the mob-murder of Foulon and Berthier. These were the men —Foulon, aged 74, temporarily in Necker's shoes, and his son-in-law, intendant of Paris—who had tried to put the city under yoke by means of the mercenaries; but who had fled when Louis gave in.

Foulon was especially odious since he had said: "If they are hungry, let them browse grass. Wait until I am minister, I will make them eat hay; my horses eat it." His very name was unfortunate—Foulons, "let us trample." His defenders speak of him as one of the largest employers of otherwise idle men. That is the apology offered for a hard plucker of the people. As a ruse, at this crisis of his fate, he simulated death and underwent a bogus funeral to avoid a real one. He was apprehended at Viry and borne into Paris under

guard. With a necklace of nettles, a bouquet of thistles in his hand and a bottle of hay on his back, the money-loving Foulon who had threatened to "mow France" might have passed for a clown in a bucolic extravaganza but that all knew the tragic import of his seizure. He was dragged to the Hôtel de Ville. The date was July 22. La Fayette was quick to see his own duty in the case. In a letter[18] dated July 16, he said: "I have already saved the lives of six persons they were hanging in different quarters." "From the 14th to the 22d of July," says Taine, "La Fayette at the risk of his life, saves with his own hand seventeen persons." Let us mark that: "At the risk of his life." He now thrice begged that "the judgment be regularly rendered" against Foulon, as well as Berthier; and that the accused be sent to the Abbaye. Let us hear Michelet, who, reminding us that the "illegal power" vested in Bailly and La Fayette "was now about to find itself in face of a terrible necessity," adds:

"La Grève was full of men, strangers to the people, of a decent exterior, and some very well dressed. . . . Bailly expounded the principles and made some impression on those who were within hearing. The others shouted 'Hang! Hang him!' Bailly prudently withdrew and shut himself up in the Bureau des Subsistances. The guard was strong, said he, but M. de La Fayette, who relied on his ascendancy, had the imprudence to lessen it. The crowd was in a terrible fever of uneasiness lest Foulon escape. He was shown to them at a window; nevertheless they broke open the doors; it became necessary to place him in a chair in front of the Bureau, in the great hall of Saint-Jean. There they began to preach to the crowd again, to 'expound the principles' that he must be judged. 'Judged instantly and hung!' cried the crowd. So saying, they appointed judges, among others two curés, who refused. 'Make room there for M. de La Fay-

[18] "M. de La Fayette, Memoirs," iii, 264.

ette!' He arrives, speaks in his turn, avows that Foulon is a villain, but says it is necessary to discover his accomplices. 'Let him be conducted to the Abbaye.' The front ranks, who heard him, consented; not so the others. 'You are joking,' exclaimed a well-dressed man; 'does it require time to judge a man who has been judged these thirty years?' At the same time a shout is heard, and a new crowd rushes in; some say: 'It is the faubourg,' others: 'It is the Palais Royal.' Foulon is carried off and dragged to the lamp opposite; they made him demand pardon of the nation. They hoist him—the rope broke twice. They persisted, and go for a new one. At length, having hung him, they chopped his head off and carried it through Paris."

Uplifted on the point of a pike, Foulon's head was thrust upon La Fayette's attention. The mob wished him to see it that he might learn to suppress himself in bloody emergencies.

Berthier was ferocious when set upon. He fought; received a hundred bayonet thrusts; but, at last, lost his head, which was borne on a pike hither and yon; and lost his heart, which a dragoon tore out in revenge for injuries inflicted upon a relative. And now mark the peculiar ethics of the mob: The dragoon had dishonored his company. His own comrades turned upon him. They killed him.

In his short history of the French Revolution, R. M. Johnston says:

"La Fayette is a personage easy to praise or to blame but not to estimate justly. At this moment [that of the establishment of the Bailly-La Fayette government] he enjoyed all the prestige of his brilliant connection with the cause of American independence ten years before, and of his constancy to the idea of liberty. His enemies, and they were many in the court circles, could detect easily enough the vanity that entered into his composition, but neither they nor his friends could recognize or appreciate in him that truest liberalism of all, which is toleration. La Fayette had already learned the lesson it took France a century to learn,

that liberty implies freedom of opinion for others, and that reasonable compromise is the true basis of constructive politics. When he later appeared to swerve or contradict himself, it was often because he felt the scruples of a true devotee of liberty, against imposing a policy. For the moment he had become a popular idol, the generous, brave, high-minded young knight, the champion of the popular cause."

We now have come upon bloody times, if not upon the prologue to the Terror itself. Indeed many regard the Bastille day as the beginning of the fearsome era. "*Pour tout homme impartial la Terreur date du 14 juillet,*" says Malouet in his "Memoires" (t. ii, p. 9). In honor bound, La Fayette felt that since he had been compromised he must resign his municipal office. He had withstood clamor with conscientious regard for right and humanity; he deliberately had taken the unpopular as against the popular course; he had done all that could have been done by mortal man; and now! —well, now he would step down. He offered his resignation as commandant, but it was not accepted. His critics say that it was only his pride that was hurt. Maybe so; yet a man who risked his life every day, as La Fayette was doing, could have had little time to resent mere rebuffs. Without defending La Fayette, it is yet incumbent upon us to keep on the safe side of the chalk-mark. We must not abuse him, either. It is much more likely that La Fayette, bred as a soldier, knew how necessary it was that he should exact obedience or give place to someone who could. Mutinous soldiers lead their general a sad life; mutinous sailors are the dread of the sea; here in Paris was a mob-situation infinitely worse than mutiny. "Liberty is now the general cry," wrote Gouverneur Morris to General Washington (July 19); "authority is a name and no longer a reality." "In short," says Taine, "the condition was not merely political—it was social."

"We are poor, you are rich; we mean to have your property!" announced the peasant. It was a *jacquerie*. There was a cockade in every cap. "The Revolution was carried with prodigious suddenness from city to village, from village to farm-houses." Armed bands filled the roads. Yet, when Necker came out of exile, those same roads were strewn with flowers. The cry was "Vive Necker, Father of the People!" His renewed popularity lasted but a day. His Paris welcome was so warm as to almost cause a "vertigo of pride"; a few hours later he lost his slippery hold—a patient and persistent man; a man of heart; yet unable to stand up in the whirl of factions. New characters appeared. We begin to hear of Marat; Robespierre's name is getting into print—Robert Pierre, as the papers at first had it—and we find that the word "anarchy" is more and more used as descriptive of conditions. Here is a sentence from another of Gouverneur Morris' letters (July 31): "This country now is as near in a state of anarchy as it is possible for a country to be without breaking up." In La Fayette's Auvergne, "people fled to the woods." "All controlling power is slackened," said Necker, "everything is a prey to the passions of individuals." "Spontaneous anarchy" is another expression often met with in letters and addresses. And now we come to the night of the 4th of August—an epoch in the history of mankind—when "the feudal *régime* was destroyed and the reign of equality began." It was La Fayette's brother-in-law, the Vicomte de Noailles,[19] who precipitated feudal abolition in the National Assembly. At eight o'clock on a Tuesday evening, Mirabeau absent, this

[19] Louis, Vicomte de Noailles (1754–1804), was with Rochambeau and La Fayette in America. "It was he," says Crawford, in "Mme. de La Fayette," "who concluded the details of the final capitulation of Yorktown." He served in the West Indies. He was elected to the States-General. With

young noble, who had turned democrat, suddenly galvanized the deputies. It was a clear case of thunder-stealing on his part. As spokesman of the Breton club (later the Jacobin Club) the Duc d'Aiguillon, young nephew of Richelieu, "the richest seigneur in feudal properties after the King," was about to propose that all peasants should purchase exemption from feudal duties. De Noailles, going a long ways beyond him in liberality, moved that the Assembly establish "equality in taxation"; and that it provide for "the destruction of the privileges which crush the people; the abolition of the feudal rights, on the payment of a redemption, and the abolition without redemption of seignorial corvées, mortmains and all personal servitude." At once there was a tremendous excitement. Speech followed speech. Privilege after privilege was renounced; that of holding office by purchase, rights of jurisdiction, municipal privileges, tithes. One man was to be as good as another. In their intoxication, carried away with joy, the emulous deputies went far beyond the programme of the Vicomte de Noailles. There was an outgush of pent-up liberalism. France at once became free. A solemn hour this (says Michelet) "in which feudality, after a reign of a thousand years, abdicates, abjures, and condemns itself." "The France of history," says Lord Acton, "vanished on August 4th, and the France of the new democracy took its place. The transfer of property from the upper class to the lower was considerable. The peasants' income was increased about 60 per cent. Nobody objected to the tremendous loss, or argued to diminish it."

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the Duc d'Aiguillon he proposed the abolition of titles. He emigrated to America, and was a partner in Bingham's Bank, Philadelphia. He had adventures in the West Indies and died there of wounds, January 9, 1803. His heart was enclosed in a silver casket and carried to France. He was Mme. de La Fayette's cousin, and the husband of her sister Louise.

Yet Necker and many another wanted it to be put into the new Constitution that the King should have a veto. Abbé Sieyès "defined the veto as a simple *lettre de cachet* flung by one individual against the general will." Paris was up in arms against the veto—and against Mirabeau, too, since he favored it.

The Marquis de Saint Huruge, a Hercules, a stentor, gave La Fayette trouble on account of the veto. This violent man led a Palais Royal mob toward Versailles, when some guardsmen sent by La Fayette intercepted and dispersed the marchers and cast the leader into prison. Bailly and La Fayette found it necessary to be constantly alert. They were "obliged to be cunning, to implore, to throw themselves between" the mob and its victims. La Fayette believed that as soon as the Constitution was completed and accepted better times would come. He also thought that France needed what he was trying to give to Paris—an adequate army of guardsmen. "The National Guard," says Lord Acton,[20] "was an invention of a great use, for it was the army of society distinct from the army of the State, opinion in arms apart from authority. It was the middle class organized as a force, against the force above and the force below; and it protected liberty against the crown and property against the poor. It has been ever since the defense of order and the ruin of governments; for, as it was the nation itself, nobody was bold enough to fight it. Before the altar of Nôtre Dame La Fayette took the oath of fidelity to the people, and not to the King. He never displayed real capacity for peace or war; but in the changes of a long life he was true to the early convictions imbibed in Washington's camp."

Meantime Mounier was losing ground in the Assem-

[20] "Lectures on the French Revolution," by John E. E. Dalberg-Acton, p. 88.

bly. "He was supported by La Fayette, who dreaded as much as he did the extinction of the royal power. . . . Even Sieyès was willing to have two houses. The debates ran from August 27 to October 1. The single chamber was adopted. The English model was thrown out; and thus Mounier and La Fayette were beaten. Sieyès triumphed on September 29, when his plan, abolishing the ancient provinces and dividing France into eighty departments, outside of Paris, was adopted. Each was to have an average of nine deputies. "By a parallel process, assemblies were formed for local administrations [21] on the principle that the right of exercising power proceeds from below and the actual exercise of power from above. This is mainly the measure which has made the France of to-day; and when it became a law in December, the chief part of the new Constitution was completed." But, in spite of the Constitution-makers, the woes of France were multiplying. Target of the Assembly, hearing of a plan to remedy the financial disorder, said: "If anybody has such a plan let him at once be smothered. It is the disorder of the finances that puts the King in our power." As for the King, when he overheard a noble regretting that affairs were going so badly, he took him aside and said: "Yes, things are going badly, and nothing can improve our position but excess of evil."

Everything conspired to prevent a lasting settlement. "All through September, at Paris," says Lord Acton, "La Fayette at the head of the forces of order, and the forces of tumult controlled by the Palais Royal had watched each other waiting for a deadly fight. There were frequent threats of marching on Versailles, followed by reassuring messages from the general that he had appeased the storm. As it grew louder, he made

[21] There were 40,000 communes!

himself more and more the arbiter of the State. The government, resenting this protectorate, judged that the danger of an attack ought to be averted, not by the dubious fidelity and more dubious capacity of the commander of the National Guard but by the direct resources of the Crown. They summoned the Flanders regiment, which was reputed loyal, and marched in a thousand strong." [22]

The truth is that Louis had been advised by "thirty-two of the principal royalists in the Assembly" to quit France; the fetching up of the Flanders regiment was the alternative. It fired the very fuse it was meant to dampen. With hunger gnawing in Paris, the King's body-guard shamelessly gave a banquet in Versailles at which drunken officers of the Flanders regiment trampled upon the tricolor and kissed the white cockade of royalty. Imbert de Saint-Amand,[23] telling of this banquet of October 1, says:

"The King, who had been hunting in the Park of Meudon, suddenly made his appearance in the royal box with the Queen, his son and daughter. The band played the air from 'Richard Cœur de Lion':

'Oh, Richard, oh my King! the world abandons you':

then the air from the 'Deserter':

'Can one pain what one loves?'

The assembled throng began to cheer; the men waved their hats, the women their handkerchiefs, with the wildest enthusiasm. The royal family left their box and walked through the hall. The Queen, who led her son by the hand, was glad to show him to the faithful servants, whose applause brought tears to her eyes. She remembered the Hungarians, who said to her

[22] La Fayette was free to admit that he never could persuade France to do the things he wished her. But he undertook much in her behalf and in a large way. Lord Acton's judgment seems harsh—but it is a fact that few Britons can rid themselves of prejudice against La Fayette.

[23] In "Marie Antoinette and the Old Régime."

mother, Maria Teresa, '*Moriamur pro rege nostro.*' Her face which was generally so sad was lit up with a ray of happiness. Like Homer's Andromache she smiled amid her tears. It was a grand festival, a great manifestation of chivalric honor. It is easy to imagine Marie Antoinette's feelings at finding friends when she thought herself abandoned. Misfortune makes the soul tender and open to impression; the slightest marks of sympathy called forth lively gratitude. How often when she was living in the fiery furnace of the Revolution the unhappy Queen must have recalled this last hour of happiness."

This pen-picture brings us close to "the Austrian" of the hostile multitude. We do not share her biographer's sentimentality, but understand his viewpoint, which is antithetical to that of the bitter and unforgiving *sans-culotte* of her own day. We see her when Maria Teresa cried: "Take her!" with somewhat too much of the piping gladness of the mother-bird expelling her fledgling; we see on the Rhine Island in that tent outrageously, if prophetically, decorated with scenes from the tragic nuptials of Medea; we hear her girl-sobs seeking sympathy in the cold bosom of "Madame Etiquette"; behold her as the booby Dauphin shunned her bed on their wedding night; visualize the horrible stampede at the Paris fireworks fête in her honor; and follow her through the succeeding years of triumphs, persecutions and scandals at Versailles and Le Petit Trianon. Whatever her own shortcomings, errors, sins, one is obliged to feel for her; she was to be overwhelmed and most terribly entombed by the downfall of the throne.

Witty Mirabeau had said of Marię Antoinette that "the only man the King had about him was the Queen." For some reason best known to herself, she hated La Fayette. This hatred was fatal to her, since he, in a later crisis, of all men, might have saved her.

MARIE ANTOINETTE, QUEEN OF FRANCE
From the color-print by Janinet

The present crisis was that of the Bread Riot.

Hunger caused it; but the banquet and the trampling of the tricolor had much to do with the march of the mob.

It was on the 5th of October—a dark and rainy day. The marchers, led by Stanislas Maillard, "a sinister character," were mainly women. The women of Paris "in every riot were the most inveterate and furious." They "wandered around like lionesses." They "had no children"—such women. When they could find drink, they drank—many of them. Said one, a fury: "Austrian, you have danced for your own pleasure; you shall dance for ours. I want your skin to make ribbons of, your blood in my inkstand; my apron for your entrails." These the fell ones who halted at the door of the Assembly at four o'clock, and sent a delegation to the King. Louis treated his visitors so kindly that one of them, Louise Chabry, flower-girl of the Palais Royal, fainted. The King kissed her. "To the lantern with them!" cried the furies when their delegates reported. Night came on. There was a high wind, with rain; and it was distressingly sold. Versailles[24] was overrun. In the hall of the National Assembly women in disarray, wet, wild-eyed, uproarious, embarrassed the Constitution-makers with kisses and cries of "bread." They were all-too loving, all-too ferocious, they would not takes themselves off.

But what of Paris all this time? What of the authorities at the Hôtel de Ville, including General Lafayette? It is Carlyle[25] who takes up the tale and tells it for us:

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[24] "The command, at Versailles, was in the hands of d'Estaing, the Admiral of the American War, who at this critical moment showed no capacity."—Lord Acton.

[25] "The French Revolution," by Thomas Carlyle, vol. i, page 212.

"Armed National Guards from every District, especially the Grenadiers of the Centre, who are our old *Gardes Françaises,* arrive in quick sequence, on the Place de Grève. An 'immense people' is there. . . . The Centre Grenadiers are received with cheering. The three hundred have assembled; 'all the committees are in activity;' La Fayette is dictating dispatches for Versailles when a deputation of the *Centre Grenadiers* introduces itself to him. The Deputation makes a military obeisance; and thus speaks, not without a kind of thought in it: *Mon Général,* we are deputed by the Six Companies of Grenadiers. We do not think you a traitor, but we think the government betrays you; it is time that this end. We cannot turn our bayonets against women crying to us for bread. The people are miserable, the source of the mischief is at Versailles: we must go seek the King and bring him to Paris. We must exterminate (*exterminer*) the *Regiment de Flandre* and the *Gardes du Corps* who have dared to trample on the National Cockade. If the King be too weak to wear his crown, let him lay it down. You will crown his son, you will name a Council of Regency, and all will go better.[26]

"Reproachful astonishment paints itself on the face of La Fayette: speaks itself from his eloquent chivalrous lips: in vain 'My General, we would shed the last drop of our blood for you; but the root of the mischief is at Versailles; we must go and bring the King to Paris. All the people wish it (*tout le peuple le veut*).'

"My General descends to the outer staircase; and harangues; once more in vain. 'To Versailles!' To Versailles! Mayor Bailly, sent for through floods of *sans-culottism,* attempts academic oratory from his gilt stage-coach; realizes nothing but infinite hoarse cries of 'Bread!' 'To Versailles!'—and gladly shrinks within doors. La Fayette mounts the white charger; and again harangues and reharangues with eloquence; with firmness; indignant demonstration; with all things but persuasion: 'To Versailles! To Versailles!' So lasts it, hour after hour—for the space of a half a day.

"The great Scipio-Americanus can do nothing; not so much as escape. '*Morbleu, mon général,*' cry

[26] "Deux Amis," iii, 161.

the Grenadiers, surveying their ranks as the white charger makes a motion that way, 'you will not leave us, you will abide with us.' A perilous juncture: Mayor Bailly and the Municipals sit quaking within doors; my General is prisoner without: the Place de Grève with its thirty thousand Regulars, its whole irregular Saint-Antoine and Saint-Marceau, is one minatory mass of clear or rusty steel, all hearts set with a moody fixedness on one object. Moody, fixed are all hearts; tranquil is no heart—if it be not that of the white charger who paws there with arched neck, composedly champing his bit; as if no World with its Dynasties and Eras were now rushing down. The drizzly day bends westward; the cry is still 'To Versailles!'"

Of the "instructions" to La Fayette referred to, Lord Acton [27] says: "They were brought to him where he sat in the saddle in the Place de Grève, and he read them with an expression of the utmost alarm. They contained all that ambition could desire, for the four points which he was directed to insist on made him Dictator of France."

And now let us have a plain tale from a soldier, General Thiébault,[28] one of La Fayette's officers in the National Guard:

"Paris was full of spontaneously collected groups. In the midst of a general tumult some cries were distinctly heard: The first was 'Bread!' The second, 'Arms!' The third, 'To Versailles!' The fourth, 'The King to Paris!' The cry 'Bread! bread!' uttered by a young girl who was beating a drum which she had taken from some guardroom, was enough to cause her to be followed by an immense crowd, partly armed with axes and pikes, who pillaged all the bakers' shops which it found in its course. At the cry 'To arms!' it betook itself to the Hôtel de Ville, where it forced its gates, rang the alarm bell, and got hold of I do not know how many thousand muskets. Then proclaiming that it was necessary to save the deputies, to

[27] "Lectures on the French Revolution," p. 134.
[28] "Memoirs of Baron Thiébault," vol. i, pp. 78 *et seq.*

prevent the King from being carried off, to bring him to Paris and keep him there, it marched in hideous bands upon Versailles. . . . If M. de La Fayette had chosen, the movement might have been anticipated and repressed, but the proper steps were not taken in time. . . . When the Hôtel de Ville was attacked, La Fayette had only a fraction of a battalion besides the regular guard with which to defend it; the other battalions were not on the spot—fifty-nine out of sixty; that is, remained in a state of tranquil inactivity. . . . It was not until nearly six o'clock that an aide-de-camp from M. de La Fayette arrived at the Feuillants; we stood to our arms instantly, and our right half-battalion was despatched to Versailles, whereas 20,000 men should have been sent eight or ten hours before to occupy a wood of Meudon and the gates of Sèvres and Saint-Cloud. . . . We advanced only by short stages, interrupted by long halts. It had begun to rain; one downpour followed another, the wind was frightful and marching became even more laborious. It took us six hours to reach the drill-ground at Versailles, where we deployed a half an hour after midnight, and were ordered to bivouac."

As many as four thousand spent this stormy night in Assembly Hall. Not that all were women; but it was the women who made the noise, the confusion. One of them got into the president's chair and seized his bell. When Mounier entered, they badgered him. He talked of the Constitution. They sang a wild song of "Bread!" He thought to pacify them with the announcement that the King had just accepted the Constitution. Still they cried "Bread! Bread!" "Why did you defend the veto? Mind the lanterne!"

Bread was brought into the Hall. There was a clamorous feast.

The deputies tried to discuss the subject on the calendar. A fishwoman, backed by a whole gallery-full of rioters, cried:[29] "Who is that speaking? Make

[29] Etienne Dumont, "Souvenirs," p. 181.

that chatterbox hold his prating! That is not the question! Let them rather hear our darling little Mirabeau!" Then all the women would shout: "Our darling mother Mirabeau!"

Mirabeau, for his part, was shy. He had tried to get out of the embarrassing affair. He had said: "Mounier, Paris is marching against us—believe me or not, forty thousand men are marching against us. Feign illness, go to the palace, give them notice; there is not a moment to be lost." According to Michelet, Mounier thought Mirabeau was really back of the movement; so answered, dryly: "Well, so much the better, we shall have a republic sooner." But Mirabeau had nothing to do with it. He had gone home and to bed, from which a deputy dragged him that he might return to the hall and still the clamor. "Darling little Mirabeau" spoke hardly a word. It stormed without. It stormed within.

La Fayette reached Versailles at midnight. As he approached the château, he "made his troops renew their oath of fidelity to the law and to the King." Then he sent word to Louis of their arrival. For the most part we here follow Michelet, who says that Louis welcomed him, adding that he had just accepted his [La Fayette's] Declaration of Rights:

"La Fayette entered the château alone, to the astonishment of the guards and everybody else. In the œil-de-bœuf, one of the courtiers was so foolish as to say: 'There goes Cromwell.' To which La Fayette replied, very aptly: 'Sir, Cromwell would not have entered alone.'"

Madame de Staël saw La Fayette enter. "He appeared very calm," said she; "nobody ever saw him otherwise; his modesty suffered from the importance of his position." "The stronger he appeared," adds Michelet, "the more respectful was his behavior. . . .

The King entrusted to the National Guard the outer posts of the castle; the body-guards preserved those within. Even the outside was not entirely entrusted to La Fayette. On one of his patrols wishing to pass into the park, entrance was refused. The park was occupied by body-guards and other troops; till two in the morning they awaited the King in case he should at last resolve to fly. At two o'clock only, having been pacified by La Fayette, they told them they might go to Rambouillet."

The Assembly had dispersed at three. Many of the mob had started back for Paris. So La Fayette, having bestowed his guardsmen in dry quarters, went to the Hôtel de Noailles. He was wet; he had been under strain since noon; "he slept as a man sleeps after twenty hours' fatigue and agitation."

These details are brought into our pages not only because they smack of flesh and blood reality and make vivid for us a critical night in La Fayette's life, but because they serve to clear his name of a slur and an aspersion. "He slept," say his critics, "when to sleep was a crime." [30]

But La Fayette did not sleep until all was in order—or seemingly so. Among the rioters were many rogues, robbers, cunning criminals shrewd enough to see that here was the chance of a lifetime to rob a palace in the name of patriotism. The pick of the ages was here—what was not here in the way of gems; precious objects innumerable, any one of which would make a man's fortune! There were prowling experts who

[30] Imbert de Saint-Amand, in "Marie Antoinette and the End of the Old Régime," dwells upon "the insufficiency of La Fayette's defensive measures"; "his fatal confidence"; "his blind optimism." "Without doubt La Fayette was no traitor, but he was absurdly optimistic . . . he lay down in good faith." Saint-Amand thinks he should have watched "the furies who had sworn to cut off Marie Antoinette's neck on a milestone."

could pick locks, climb towers, descend chimneys. In the night the Queen heard them in her own apartments. Doors were smashed; windows broken in; pistols fired. The Queen was in tears. "Save me! Save my children!" she cried. She ran to the King; and, weeping, made him promise not to go away and leave her. There was much confusion—darkness and uproar without; terror within. Hoche forced his way to the King and Queen. At first, they thought his guardsmen had come to kill them; but they were reassured. He was acting for La Fayette. Kind and firm was Hoche—a true man.

One of La Fayette's soldiers had been killed; so after daybreak, his comrades seized one of the palace guards and were dragging him toward the body, in order to retaliate, when La Fayette came up. Again Michelet:

"'I have given my word to the King,' cried La Fayette, 'to save his men. Cause my word to be respected.' The man was saved. Not so La Fayette. A furious fellow cried out: 'Kill him!' La Fayette gave orders to have him arrested, and the obedient crowd dragged him accordingly towards the general, dashing his head against the pavement. He then entered the castle. Madame Adelaide, the King's aunt, went up to him and embraced him. 'It is you,' cried she, 'who has saved us.' He ran to the King's cabinet. Who would believe that etiquette still subsisted? A grand officer stopped him for a moment, and then allowed him to pass: 'Sir,' said he, seriously, 'the King grants you *les grandes entrées.*'

"The King showed himself at the balcony, and was welcomed with the unanimous shout which was taken up by the people of 'God Save the King!' 'Vive le Roi!'

"'The King at Paris!' was the second shout, which was taken up by the people and repeated by the whole army.

"The Queen was standing near a window with her

daughter beside her and the Dauphin before her. The child playing with his sister's hair, cried: 'Mamma, I am hungry!'

"At that moment several voices raised a formidable shout: 'The Queen!' The people wanted to see her on the balcony. She hesitated. 'What,' said she, 'all alone?' 'Madam, be not afraid,' said La Fayette. She went, but not alone, holding an admirable safeguard—in one hand her daughter, the other her son. The court of marble was terrible, in awful commotion, like the sea in its fury; the National Guards, lining every side, could not answer for the centre—there were firearms, and men blind with rage. La Fayette's conduct was admirable; for that trembling woman, he risked his popularity, his destiny, his very life; he appeared with her on the balcony and kissed her hand. . . .

"The King was trembling with fear when the Queen went to the balcony. The step having succeeded: 'My guards?' said he to La Fayette, 'could you also do something for them?' 'Give me one?' La Fayette led him to the balcony, told him to take the oath, and show the National Cockade in his hat. The guard kissed it, and the people shouted: '*Vivent les gardes du corps!*'"

But Paris? The King held back. He sent for the Assembly. Many in that body did not wish him to go. The Duke of Orleans probably did not. "The very worst thing that could happen to the latter," says Michelet, "who was foolishly accused of wishing to kill the Queen, was that the Queen should have been killed; and that the King, freed from that living cause of unpopularity, should return to Paris and fall into the hands of such men as Bailly or La Fayette."

But the Duke of Orleans, with blood still on the palace stairs, "went and showed himself to the people, with an enormous cockade in his hat, laughing and flourishing a switch in his hand."

At last the King gave in to La Fayette.

"A hundred deputies surround the King—a whole army—a whole people. He departs from the palace of Louis XIV, never to return. The whole multitude begins to move; they march off towards Paris, some before the King, some behind. Men and women all go as they can, on foot or on horseback, in coaches and carts, on cannon-carriages, or whatever they could find. They had the good fortune to meet with a convoy of flour—a blessing for the famished town. The women carried large loaves on pikes; others, branches of poplar already tinted with autumn. . . . 'We are bringing back the baker, his wife and the little shop boy . . .' The whole spectacle was at once gay, melancholy, joyous and gloomy. . . . The rain fell in torrents; they marched but slowly, and in muddy roads. Now and then several fired off guns by way of rejoicing, or to discharge their arms. The royal carriage, surrounded by an escort, and with La Fayette at the door, moved like a hearse. . . . When the King and Queen appeared by torch-light at the Hôtel de Ville, a roar like thunder arose from La Grève.

"'The Revolution is ended,' cried the crowd. 'Here is the King delivered from the Palace at Versailles, from his courtiers and advisers. . . . Live among us, O King, and be at length free!'"

It was a bitter experience for La Fayette—humiliating, in that he was driven to do so unhandsome a thing as to take possession of the royal pair; poignant, considering the distresses involved and, finally, all the harder because the whole proceeding went against his judgment. But in a sense he profited by the incident. He gained in popularity and power. There was an access of spirit, too; for he "emboldened the municipality to prosecute Marat's sanguinary newspaper at the Châtelet (tribunal); and he went in person to the Duke of Orleans, intimidated him, spoke to him in strong and resolute terms both at his house and before the King, giving him to understand that after the 6th of October his presence at Paris was troublesome, furnished pretexts and excluded tranquillity.

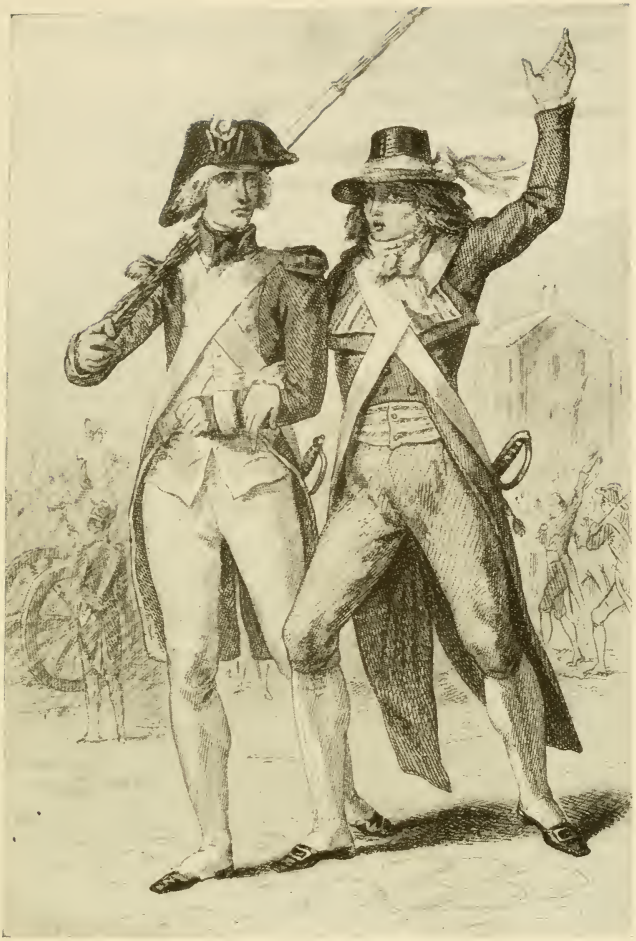
By these means he induced him to go to London (nominally on a diplomatic mission); but when the Duke wanted to return, La Fayette sent him word that, the day after his return, he would have to fight a duel with him." Thus "the first two men in France, La Fayette and Mirabeau, one the most popular and the other the most eloquent," were brought closer together. "Mirabeau went over to the side of La Fayette. He frankly proposed to him to overthrow Necker, and to share the government between themselves. This was certainly the only chance of safety that remained to the King. But La Fayette neither liked or esteemed Mirabeau; and the court detested both."

Fortunately for France, the winter that now came on was mild and open. Bread could be had. The Assembly was busy bettering things. Paris looked forward to its celebration of the first anniversary of the Fall of the Bastille. But before that date there happened on June 20 an interesting passage between M. Foucault and La Fayette. The proposition was to abolish all titles.

"What would you do, if there were no titles," asked M. Foucault, "with the man whom Henry II created, according to the words of the patent, noble and count for having saved the state?"

"I would omit 'created count,'" replied La Fayette, "and insert only that he had saved the state."

La Fayette bore off the honors at the Bastille event—the Feast of the Federation. This was a pacificatory affair, and but for rain would have been of extraordinary splendor. As it was, the sun of France remained ominously behind the clouds. In the Champ de Mars, with three hundred thousand people present, Louis on one throne and the president of the Assembly on another, high mass was celebrated by the Bishop of Antun (Talleyrand). Then La Fayette, having him-



"GUARDE NATIONAL ET FEDÉRÉ"

LaFayette had much to do with developing "Le soldat-citoyen." The engraving (from "Les Francais sous la Revolution") was etched on steel by Massard from a design by H. Baron

self taken the oath of fidelity, administered it to the assembled federates.

One hand was on his heart; the other uplifted. This was the oath he gave:

"We swear to be always faithful to the nation, the law and the King; to protect conformably with the laws, the security of person and property, the traffic in grains and other provisions in the interior of the Kingdom, the collection of public taxes under whatever form they exist, and to remain united to all Frenchmen by the indissoluble ties of fraternity."

A great cry arose: "*Je le jure!*—I swear it!"

General Thiébault, in his "Memoirs," says: "The Federation cohort started from the place where the Bastille stood and where not a trace of it remained, and, marching with its eighty-three banners outspread and 100,000 strong, took more than three hours to get into movement. . . . The man who attracted the attention of all beholders was M. de La Fayette; he had full charge of that solemnity, though he really was in command only of the Federals; he seemed to be commanding the whole of France. I can see him now, mounted on his white horse,[31] ranging over that vast space as if he were master of it. I may quote the witty remark of a friend, who said to me, pointing to him: 'Do you see M. de La Fayette, galloping through the ages to come?'"

It so happened that Captain John Paul Jones, our American naval hero, was in this throng; and Horace

[31] "This English horse, which had cost 1500 louis, suddenly became so vicious that he passed from hand to hand until he became the property of a man from whom I hired horses. I rode him nearly all the summer of 1791, but he was not a pleasant mount. He had such a trick of shying that no one could stay near me, and foot-passengers got out of his way."—"Memoirs of Baron Thiébault."

Walpole must have been there, too, for on July 23, 1790, he wrote to Miss Mary Berry:

"The day of the jubilee was a deluge, and, like Noah's flood and the États almost swept away everything, it rained fourteen hours, and not a dry thread but on the Queen (who was there, and had an awning for her) and a few ladies behind the King. The rest you know—but now list! When Phillipe d'Orleans waited on the still King, M. Gouvion [32] (second under La Fayette), jostled him and said: 'If you do not resent this you are a scoundrel—*ce n'est pas tout*'—five and twenty of the *Garde National* have bound themselves to fight the aforesaid Phillipe, provided that like a bowl he can tip down Gouvion and the first four and twenty (the 27th is to be the octave of the 14th, and is expected to produce fearful events). On that day La Fayette's commission is to be renewed or a successor to be appointed."

It was said that the Fête of the Federation had "no to-morrow." Riots continued through the summer and autumn. An episode from Lenotre [33] is *apropos:*

"On November 13th, 1790, ten thousand people proceeded to the Rue de Varenne, burst open the doors of the house, threw the furniture out of the windows, smashed the window panes, and set fire to the pictures. . . . A jovial crowd had collected in the street. . . . A man of forty years of age, standing on a column at the gateway of the house, followed the progress of this destruction with much interest. . . . His name was Rotondo, a professor of languages. . . . He amused people by his unintelligible lingo, a mixture of English, Italian, French, and Flemish. . . . Now, when La Fayette, at the head of a small body of National Guards, caracoled, on this

[32] Jean Baptiste Gouvion (1747–1792), second in command of the National Guard, took part in the campaign in America as an officer of engineers. Greatly attached to La Fayette, he was in 1789 appointed Major-General of the National Guard. Deputy of Paris in 1791, he sent in his resignation in 1792, and died in action near Maubeuge on the 11th of the following June.—"Memoirs of Prince Talleyrand."

[33] "Romances of the French Revolution," vol. vi.

occasion, into the rue de Varenne and attempted to force a way through the crowd, the general called out to the personage, who, full of importance, was surveying the scene from the top of his column. Rotondo replied in such an unintelligible manner that the puzzled La Fayette exclaimed: 'What's that you say? What's your nationality? English or Italian?' The professor spluttered in great emotion. '*Moitié l'un, moitié l'autre*'—half one and half the other. The poor man pronounced the word *moitié* as though it were *motié,* and this won for him a veritable triumph. His reply was received with a burst of applause. 'There's your answer! Did you hear? Long live Rotondo!' The crowds seized him by the hands, repeated the phrase over and over again, and hooted the nonplussed horsemen. It must be explained that *motié* was La Fayette's patronymic, the name by which wags invariably called him, just as they surnamed Louis XVI *Capet.* . . . The phrase '*Motié l'un, motié l'autre,*' pregnant with ironical meaning, had unmasked 'the janus-faced man, the democratic marquees, the revolutionary courtier.' It was greeted with a roar of laughter, an outburst of joy; it came as a huge relief to the people; it was the revenge for eighteen months' infatuation and popularity. Prints were published representing La Fayette with two faces 'a patriot by day and a *valet de cour* by night,' or symbolizing him by a candle 'which burns brightly in the presence of the people, but stank in good company.' In short, Rotondo was celebrated."

As a matter of fact, Rotondo, whom the volatile Parisians thus lionized, was a swindler. M. Lenotre traces his career for some years. He was arrested on a charge of shooting at La Fayette in the Champ de Mars. The La Fayettists mauled him. He was a Septembrist, and is said to have held up the Princess de Lamballe's head under Marie Antoinette's window. He was in many prisons, including Chillon. M. Lenotre concludes that "hanging was the logical end of such a man."

In January the King's aunts left Paris, and took up their residence in Rome. On February 28th occurred

the Battle of the Canes. In his "Memoirs" Baron Thiébault says that "it may be divided into two scenes, one by day and the other by night."

"The day scene took place at Vincennes, which was used as a state prison. The people attacked it like the Bastille with the view of demolishing it; but M. de La Fayette drove them away. The night, or rather evening, scene passed at the Tuileries, where I know not how many Royalists suddenly assembled, provided with concealed arms. Some one said it was in order to protect the King at a moment when the populace was in movement—a wretched reason because the National Guard could do that better than they. Others asserted that the object was to carry off the King and his family, taking advantage of an uproar got up as they said and effected by the ringleaders of the party who were to profit by the move; and that was why they had selected Vincennes rather than any other place to get La Fayette out of the way. But he had news in time of what was going on at the palace; he galloped back, and at the head of some companies of grenadiers, including mine, by a free use of musket-butts he made all those insurgents—insurgents of a new species—get quickly out of it. Pursued through the apartments they were lucky to be able to escape by the way of the great gallery, and the old Louvre, which no one had thought of guarding. So ended the game of those gallants who were called 'Knights of the Poinard.'" [34]

At Eastertide, April 18, the Court made believe that it was going to St. Cloud. It was a device to notify the rest of royal Europe of its detention at the Tuileries. Tocsins were sounded; exits were blocked; the Queen was vilified.

"La Fayette wanted to force a passage, but nobody obeyed him. He then hastened to the Hôtel de Ville, and demanded the red flag. Danton, who luckily was there, ordered the flag to be refused; and perhaps prevented a massacre; for La Fayette, being then ignorant that the supposed departure was only a feint, would

[34] "Romance of the French Revolution," vol. vi.

have [35] acted with the utmost rigor of the law. After leaving Danton at the Hôtel de Ville, he found him again at the Tuileries, at the head of the battalion of the Cordeliers, which had repaired thither without being ordered. At the end of two hours the Court reëntered the palace, having sufficiently proved what it had desired. La Fayette, indignant at having been disobeyed, tendered his resignation; but an immense majority of the National Guard entreated him to remain; for the citizen class trusted to him alone for the maintenance of the public peace."

So writes Michelet, who adds: "La Fayette, very subtle in this matter, pretends that Danton acted thus only because he was paid to do so by the Court. 'He had just received,' says he, 'a hundred thousand francs as pay for an employment which was worth but ten.' What is more sure is that Danton, by causing the flag to be refused, mortified the General, but prevented him from committing a crime."

La Fayette's power was very great at this time. Not that it was in any sense secure, or even promising of security. The storm was unspent. There were rumblings every day. Every month great plots developed. The banishment of the most despicable of plotters did not mend matters. There were too many instigators; too many Jacobins and too many confrères of Danton passing in or out at that "Sibylline den of the Revolution, the Club of Cordeliers." On the other hand, these facts should be put together: La Fayette wanted a freer France, with a merciful and beneficent charter; a ruler amenable to the will of the nation; a stable government based upon equity and the affection of the happy masses. He had looked to the Constitution to bring about these great reforms and now the Constitution was almost ready. Dread-

[35] This is Michelet again, identifying La Fayette with counter-revolution. "Would have" assumes.

ful as the disorders had been, shameful as were the scenes, or some of them, through which France had passed, she might soon emerge in strength and glory. So must La Fayette have felt, as he rid himself of the mud and misery of that nightmare campaign to and fro on the Versailles road.

La Fayette was still to be for a long while a chief worker, a popular son of France, a leader with staunch supporters; but, as one now clearly sees, the seeds of fury were already sown. He could not but have felt that much was amiss, and could not but have grieved at the flight of such affrighted deputies as Mounier and Lally Tollendal. He tried to coax them back.

And, as for John Paul Marat, how could La Fayette help antagonizing so virulent and venomous and implacable a man?

For now at last we are coming to more terrible men and more terrible scenes. Mirabeau and La Fayette will soon be giving way to Marat, Danton, Robespierre.

This Marat, a Swiss, a doctor, a writer, somehow developed a murderous mind. His appetite grew by what it fed on. At a time when most men were bitten with a craze for tearing down, he played the game of demagogue to the very gutter. Dwarfish and dirty, he prostituted his extraordinary, his fiery, talents to the bloody business of levelling. There was something in him, a certain meanness, that made him intolerant of the men who led. La Fayette was but one of the many under his curse. He hated kings, yet burned in his soul to be King of the Rabble. But the devil should have his due. Marat was no bribe-taker. And another point is urged in his behalf: "Marat was mad," say those who excuse him. Marat's biographer intimates repeatedly that La Fayette's police paid altogether too much attention to "The People's friend." Once La Fayette "marched six thousand men on Marat's house." Marat

wanted it understood that "against one man in particular all patriots were to be on their guard; and that man was Motier La Fayette." At times Marat's abuse was subtle. He made the credulous groan and the lovers of ridicule laugh. In his *Ami du Peuple,* No. 319, he says:

"La Fayette has ordered fifteen thousand snuff-boxes, all ornamented with his likeness, to be made in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine. There is something suspicious in this. I entreat all good citizens who are able to procure any to destroy them. I am sure that the secret of the great plot will be found in them." [36]

Marat was now overtopping Desmoulins, whose impediment of speech, by the by, made him all the more impressive, Michelet declares: "His lively sallies, playing about his lips, escaped like darts." But Marat had fire and venom on the tip of his quill, which, in course of time, he dipped in human blood. There is but one excuse for Marat: It may be that he was a scourge sent to lash ignorant and humble millions into a recognition of their rights.

But Danton was rising, too; and the moment Mirabeau died there arose that other son of wrath and woe. "On the very day after Mirabeau's death," says Michelet, "Robespierre assumed a new, audacious and almost imperious tone." Four days later he forced a decree "that no member of the Assembly could be raised to the ministry during the four years following the session. . . . Five weeks later, May 16th, Robespierre proposed and caused to be decreed that the members of the Assembly could not be elected to the next legislature."

These concessions constituted one of the gravest blunders of the beneficent Revolution. The men who had wrought out the Constitution did not permit themselves to safeguard their own work until it had been

[36] "Life of Marat," by Ernest Belfut Bax.

tested. There was something of suicide in their act of self-suppression. We have done our work; we die. They gave way to newer men, without experience; to reckless men—to Robespierre. In two extraordinarily selfish and brazen moves, neither of which would have been attempted if Mirabeau had been alive, he won strategical advantages that in time, after Danton's day, enabled him to become master.

Robespierre was a small-bodied man, shy, shrill-voiced and lacking alike in the gifts and graces of an orator. His eyes were blue. He wore glasses. Mirabeau was impressed with his stern qualities. "He believes every word he says. He will go far." Though lately from Arras, in Artois, where his father had been a lawyer, Robespierre knew his Paris well. He had been ten years in the College of Louis le Grand. Indeed the Council of the College, proud of his conduct, his excellence as a student and his "eminent talents," had accorded Sieur de Robespierre "a gratification of 600 livres."

But we have not as yet come to the Terror. We have just told of the march to Versailles and back. After storm, calm. That was the rule in the Revolution. In Paris there was a lull, but in Coblenz, a rendezvous of exiles, and many another border town, royalists were plotting. Their work was made all the easier by the fall of feudalism and by the kidnapping of the King. Lords liked not the levelling in France; rulers in principalities and kingdoms throughout the world wondered whether the terrible *furore* for equality would spread to their own dominions. And as for Louis and his Queen, cooped up in the Tuileries, they, too, plotted harder than ever.

Paris, as it thought, now had the King and Queen in a trap, in the Tuileries; and it had something else entrapped—the Assembly, which foolishly moved from

Versailles and installed itself in a riding-school (Manège) near the revamped palace. Newspapers multiplied. Clubs grew more powerful. Only some three hundred yards from the National Assembly in the Rue St. Honoré was the old Breton club, now the Jacobin, with 1300 members. Its real name was "The Society of the Friends of the Constitution." Sieyès, himself "king of pamphleteers," spoke of the Jacobins as "a set of wicked blackguards." "Their club," he declared, "is a den of thieves; they take outrages for expedients." Not so in the excusatory Michelet's opinion. He argues that the Jacobins were a necessity of the Revolution. It was either: "Go back to perpetual slavery, or go forward with these active men who by this time had their societies through France. The Jacobins are not the Revolution—but the eye of the Revolution—the eye to watch, the voice to accuse, and the arm to strike." The Revolution was on the point of failure more than once; but for the Jacobins, counter-revolution would have prevailed. They formed "a legion of public accusers." Terrible were their methods; yet the aristocrats fought them with skill year after year. Duport, Barnave and the Lameths—these in their time were the Jacobin leaders. Each played many desperate games—secret or bold or bloody; but they wore out, as Mirabeau did; and as their successor, the all-powerful Robespierre, was to do. One can but glance at the Jacobins, but their deeds were multiple and marvellous. Danton led the terrible Cordeliers. While nothing is left of the famous buildings associated with the Revolution,[37] says Belloc,

[37] In the Musée Carnavalet, Madame de Sévigné's old home, there is a timepiece with two dials; the second showing decimal time, in accordance with the scheme for a ten-hour day, each hour divided into 100 minutes, and each minute into 100 seconds. It was apparently constructed in 1791, for it has portraits of the King, La Fayette and Bailly.—"Paris in 1789–94."

"one historic room remains—the hall in which the Cordeliers debated is now the Musée Dupuyteren, full of skeletons and physiological anomalies." Originally the hall belonged to the Franciscans; that of the Jacobin club belonged to the convent of the Jacobin monks. The Jacobins were *sans-culottes*—without breeches. The Girondists constituted the most moderate of the Republican parties. They were so named for the Department of the Gironde in Southwestern France.

With the clubs planning, the Court plotting, the mob element alert, there was constant employment for Bailly and La Fayette.[38] As an instance, we have at Christmas the plot of the Marquis de Favras. He planned to murder La Fayette, Bailly and Necker (who had resigned once more) and carry off the King, by whom the Comte de Provence was to be succeeded. Favras was sentenced to death. We have already noted the death of Mirabeau [39] (April 2, 1791), whose friends thought so lovable and foes so hateful.[40] Camille Des-

[38] Mirabeau said of La Fayette: "He is not so great as singular; his character more fussy than actually strong; a generous man, but romantic and chimerical, living in illusions." —"Mirabeau," by P. F. Willert. Mirabeau is said to have pretended to be wickeder than he was, when in La Fayette's presence, because of the General's "punctilious propriety." Mirabeau sought La Fayette's support, and was angry at his seeming desertion. But Mirabeau shocked La Fayette by his lack of principle. La Fayette would not go with him, for the simple reason that Mirabeau could not be trusted. He told Marie Antoinette that La Fayette was a party to the diamond plot, an absurd story, quite unbelievable even by the Queen.

[39] Here is a passage from a letter by Walpole to the Countess of Upper Ossory. "How unlike the villain Mirabeau to Washington! How odious a reformer who acts from ambition or interest! and what are moments of gratified ambition or interest to the endless obloquy!"—"Walpole," xvi, p. 424.

[40] "Had he [Mirabeau] lived it is impossible to guess what the course of the Revolution might have been. But he sickens, is worn out with quackery and real illness . . . takes to his bed and dies apparently of colic or appendicitis—of course incorrectly treated."—Aulard.

moulins said: "I loved him like a mistress." Desmoulins, gay, witty, had not yet suffered full eclipse. "When the eyes of Mirabeau were closed," says Cecil Headlam, "Danton, Camille Desmoulins and their comrades in the club of the Cordeliers soon became more powerful than La Fayette, Bailly and the frequenters of the salon of Madame de Staël. The power of the press was on their side"—a new thing, potent, wonder-working. In the Assembly were the Feuillants, La Fayette's constitutional party, the Republican Girondins and the radical Montagnards. The Queen was planning; the King was watching the move against the clergy, whom he defended with more than customary vigor.

Then—Paris was startled one morning to learn that the King and Queen had fled.

Out of the trap, out of the cage—they were by no means white mice! Lion and Lioness rather!—especially if, in an appeal to Europe, through the Count d'Artois, the Prince of Condé, and those thousands of exiles, they should return with a royalist army.

Count Jean Axel de Fersen (a Swede, born 1755, assassinated June 20, 1809), an intimate friend of Marie Antoinette—a youthful lover, in fact, and much attached to her—planned the escape. Louis often looked at the fine portraits of Charles I of England at the Tuileries. He grew moody; did not speak a word for ten days at a time; his sole thought was to get away. There were exasperating postponements. Finally, on June 20, it was agreed that they should turn their backs on Paris that night. La Fayette's trusted adherent, Major-General Gouvion, of the National Guard, was billeted in the palace. To the King's faithful and attached ex-bodyguard, M. de Valory, who quizzed him, General Gouvion exclaimed: "I will wager my head that the King has not the least desire to leave

Paris." M. de Valory at once went to the Queen. His approach startled her. "I thought I recognized M. de La Fayette's footsteps," said she; "that man frightens me so that I fancy I see or hear him every minute. . . . Can we get away from here without being recognized? . . . M. de La Fayette has doubled the guards in every direction." "Madame," said M. de Valory, "he has taken this precaution to reassure those who are uneasy, and to quiet the grumblers, rather than because he has any fears himself." But he would again test M. de Gouvion. Louis entered. He said: "If they suspect nothing we shall easily get away. . . . I shall spend to-morrow night at the Abbaye d'Orval. The Marquis of Bouillé is awaiting me before Montmédy with an army corps. Strong detachments are stationed at Pont de Somme Vesle, Sainte Menehould, Clermont, Varennes and Dun. When you reach the Pont de Somme Vesle, ask for the Duke of Choiseul; he is in command of the squadron of Lauzun's hussars which is stationed there; he will obtain an interview for you with the aide-de-camp of M. de Bouillé." [41] He added: "This evening at half-past eleven!"

At five the Queen went with her children to the Tivoli Gardens, returning at seven. She warned them to take what was about to happen quietly. "She kissed me," said Madame Royal.

The King's brother, the Comte de Provence, took leave of the Queen, his sister, Madame Elizabeth, and Louis, whom he never again saw. Dinner was as usual; the evening passed as usual.

The Queen went out at the unguarded door of the Court of the Princes to see her children off. Count Fersen, disguised as a coachman, sat on the box of

[41] "Marie Antoinette at the Tuileries," by Imbert de Saint-Amand.

a hackney coach. Soon he drove off with Mme. de Tourzel, the Dauphin and Madame Royal. To kill time he "took a turn around the Quai, and then came back by the Rue St. Honoré to the Petit Carrousel. He waited three-quarters of an hour, but no one came. La Fayette's carriage, guarded by dragoons, drove by with flashing lights. La Fayette was on his way to the *coucher* of the King, whom he held a long time in conversation, for grave suspicions of flight that night had been aroused. La Fayette at last drove away. The King was seen to bed by the servants who had charge of the rooms. The doors of the great gallery were locked by the porter in attendance, and the keys were placed in the mattress, where they were found next morning. As soon as the King was left alone, he got up and dressed for the flight. . . . Mme. Elizabeth entered the waiting coach. Then the King approached. His shoe-buckle had become loose and he had 'stopped to arrange it, with all the coolness in the world.' They waited for the Queen some little while; and it was probably then that La Fayette's carriage passed a second time, and the King could not repress an insulting exclamation as it flashed by him. He looked upon La Fayette as his jailer." They were in agony because of the non-arrival of Marie Antoinette. At last she came gliding up. She had lost her way. Moreover, says Imbert de Saint-Amand, "she had just been greatly alarmed by seeing the carriage of General La Fayette, who was coming from the Tuileries, where he had made his rounds after being present in the King's bed-chamber. The apparition of a ghost could not have frightened Marie Antoinette more. Several lackeys surrounded the carriage, holding lighted torches which shed so much light that the fugitives, persuaded that the general was about to recognize her, quitted M. de Moustier's arm and fled in a different direction. M. de

Moustier tried to reassure her by pointing out that the torches placed between her and La Fayette must dazzle the latter's eyes, and prevent his recognition of her." In her terror, she fled into the darkness,[42] got among the small streets and alleys; and at last reached Count Fersen's coach. Then Fersen started. He took a roundabout course. It was about two o'clock when he reached the Barrière de Clinchy. It was the shortest night of the year. Soon it would be daybreak. "The guard-house at the barrier was lighted up. Everyone was *en fête*. A marriage was being celebrated with drinking and dancing, and the royal party passed unrecognized." [43]

Awaiting them, just beyond, was a double-seated berline, built ostensibly for Baroness de Korff, but really to be used on this very excursion. The body was painted black and green; the running gear yellow. Four Norman horses drew it. Balthasar Sapel rode postilion. M. de Moustier was on the box. The great mistake made by Louis was in refusing to permit Count Fersen to keep on with the party. He was a man of brains—full of forethought, of expedients. As he mounted his horse to spur away towards Brussels, he cried out to the postilion: "Come on, now! Be bold! Drive fast!" Again he shouted: "Courage, Balthasar! Quicker! Put the pace on! Away! Away!"

Balthasar rode furiously—three leagues in half an hour. M. de Valory, on horseback, kept well ahead. Two were on the box—de Malden and de Moustier.

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[42] There is a story that Marie Antoinette that night, in childish joy in having tricked her jailer, struck the wheel of La Fayette's coach with a switch that she had in her hand, such as ladies were in the habit of carrying. "The thing is difficult to be believed," comments Michelet: "the coach was going very fast and it was surrounded by lackeys on horseback carrying torches."

[43] "My Scrapbook of the French Revolution," E. W. Latimer.

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MADAME ELIZABETH, SISTER OF LOUIS XVI

From the painting by LeBrun

Louis was disguised in a grey coat and little wig as a *valet-de-chambre*. Mme. de Tourzel masqueraded as Baroness de Korff; the Queen was governess to her daughters—Amelie (the dauphin) and Aglae, his sister (Madame Royal). Madame Elizabeth was their nurse. The Queen was Madame Rochet. Two of her ladies followed in a post-chaise.[44]

"The King was in high spirits. 'At last,' he said, 'I have escaped from that town of Paris where I have drunk so much bitterness.' At eight, he looked at his watch and remarked: 'La Fayette must be in a terrible state of mind now.' By this time he ought to be a good deal embarrassed about his own safety. . . . Before reaching Chalons the horses fell twice. . . . That caused a delay. So the fugitives were two hours late at Chalons-sur-Marne."

Nevertheless all was going well. The King was happy. A hundred times he looked back along the road. He saw nothing but drifting dust clouds. It was not a sunny day; the sky was overcast. Fresh horses paid their due of sweat and lather. Balthasar seemed still to hear: "Come now! Be bold! Drive fast!"

"When we have passed Chalons," said M. de Valory (who was 'François' in the make-believe), "we shall have nothing more to fear." The Queen showed anxiety. She liked to be reassured. They left Chalons at half-past five, entered Pont de Somme Vesle, where they looked about them for the Duke de Choiseul, colonel of the Royal Dragoons. In vain. The Marquis de Bouillé had promised to have him there. Bouillé had sent Choiseul; but he had come and gone. "The

[44] See "Mémoires de Madame de Tourzel"; "Madame Royal's Narrative," and especially G. Lenotre's detailed account in "The Flight of Marie Antoinette." Mme. Korff was a Russian Baroness, a friend of Fersen. In this hero one recognizes a bold campaigner of the American Revolution. He was to rejoin Marie Antoinette at Montmédy.

earth," said Louis, "seemed to open beneath me." "Choiseul did none of the things that were expected of him." There was a stupid mix-up. Fersen would have arranged matters, and gone on; but there was no one in the King's party masterful enough to overcome the difficulties. At Ste. Menehould, "knots of people gathered in the streets. . . . Just as the fresh horses were being harnessed, J. B. Drouet, the post-master, an ardent republican, arrived from a field he had been cultivating in the neighborhood. He was a young man of twenty-eight, but he had served in the Condé dragoons, and had seen the Queen at Versailles. He now thought he recognized her. At this moment the King put his head out of the window to speak to M. de Valory; and Drouet, by a sudden inspiration, compared the portrait on the *assignat* which M. de Valory had just paid him for the relay, with the head of the traveler." [45]

When the King had pased on, Drouet mounted and followed. A royalist dragoon was close upon Drouet. At Clermont-en-Argonne there was trouble for the fugitives, but they got away. It seemed to such of the dragoons along the line of flight as were in the King's secret that he was now within easy galloping distance of his goal. Once at Varennes, he would be safe. After Varennes—Montmédy and royalist bayonets! But the relay was on the hither side of Varennes. The berline was at this post awaiting fresh horses when Drouet and another shot past, shouting: "Don't go on! Unharness your horses! It is the King!" When the berline reached the *Bras-d'Or* in Varennes,

[45] Lenotre, in his circumstantial account of "The Flight of Marie Antoinette," p. 64, doubts the assignat story. But Sieur Drouet was alert that evening, along with scores of others. At the posting-house in Sainte Menehould Captain d'Andoins had cried: "Get away quickly! You're lost if you don't hurry." Elsewhere there were cries of "Stop! Stop!" It was a main road they were on—a long white road much frequented.

at half-past eleven o'clock, it was instantly surrounded by men with torches. "Who are you?" they demanded. "Madame de Korff and her family." "It is possible, but it must be proved." M. Sauce, the Mayor, invited the whole party to step within. The house was theirs. The tocsin sounded. All night there was commotion in the square. The Queen went up a corkscrew stair; the place smelled of tallow, which she especially disliked. In a little back-room "was collected the Majesty of France." They still hoped for Bouillé. Why did he not come?—and with a sweep, a clatter of hoofs and a clash of sabres? But instead of Bouillé's step on the stairs, they heard another's. It was that of M. de Romeuf, La Fayette's aide-de-camp. The King knew him at once; so did Marie Antoinette, who said: "Sir, is that you? I never could have believed it."

Down the corkscrew stairs stepped King, Queen and all the fugitives, who were now prisoners. Theirs was a dismal return from Varennes. All day on the 25th of June they felt the power of the sun—and the people. An immense mob was at the Barrière de l'Étoile. La Fayette protected the King and Queen until they had reached the point of their departure. According to Paul Gaulot's book, "A Friend of the Queen" (Count de Fersen being the friend), Marie Antoinette cried out "wildly": "Monsieur de La Fayette, save the bodyguards!" when, having approached the Tuileries, she beheld a threatening mob. Gaulot goes on:

"M. de La Fayette, on horseback, presided at the arrival. The carriage doors were opened; the King stepped out—silence. The Queen appeared—murmurs arose. M. de Noailles, a Liberal deputy, advanced to offer her his arm. The haughty daughter of Maria Theresa, vanquished but not subdued, declined it, and took the arm of a deputy of the right. . . . General La Fayette presented himself and said to the King, 'Sire, your Majesty knows my attachment to you, but

I have not concealed from you that if you separated your cause from that of the people, I should remain on the side of the people.' 'That is true,' replied the King; 'you have acted on your principles; it is an affair of party. Now I am here, I will tell you frankly that until lately I have believed that you surrounded me with a crowd of people of your own way of thinking who did not represent the mind of France. The journey has plainly shown me my mistake.' 'Has your Majesty any commands to give me?' 'It seems to me,' said the King, laughing, 'that I am more at your command than you at mine.' No one could be more good natured, and he took his hard lot as well as a man could take it. The Queen had not that virtue, or rather that weakness. Treating La Fayette as a gaoler, she wanted to force him to receive the keys of the cash-boxes which had been left in the carriage, and as he refused, she threw them upon his hat. 'Your Majesty will have the trouble of taking them back again,' he said, 'for I will not touch them.' 'Very well,' she replied; 'I shall find persons less scrupulous than you.'"

"It is devilish hot," said Louis as he seated himself in an arm-chair with an air of a weary one, home at last; "I made a wretched journey there. But it had been running in my head a long time. . . . Let someone bring be a chicken." [46]

During these five June days La Fayette had been much maligned. [47] We have seen how careful he had been to keep in touch with Louis, who was not his prisoner—at least, not admittedly such—but who was

[46] "Marie Antoinette at the Tuileries," by Imbert de Saint-Amand.

[47] By the force of circumstances La Fayette found himself to be the involuntary guardian of the King, and responsible to the Nation for his person; he had shown in various ways, and sometimes even in compromising the Revolution, that he desired above everything else the restoration of kingly power, as a guarantee of order and tranquillity. Although a Republican in ideas and theory, he had nevertheless sacrificed to monarchy—his weakness and ruling passion—his popularity. There was every reason to suppose that at the startling news of the King's departure, La Fayette would be torn to pieces.—Michelet, "French Revolution," p. 593.

under both his surveillance and protection. It was the Dauphin's doctor, going his rounds, who had alarmed La Fayette.[48] At first the doctor was disbelieved. Then, at the Tuileries, La Fayette saw with his own eyes that the cage was empty. He went at once to the Assembly. On the way he was assaulted. Men threatened to kill him. He was accused of having connived at the royal absconder's trick. Subsequently he went to the Hôtel de Ville, whence his aides-de-camp were dispatched on the trail of the fugitives. Camille Desmoulins said in his newspaper: "This general scamper of the male and female Capets took place at eleven o'clock in the evening, and the news did not get about until nine the next morning. Treason! Perjury! Barnave and La Fayette abuse our confidence." Danton, at the Cordeliers, referring to La Fayette, cried: "You swore that the King should not depart; you made yourself his surety. Of two things, one—either you are a traitor who has betrayed his country, or you are stupid in having made yourself answerable for a person for whom you could not answer. In the most favorable case you have proven yourself incapable of commanding us. I descend from the tribune; I have said enough to demonstrate that I despise traitors, and I do not fear assassins."

[48] According to Lenotre: La Fayette was still asleep in his house in the Rue de Bourbon (now de Lille) at the corner of the Rue de Courty when his friend d'André, deputy from Aix, dashed into his room and imparted the news. "He sprang from his bed and dressed himself at lightning speed." He went to the Carrousel on foot. Only Romeuf was with him. People cried "Traitor!" The crowd was immense. He towered above it, "in his great cockaded two-cornered hat." Bailly met him at the Rue du Bac, "looking very gloomy." La Fayette was cool, "dignified, almost gay." "The square was like a tempestuous sea." La Fayette said: "Do you think the arrest of the King and his family necessary for the good of the public?" "Undoubtedly; but by what right can he be arrested? Where is the authority? Who will give the order? "Oh, well, I will take the responsibility myself," said La Fayette. And he did.

VII

HIS CRISIS AND HIS CRITICS

HUNDREDS of books on the French Revolution—some important, others not—refer to La Fayette. No doubt all such books do, when he is within their scope, though many must have escaped us. In the nature of things, he is often commended; sometimes assailed; as a rule, he is considerately dealt with. Those who treat of the silken side of the *ancien régime* are prone to lament his participation in the deadly assault upon their idealized occupants of châteaux and castles whereof the roofs, towers and battlements catch the charm of sunsets and romance. Old France is fascinating in history, in fiction, in drama. Snug by a fire, in library nooks, in comfort themselves, readers see not the submergence of the millions; and wonder why a rich lord should turn against his class. They are by no means heartless—rather are they unpenetrative in their examination of a deceptive and complex subject. They are quite ready to believe La Fayette a failure; after a hundred years in which most of them have shared in the blessings of freedom due, in some degree, to him, they wonder why the world exalts him. On the other hand, the great writers measure him as did his contemporaries, by his largeness of soul, by his love of liberty, by his fidelity to his creed, by his sacrifices and by the great reforms in which he participated. Nor do they forget what has happened in republican growth since 1792. They judge him as a man ungifted with fore-knowledge concerning the issue of events, but guided by the best light of his tempestuous time.

It would seem that as we are at the end of the period of La Fayette's service to the Revolution, we may pause for a moment to consider some of the things said in his disfavor.

Immediately after the episode of the King's flight, "Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart" began to bay the moon and howl at the Hôtel de Ville. La Fayette would not have minded this, being used, as he was, to calumny as well as compliments, had not the chorus been swollen by the ominous wild wailing of wolves infinitely worse than the wolves of Auvergne—those monsters, we mean, bred by the Revolution, and made ferocious in its shambles. Necessarily La Fayette's office invited abuse of him—thunderous like Danton's or petty like that of the ladies of the palace who, "within hearing of his officers, called him a brigand." Louis wrote to the Comte d'Artois describing La Fayette as a "villain, a factious fanatic, in whom no confidence could be placed." According to Mallet du Pan, it was M. de Staël who said of La Fayette and Bailly, after the sack of the Hôtel de Castries: "These gentlemen are like the rainbow, they always come after the storm." Vergniaud styled La Fayette (October 25, 1791) "a pigmy Cæsar." [1] In fact, his friend and old commander, who, at that very time, was the object of all sorts of abuse, three thousand miles away, suffered less calumnious criticism than La Fayette. Bitter things were being said of Washington; the very bitterest of La Fayette. For instance, Mallet du Pan gives this in his "Memoirs and Correspondence" [2]:

"André has acknowledged to me that the Constitutionalists never had any plan from day to day and from motions to motions. They met in committee at the Duke de Rochefoucauld's. La Fayette, D'André, Chapelier, the Bishop of Autun, Emery, Beaumetz, Crillon, Liancourt, Montmorency, Toulongeon, formed this committee. Chapelier at the end of a quarter of an hour, rose and went to A. M——, the Bishop of Autun fell asleep. They never came to any resolu-

[1] "Paris in 1789–94," by John Goldworth Alger, p. 46.
[2] Vol. ii, p. 499.

tion; they were jealous of the power of La Fayette, regarding him almost as an imbecile who knew nothing but bowing to the National Guard."

Nevertheless the makers of the Constitution,[3] thanks to La Fayette, Sieyès, Mirabeau and the more persistent among the six hundred deputies, had labored long and well. A glance at their *apologia,* their first address to their constituents, helps us to appreciate this:

"We have had to combat with the inveterate prejudices of ages, and great changes are attended by a thousand uncertainties. Our successors will be enlightened by our experience; as for us, we have endeavored to trace a new route by the light of principles only. They will labor in peace, but we have been tried with dreadful storms. They will know their rights and the limits of the several powers; we have recovered the first and have fixed the second. They will consolidate our work; they will surpass us, and that shall be our recompense."

Who can read these passages without some subtle intimation in his own soul of their profundity and significance? How can one read them without the feeling that they expressed a beneficent purpose in which La Fayette had shared from the very beginning?

Far from perfect, embodying unnecessary and provocative provisions, such as those relating to the clergy, it was none the less an achievement. There is a grandeur in the farewell of the deputies; and grandeur in what they did. Do historical theorists speak sneeringly of them? What matters it? What, indeed, since they were the first architects of a better France! It is everlastingly to their credit, and everlastingly to the credit of La Fayette, that they overthrew the despotism of the *ancien régime,* and took the first actual practical steps towards modernizing French civilization. All who were engaged in the

[3] For this Constitution, see "Constitutions and Documents, France, 1789–1901," by Frank Maloy Anderson.

work made bitter enemies. La Fayette had, by this time, become surrounded by them. But it is of no concern that Mallet du Pan, a royalist agent, active at Coblenz, Geneva, Brussels and Berne, accuses him of "imbecility." It is to La Fayette's credit that Mallet du Pan writes against him. Is it not in the nature of a disproof of certain other anti-La Fayettisms of that period—such as the intimation of La Fayette's duplicity on the French frontier? Abuse was to be expected from Mallet du Pan, from Vergniaud, the Girondist orator, from Danton and from the ingrate Court.

One can but welcome the strictures of certain other critics who put La Fayette to test, sparing him not. Such is Michelet. In telling how the Jacobin club developed into "a vast committee of revolutionary police," he adds:

"La Fayette, who became acquainted, to his cost, with the organization, says that its nucleus was a meeting of ten men, called, by themselves, the Sabbat, who received every day their orders from the Lameths; each of the ten forwarded them to ten others, heads of battalions and different sections, so that all sections received the same denunciation against the authorities, and the same propositions of riot at the very same time. La Fayette had on his side the committee of inquiry of the town, and many persons devoted to him in the National Guard. These two bodies of police thwarted each other and that of the court. The police of the Jacobins, acting in the same direction as the popular movement, and going with the stream, progressed with as much facility as the others met with difficulty. . . . We have spoken of the club of '89, which La Fayette and Sieyès attempted, at first, to oppose to that of the Jacobins. That conciliatory club, which expected to unite the monarchy with the Revolution, would have ended, if it had succeeded, only in the destruction of the Revolution. At the present day, when so many things, then secret, are known to the world, we can boldly state that, without the strongest and most ener-

getic influence, the Revolution would have perished: if it had not turned aggressive, it was lost. The imprudent association of La Fayette with Bouillé had inflicted upon it the most serious blow; and it was through the Jacobins that it resumed the offensive."

Michelet criticises La Fayette in connection with the massacre at Nancy, August 31, 1790. He was a "king of the citizen-class"; "an Anglo-American"—he was led, by the wish for peace at any price, to "make a disastrous mistake, which had an incalculable influence on public events." To continue:

"It is no easy matter to lay aside one's ideas, prejudices and habits of rank. M. de La Fayette, after having been, for some time, transported beyond his ideas by the movement of the Revolution, became gradually once more the Marquis de La Fayette. He wanted to please the Queen and gain her good-will; and there is very little reason to doubt that he was also desirous of pleasing Madame de La Fayette, an excellent woman, but a bigot, and, as such, addicted to retrograde ideas, always having mass said in her chapel by a priest who had not taken the civic oath.[4] To these family influences, add his entirely aristocratic relationship, his cousin, M. de Bouillé, his friends, all great lords, and, lastly, his staff, composed of nobles and burgess aristocracy. Under a firm and reserved exterior, he was not the less gained over, and in course of time changed by these counter-revolutionary acquaintances. A stronger mind than his would not have been able to withstand the trial. The confederation of the field of Mars completed his infatuation. A multitude of those honest people who had heard so much of La Fayette in their

[4] In her "Vie de Madame de La Fayette," Madame de Lasteyrie says: "The civil constitution of the clergy was a subject of great tribulation to my mother. She thought it her duty, precisely on account of her personal situation, to show her attachment to the Catholic cause. She was present, consequently, at the refusal to take the oath which her parish priest, the Curé of Saint Sulpice, made from the pulpit . . . My father often entertained at dinner the ecclesiastics of the constitutional clergy. My mother professed in their presence her attachment to the cause of the former bishops."

provinces, and had then the happiness of beholding him, afforded the most ridiculous spectacle: they literally adored the man, kissing his hands and boots. Nothing is more sensitive and irritable than an idol of the people, and the situation itself abounded with causes of irritation, being full of contrasts and violent alternatives. This god, in the vicissitudes of those riotous times, was obliged to turn superintendent of police, and even gendarme in cases of necessity; it once happened that, not being obeyed, he was obliged to arrest a man with his own hands and lead him to prison."

All of which is fair in spirit; but it would appear that La Fayette had less to do with suppressing the mutiny of the regiments in the garrison at Nancy than is here implied. When he ordered that firm measures be used, he was simply expressing the will of the Assembly; he could have had no idea that two thousand lives would be lost; or two hundred, or twenty or any at all.

Indeed, the admirable Michelet lays undue stress on a number of things—certainly on the Nancy horror. One must exculpate La Fayette with respect to the massacre. He had no bloody design. He was wrong when he caused "a decree to be passed stating that the King should appoint inspectors of accounts from among the officers." Mirabeau wanted the army torn apart and reconstituted. The Swiss officers, with the power of life or death over the men, were brutal to them, stole their pay and otherwise maltreated them. Malseigne, the inspector, was "a bully and a duelist." Bouillé in command, blundered. The people recalled the fact that on July 14, 1789, the Swiss troops had refused to fire on them. So, when news came from Nancy that they had suffered outrage and death at the hands of aristocrats, fierce cries arose. La Fayette and the National Guard lost in favor. La Fayette had aimed to restore order and discipline; his error was in providing the wrong remedy.

Let us run briefly over Fayettist affairs—let us see what now happened to a popular idol in process of becoming unpopular. Was it the man who changed, or was it the people who, suffering from a strange progressive malady, no longer saw with clear and sane vision?

The republican clubs sought to force the Assembly to abandon the King. There was a demonstration to this end in the Champ de Mars on July 17. The Assembly may have failed to give way wisely and readjust itself to a righteous new condition; La Fayette likewise may have failed to face facts with wisdom; but the Assembly instructed Bailly and La Fayette to preserve order. Bailly proclaimed martial law. At a critical moment, Bailly himself gave the word to fire upon an unappeasable, a defiant mob. Some scores were slain. Bailly lost his hold on affairs. La Fayette, at the same time, lost much of his influence. This lessened the strength of the Feuillants, who occupied the *Côte Droit* in the new Legislative Assembly,[5] and added to that of the *côte gauche*—the Revolutionists. It was the hour of the Girondins. The old were out; the new were in. So far the Revolution was a success.

[5] Horace Walpole wrote, September 27, 1791, to Hon. Henry Seymour Conway ("Walpole's Letters," vol. xiv, p. 67): "The new Assembly will fall on the old, probably plunder the richest and certainly disapprove of much they have done; for can 800 new ignorants approve of what has been done by 1200 almost as ignorant, and who were far from half agreeing? The Constitution would die before it had cut any of its teeth but its grinders. The exiles are enraged at their poor King for saving his own life by a forced acceptance, and yet I know of no obligation he has to his *noblesse*, who all ran away to save their own lives; not a gentleman, but the two poor gendarmes at Versailles, having lost their lives in his defense. I suppose La Fayette, Barnave, the Lameths, etc., will run away, too, when the new tinkers and cobblers, of whom the present elect are and will be composed, proceed on the levelling system taught them by their predecessors, who, like other leaders, have taken good care of themselves."

Many had lost privileges; few had lost anything else; the gain to the masses was as a huge godsend. The lives lost caused sorrow; but, except at Nancy, they were so few as not to excite horror—an unthought of word in connection with the phases of the Revolution in which La Fayette had participated.[6]

And there was another reason—a most important reason—why it jumped with La Fayette's inclination to retire. He especially wished to take Madame de La Fayette and their family to Auvergne. She had permitted the mob to prey upon her nerves—the midnight figment of it had begun to haunt her. She knew of the perils through which her husband daily passed, and was solicitous for him. Mlle. Virginie tells of her mother's alarm when, during the summer, a wave of rioters broke over the garden walls at La Fayette's house, threatening death to its occupants. Moreover, Madame de La Fayette, a devotee, who feared for the non-juring priests, was deeply concerned as to their fate. She needed to take refuge a while at the Château de Chavaniac; and so thither, in October, La Fayette travelled by coach with his whole family. One may imagine the

[6] Aulard says: "The day of July 17, 1791, has a great historical importance. It was the day of a sudden blow struck by the *bourgeoisie* against the people . . . This was an act of civil war; and, indeed, the war of classes, long announced, now began. The whole nation is divided into two hostile camps. Each is the result of July 17th, a day which directly or indirectly has influenced almost the whole 19th century." Aulard's work is a political history in four volumes. The author was for twenty years director of the periodical *la Revolution Française*. Most of the references to La Fayette are in vol. i, "The Monarchy," 1789–1792. "He [La Fayette] was witty and courtly, not an orator after the revolutionary style. At the Federation of 1790 his influence was enormous; he was the head of the armed nation. His power waned because he could not see that the Republic must rid itself of the throne. On the King's flight Barnave had to defend him against suspicion. La Fayette himself assumed the responsibility of ordering the King's arrest. He saved himself from death at the hands of the suspicious populace by sheer courage and confidence."

effect upon them of the quiet, the beauty, the largeness, the other-worldliness of the Autumn roads, woods, views as they journeyed to the Allier and made themselves happy among the mountains there; with Paris, its perplexities, its problems, its passions out of sight and out of mind.

If La Fayette flattered himself that his work was done, he was excusable. Had he not set about removing the curse of despotism from France? The curse was off. But he might have known that the Revolution was too huge a movement by this time to cease its forward grind over the bones of men. Apparently he erred in some of his assumptions. Carried away with his own set belief in the adaptability of the British system to the Kingdom of France, he did not then realize, what soon became apparent to sympathetic observers, that the French people would speedily shake off the King and the Constitution and try untrodden and bloody ways toward unfettered democracy.

And the King himself would be to blame in part; or rather the Queen would be to blame. About the time La Fayette left Paris, she wrote to her brother Leopold II, of Austria, urging him to invade France and restore the old order. That was in October. In November, at the suggestion of the Court, the Girondins put forward for the Mayoralty of Paris, Pétion,[1] an attorney's son—" cold as an extreme politician "—says Lamartine,

[1] Pétion was one of the three commissioners sent by the National Assembly to meet runaway royalty on its return from Vergennes. The others were the Marquis de Latour Maubourg and young Barnave. At M. de Latour Maubourg's suggestion, Marie Antoinette invited the brilliant young orator from Grenoble to sit between the King and herself. Later Barnave died for her. Pétion left a journal of the ride with royalty. He sat between Madame Elizabeth (whose courtesy he, in his vanity, mistook for something else) and Madame Royal. This meeting with Pétion may have caused the Court to select him for the Mayoralty. Pétion, a Judas, was a victim of the Terror. His body was found in a cornfield near Bordeaux, half eaten, as by dogs or wolves.

"rude as a parvenu." La Fayette was supported by the Feuillants. And now was heard the voice of the Queen: "La Fayette wishes to be Mayor of Paris, only in order to be, at the same time, Mayor of the palace." King, Queen and their adherents did all they could, through intrigues and solicitations, to defeat the man who had saved them, and who stood for the only idea that could save the Constitutional crown in the future.

With Mirabeau [8] in his grave, it was for them either La Fayette or ruin. Yet the Court, with incomprehensible blindness, supported Pétion, [9] one of the most zealous of republicans. And Pétion was chosen. We say "incomprehensible blindness," and, in one sense, it was so; but the Court's non-reliance upon La Fayette, or, for that matter, on anyone else of French blood, explains a great deal. Louis and Marie Antoinette must have talked La Fayette to tatters. The Queen was "open and violent" in her hostility. At her dictation (December 3, 1791) Louis wrote to the King of Prussia. Emperor Leopold died March 1, 1792; and then the Tuileries made pleas to his son and successor, Francis II. The Comte d'Artois was expelled from Turin; Calonne from Vienna; the activities of the émigrés increased—there were 22,000 under arms. Pitt was plotting, too. The pressure grew heavier and heavier; and, on the 20th of April, Louis,

[8] "When I am gone," said Mirabeau, speaking of the monarchy, "the factions will soon rend it in fragments."

[9] "To me, it was exceedingly mortifying to find that such a man as Pétion had supplanted La Fayette in the confidence of the majority of the populace, not only on his own account, but because it was evidence of a disposition to disparage early and devoted patriotism, and it exhibited a disposition incompatible with those principles on which the Constitution was founded, or the existence of any permanent movement derived from the people could be based."—Thomas Waters Griffith, an American in Paris, 1791–1799.

secretly appealing to Austria, openly declared war against her.

But there was something else besides drum-beating; though there was much of that, for all of France was astir. Men from Toulon, Brest, Marseilles, marched on Paris. It was the hour of Rouget de Lisle and La Marseillaise.[10] The crisis had come for King and Queen; and it was approaching for La Fayette, who, having been appointed to the command of one of the three frontier armies, was now at Sedan.

Let us make the events that led up to this crisis foam along, since we are in such close approach to the cataract. What happened?

Louis, on June 13, dismissed his liberal ministers.

La Fayette, at Sedan, getting word of the dismissal, made up his mind to intervene. Accordingly, he wrote to the Assembly denouncing the Jacobin club, which was agitating against the foreign intrigues of the Crown.

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[10] Rouget de Lisle, a young officer of the engineer corps, attached to the fortress of Strasburg, was there at the moment when the National Assembly had just declared war against Austria, and when the boastings and threats of the exiles, assembled at Kehl, were making some impression upon the citizens and troops. The conversation turned to this matter one day at Marshal de Lückner's; and Dietrich, the Mayor of Strasburg, a red-hot Revolutionist, after repeating that some means must be taken to rekindle the zeal of the soldiers and inhabitants, turned to Rouget de Lisle and said: "Come, young patriot—you are a poet and musician—make us a song that can be repeated on the march and in the barracks, in town and in country." Rouget de Lisle went home, took his violin and singing and playing together, composing air, words and accompaniment, produced the "Marseillaise," which he wanted to call "The March of Lückner's Army." The song had a prodigious success; it was engraved as a supplement to the Strasburg *Journal*. This was received by a subscriber at Marseilles, where it was at once reprinted and sung with fury by all its people, and it got its name from the fact that those terrible Marseillese brought it to Paris and sung it there. This story was told me by M. Rouget de Lisle himself . . . the last time I saw him he was almost a cripple and not long after I heard of his death.—"Baron Thiébault's Memoirs," vol. i, pp. 109, 110.

The Jacobins knew of intrigues concerning which La Fayette was uninformed. The Assembly, on June 18, discussed La Fayette's letter; approved it, and was on the point of ordering it to be printed when Gaudet of Bordeaux, Girondist, caused it to be referred to a committee. That night Robespierre roused the Jacobins. Here was a war worse than the war with the allied army. The King, at this time, vetoed the decree involving the deportation of non-juring priests. One would have supposed that with tithes abolished, church property to the value of hundreds of millions of livres confiscated, and a corresponding issue of assignats thus assured—one would have supposed this quite enough to satisfy the sensible reformers; but it did not; it was insisted that every priest should take the oath of fidelity to the Constitution. In doing so he must renounce Rome. He was to look to the state for his place and for his pay. He was to live, breathe and have his being in the state. Too much was asked in this; and the result was that the Constitution made countless enemies overnight. At the same time the King vetoed the decree providing for a great camp of Fédérés in proximity to Paris.

In that capital on June 20, anniversary of the Oath of the Jeu-de-Paume, enormous mobs, singing *Ça ira,* burst into the Tuileries. They stuck the *bonnet rouge* on the King's head. There was this method in their madness: they meant to terrorize the King so that he would reverse himself.

In the King's Council, four years before, the Archbishop of Sens had spoken of La Fayette as peculiarly dangerous to the ministry "because his logic lay in actions." He acted now, but with deliberation. Just when and where the news of the terrorizing attempt reached him is not clear, as he was moving from point to point along his line of defense. But he did not

reach Paris until the 28th of June. Then he appeared before the Assembly; and urged it to curb the Jacobins. The orator Gaudet challenged his right to leave the army without permission, and a motion was made censuring him for his breach of discipline. But there were many deputies who only wanted such an opportunity as this to align themselves against the rising radical elements; so La Fayette escaped a vote of censure, which might have been seized upon by the extremists as a vote of condemnation. Angry as was the general current, there was at this time a counter-current due largely to the drastic treatment of the clergy which had embittered a great number. La Fayette, says Hilaire Belloc, was "applauded as he walked past the members, after his speech; and it seemed for a moment as though his dramatic, but not theatrical, intervention had achieved something." [11]

That the test was warranted is proven by the fact that "20,000 Parisians signed a petition expressing sympathy with Louis." It was La Fayette's last attempt to rally the Constitutionalists and tide the Crown over its difficulties. "France is not yet a republic," said Danton; "we can only establish a republic by intimidation." That was the foreword of the Terror. On the 15th of July, the Jacobins, under the lead of Robespierre, petitioned the Assembly to arrest and try La Fayette; but the petition was refused. Then General Lückner was accused of conspiring with La Fayette—a charge that was speedily disproved. All was not going quite well with La Fayette's maligners, though they burnt him in effigy in the Palais Royal Garden on

[11] At this juncture a new plan of escape was laid before Louis XVI, who, after accepting it one day, rejected it the next, and all that its proposer, M. de Lafayette, gained by it was to be denounced once more before the Assembly as a traitor by the people who had idolized him. Failing to hang or assassinate him, thirty-eight years later they were adoring him again.—"Baron Thiébault's Memoirs," vol. i, p. 110.

the 27th. At the same time, M. d'Espremenil was seized, stripped and dipped in a public basin. Then, suddenly, the necessity for such petty horse-play ceased. Word reached Paris, July 28th, that the Duke of Brunswick, commanding-general of the Allied army, had issued a manifesto declaring Paris anathema to the Crowns of Europe. War fury arose. Dumouriez proposed to attack the Austrian Netherlands. "La Fayette was to march against Namur, Biron against Mons, Dillon against Tournais. Soon Biron was beaten, and Dillon was put to rout, and likewise put to death."

In Paris, on the 9th of August, a new Revolutionary commune established itelf at the Hôtel de Ville. It was self-constituted—a usurping junta. All night the tocsins sounded. Few slept. The air was soft, the sky gemmed with stars. The streets were thronged with moving masses of people. In the ferment were multitudes of the merely curious.

At the Tuileries it was well understood that an outbreak was imminent. All who were in the palace kept vigil—King, Queen, soldiers, servants. The soldiers were mainly Swiss; and it must be said of them that they got ready to die without any undue palaver. So did some two hundred white-heads of the old blood. But, not long after Marie Antoinette, standing at her window, had watched the sun redden the east, Louis let himself be persuaded by Roederer [12] to go seek sanctuary in the Assembly. Accordingly King and followers filed out of the palace, and passed in procession to the Assembly hall, where they were crowded into

[12] Roederer said in his *Chronique des Cinquante Jours:* "If M. de La Fayette had had the will and the ability to make a bold stroke and seize the dictatorship, reserving the power to relinquish it after the establishment of order, one could comprehend his coming to the Assembly, with the sword of a dictator at his side, but to show it only, without resolving to draw it from its scabbard, was a fatal imprudence. In civil commotions, it will not answer to dare by half."

the "box of the logograph," otherwise the reporters' gallery. From this, as from a box at the play, King and Queen witnessed the drama of their own dethronement.[13] By and by cannon roared roundabout—the Swiss and the old nobles died, the palace was sacked. One of those who saw the whole assault—the massacre—exclaimed, apostrophizing Louis: "What, then, wretched man! Have you no cannon to sweep out this rabble?" It was Napoleon, standing among the spectators. From the Assembly, the King and his family were taken to the Temple—prisoners. The monarchy had fallen.[14]

Five days later, Robespierre spoke before the National Assembly in behalf of the commune. He advocated a court of popular justice. He spoke of: "That Lafayette who was not in Paris[15] but could be there," and asked "if the guilty should escape national vengeance."

La Fayette's friends were silent. They felt that he was proscribed.[16] They saw that the deputies just

[13] "I do not think anything more terrible can be imagined," says General Thiébault, "than those 500 madmen, three-quarters drunk, almost all in red caps, bare-armed and bare-chested, followed by the dregs of the people, incessantly reinforced by the overflow of the Faubourgs of Saint Antoine and Saint Marceau, fraternizing from one public house to another with bands no less dreadful than their own."

[14] On the 10th of August, says Imbert de Saint-Amand, M. Maudat, La Fayette's successor as commander of the National Guard, was "massacred on the steps of the Hôtel de Ville. A pistol brought him down; pikes and sabres finished him. His body was thrown into the Seine." "Maudat's death," says the Comte de Vaublanc, in his "Memoirs," "was, beyond any doubt, the chief cause of the calamities of the day." Pétion betrayed Maudat. M. Mortimer Ternaux says: "On this fatal night when the passion of royalty was fulfilled, Pétion doubled the parts of Judas and Pontius Pilate."

[15] The Public Prosecutor of the Terror," Antoine Quentin Fouquier-Tinville, from the French of Alphonse Dunoyer, by A. W. Evans, 1913.

[16] Thomas Waters Griffith and Major Mountflorence, of the old North Carolina line, then in Paris, called on Gouverneur Morris and asked that he send them to La Fayette's camp for

chosen were about to undo the work of the old deputies. "The catastrophe of the 10th of August," says Bertrand Barère (Memoirs, Vol. II), "caused the overthrow of the National Assembly, and suddenly changed the destiny of the French people."

"The greatest fear in the minds of Robespierre and his friends in the commune," says H. Morse Stephens,[17] "was that La Fayette would march on Paris." This was exactly what La Fayette intended to do. He had moved his headquarters to Sedan, where he was grandly entertained by the rich manufacturers, but where the Jacobin club was hotly opposed to him, and where the old nobility and, especially, M. de Vissecq-Latude, an old royalist, who had refused to emigrate, openly insulted him. He heard of the capture of the Tuileries on August 12th, and on the 13th he held a grand review at which he adjured his soldiers to swear fidelity to the King and to the nation. A few of the old regiments obeyed with enthusiasm, but the new regiments of volunteers were more doubtful, and one of the Maine et Loire shouted, "To the nation—fidelity?—yes; to the King?—No." This reception disconcerted La Fayette, but nevertheless he caused the municipality of Sedan to arrest three deputies, sent on mission to the army—Kersaint, Antonelle and Peraldi, on August 14, and made the directory of the department of the Ardennes approve of his action. Yet he felt the people were not in sympathy with him, in spite of the obedience of the authorities, and he determined to appeal from his own *corps d'armée* to all the sol-

service under the General. "He politely tendered us letters to him," says Griffith ("My Scrapbook of the Revolution," Latimer), "but advised us most earnestly to decline them for a few weeks, declaring, prophetically, that the Constitution would be crushed and the Marquis overthrown with the King at the same time." Alarmed, the Americans did not go to camp.

[17] "The French Revolution," vol. ii, pp. 136–139.

diers under his command. To them he published a general order, telling them to rally like good citizens and brave soldiers 'round the standard—the standard they had sworn to defend to the death. To all his generals of divisions, notably Arthur Dillon, who commanded at Pont sur Sambre and Dumouriez, who commanded the camp at Maulde, he sent his general order in the hope that they would join him. This news, as well as the intelligence of the arrest of the deputies of Sedan, soon reached the Assembly, and the municipality of Paris immediately sent a deputation to demand that La Fayette should be arrested; and on August 19, on motion of Jean Debry, Gilbert Motier de La Fayette, *ci-devant* General of the North, was formally declared guilty of the crimes of rebellion against the law, conspiracy against liberty and treason against the nation, and all authorities were ordered to lend their assistance in arresting him on pain of being considered accomplices of his rebellion.[18] La Fayette found no help on any side when he turned to his soldiers. Dillon issued his order of the day, indeed; but Lückner only grumbled, and Dumouriez openly declared his adherence to the new state of things. On August 19th, La Fayette heard from his staff that his soldiers were themselves at issue, and that many of them openly declared that they would bind him hand and foot and send him off to the

[18] "This decree of accusation (says the "Memoirs," vol. iii, p. 384) was passed at the meeting of August 19th. Pursuant to another decree, of the 25th, the property belonging to La Fayette and the other accused persons in the colonies was seized, to be put up for sale for the benefit of the public. On March 24th, 1792, the procurer of the commune, Manuel, demanded the removal of the busts of La Fayette and Bailly from the Hôtel de Ville. This proposition was rejected; but, on the 25th of August, at the recommendation of the same person, another meeting of the commune decided that the die of the medal struck in honor of the first commander-in-chief of the National Guard should be broken by the public executioner."

Assembly. He knew he was not popular in the army, and therefore, on August 20, accompanied by his staff, which included the ex-Constitutionalists Latour Maubourg, Bureaux de Pusy and Alexander de Lameth, he galloped quietly across the frontier into the Netherlands.

On the 22d of August, Longwy fell, whereupon fury seized Paris. The September horror, from the 2d to the 5th, followed. On September 20th Valmy was won; on the 21st the first Republic was proclaimed. On November 8, Dumouriez won the Battle of Jemmapes. There was now under way a succession of wars that would disturb Europe for twenty years.

Once more the critics: The most notable study of La Fayette, as he was at the time of the fall of Louis XVI, is to be credited to Hilaire Belloc in his "High Lights of the French Revolution." He declares that "the life of La Fayette has for his fellow-countrymen, and for most students of European history, one supreme critical moment, which coincides with a supreme and critical moment in the story of our civilization. It was at that moment, in the afternoon of Sunday, the nineteenth of August, 1792, when he crossed the frontier and abandoned the defense of his own country." He was in the vigor of his manhood—just thirty-five. In the Assembly of Notables he had found the enmity of many of his equals, "the friendship of a few; the enthusiasm of none." He "found himself possessed of over-exaggerated popularity with the plebeian public outside, which was attached to his name and his story, not to his character." But let no one think him "lacking in that peculiar hunger for civic morality which distinguishes the masters of national fate from the statesman or the mere politician." He had a firm faith in a certain and definite ideal. It was a faith so clear that it was capable of

expression in a creed; and it remained his from early youth till death. To use Belloc's own words:

"Unfortunately for him, his creed was a creed peculiarly unacceptable to the French people. It consisted largely of negative articles—the exact toleration of all religion that did not offend the current morality of his time, an attitude which he and many others mistook for a complete scheme of toleration; it proposed an acceptation of popular sovereignty, but a popular sovereignty which La Fayette, quite unlike the French, believed could be accurately expressed by a representative system. This creed acquiesced in a limitation of civic activity and responsibility to those citizens who happened to be possessed of property, and no doctrine is more odious to catholic Europe; finally, La Fayette's creed was summed up in a curiously passionate attachment to the letter of organic laws, or, as men put that foible in English, 'a respect for the Constitution.'"

He had a passion for a Constitution. "He had in his feeling for it something of religion; indeed, it was in part the absence of other religion from his character which must account for so singular and so unnational an intellectual weakness." He wanted an Assembly, an executive responsible to it, and an independent judicature.

The New Régime took shape under his direction. He was the "head and designer" of the National Guard. This was not only an indispensable adjunct to the first plan of the Revolution, but was, "on the material side the instrument of it." Had "the Revolution reached its term in the Constitution of 1791, and had war with Europe been avoided, the National Guard of Paris would easily be apparent as the chief factor in that achievement; and La Fayette made it." The National Guard and its leader saved the monarchy in 1789; and in 1790 as in early 1791, "it and he were physically masters of Paris." "Had La Fayette loathed

as the King loathed, the religious quarrel," the outcome might have been different; "but to La Fayette the religious policy of the Assembly seemed the most natural of things." Toward the end of his life "it was the gospel, not the church, of which he spoke." The King's escape made La Fayette "a suspect in the eyes of Revolutionary Paris; his activity in capturing the King and Queen made him odious to all the growing opinion in Europe and in France which had ceased to see in the Revolution a political experiment and had begun to see in it only a drama—a tragedy, the pitiful victims of which were Louis and the royal family."

But La Fayette saw the Assembly give France its Constitution—which, indeed, "seemed oddly colorless as it stood contrasted against that great dark cloud of history which was rising upon the sky;" and to him it was "a perfected ideal." But it was the fate of that strict character to effect nothing at all in all his long and sterile life.

In his "French Revolution," the same critic sums up thus:

"The character of La Fayette has suffered chiefly from his own aloofness towards his contemporaries on the one hand and from his rigid adherence to principle upon the other. Both these causes are clearly connected. The same quality in him which made him so tenacious of principle, made him contemptuous of the run of men about him. Fundamentally he was nearer the extreme republicans than any other class, from the very fact of his possessing a clear political creed and a determination to follow it out to its logical consequence. But there was no chance of his comprehending the concrete side of the movement or the men engaged upon it, for his great wealth, inherited in very early life, had cut him off from experience. His moral fault was undoubtedly ambition. It was an ambition which worked in the void, as it were, and never measured itself with other men's capacities or opportunities."

When in America he did not rub up hard against his fellow-men because "there was no proletariat in the colonies"; "he never saw or comprehended the dispossessed classes of Paris; for that matter, he never saw or comprehended the French peasantry [19] on his own land."

"It may be said of La Fayette with justice that he never upon a single occasion did the right thing. It may also be said with justice that he never did politically any major thing for which his own conscience would later reproach him. . . . In religion the man was anodyne. Catholic, of course, by baptism, but distinctly protestant in morals and in general tone in dogma (until the end of his life) free-thinking, of course, like all his contemporaries."

Mr. Belloc has an adroit way about him. If he had marked out for himself the difficult task of summoning back a tiny bit of anti-La Fayette musk from Marie Antoinette's jar of antipathies, or a suggestion of clerical snuff from Louis' own golden box, he could not have succeeded better than he has in powdering his subject with delicate aspersions. In general, he gives La Fayette his due, and quite skillfully. Then, he selects and suddenly uses the most belittling of words—words that fasten the attention because of the shock they bring and that linger in the mind long after the qualifying matter has faded out. As if respect for the Constitution could be a "foible." "His long and sterile life"—as if one could accept "sterile" as descriptive of a life so fertile and fruitful for mankind in the mass. Somewhere he speaks of La Fayette as a "ninny." By the same token, of course, Wash-

[19] During his French mission Thomas Jefferson wrote to La Fayette from Nice: "You must ferret the people out of their hovels as I have done; look into their kettles, eat their bread, loll on their beds under pretence of resting yourself but in fact to find if they are soft."—"Thomas Jefferson," by David Muzzey, p. 121.

ington, Patrick Henry, Bolivar, Garibaldi—all the liberators—were ninnies. La Fayette himself admitted that he could never induce France to do what he wished her to do. He had his defeats rather than victories—his disappointments and his humiliations; yet the world, in the long run, approved of him and vindicated him. It all depends upon how appreciatively we estimate the services of an ardent well-wisher of France, and of mankind, in setting afoot, or helping to set afoot, a grand plan to rescue some 25,000,000 people from the evils of misgovernment under an increasingly heavy despotism. If that means no more to us than some inconsequential court matter, or personal shortcoming, or unlikable characteristic, then to be sure we find little to excite ourselves about. In appraising La Fayette it is of slight consequence whether Marie Antoinette threw keys or kisses at him; it is of immense consequence that a young Frenchman of the blood, rich, happy at home, should risk his fortune, his fame, his neck, in a prolonged combat for the oppressed. Lose sight of this and all is lost. But it cannot be lost sight of. The bigness of his purpose makes La Fayette perpetually big. If he be called a stoic or creature of creed, unduly appreciative of representative government—and what other kind a democracy may have, heaven only knows—no one will consider him greatly abused. Finally, it is rather sweeping to say of La Fayette that "he never upon a single occasion did the right thing." It would be just as true, and much less offensive to the gods, to assert that never upon a single occasion did he do the wrong thing.[20]

[20] It is significant that Aulard does not indict La Fayette. Aulard's contention, backed up by the documents, is that there was no republican party in France until after 1789. Then the increasing power of the *bourgeoisie*, which threatened to become a privileged class, provoked a conflict between this middle class and the people. Socialistic ideas got abroad. Nothing

Did he do the wrong thing in this personal crisis on the nineteenth of August? He had done his best for France, and then had gone home. He had seen emerge, as from a sewer communicating with the Stygian depths, a reptilian mob; and he had felt its fangs. He knew the thing was there—still there in Paris. He had been called to command an insubordinate army infected with the same ideas that had caused Dillon's defeat and death. He felt himself in honor bound to sustain the King, and the King had just been uncrowned.[21] He could not be a turncoat over night, or a turncoat at all; he could not lead an army in behalf of a usurping government which had repudiated him and which was sure to send him to the guillotine if it could get its bloody hands upon him, either as a victor or as a loser in some frontier fight. His was the torment at that trying time. He was like Ney in the Hundred Days. He was driven this way; he was driven that.[22] He could not trust Paris; he tried the government of Ardennes, and that government failed to

helped republicanism so much as the King's treason. La Fayette's period of activity was that of the constitutional monarchy sustained by a property-owners' suffrage. From 1792 to 1795 was the period of the Democratic Republic; from 1795 to 1799 was the period of the Bourgeois Republic; from 1799 to 1809 was the period of the Plebiscitary Republic." La Fayette made much of American republicanism; wore as his emblem on his American uniform "a tree of liberty planted above a crown and a broken sceptre," but in France was a monarchist. "The fact is even such Frenchmen as were most deeply infected with Americanism saw plainly enough the difference between the two countries."

[21] "In this horrible disorder of men's minds, M. de La Lafayette, who commanded a French army on the frontier, could not make up his mind to defend a state of things every day more contrary to his presumptuous hopes and he secretly left his command to escape to America."—M. Guizot, "History of England," vol. iii, p. 416.

[22] The English historian White speaks of La Fayette as a "true gentleman, whose talent was not equal to his heart," adding: "As the republicans at home had denounced him as a royalist, the Emperor (of Austria) and the refugees denounced him as a republican."

sustain him. He had no right to hold an army inactive when, with another leader, it might strike the Allied enemy. There was one course to take. By a strange and most unheartening concatenation of Revolutionary events, he was thrust out of France. He would go—to America, land of wide horizons. The future, too, had its wide stretches. France would have her future; and a Fabius might help her. At Valley Forge La Fayette had talked of old Fabius, had seen a new Fabius. His friends were in America; his hope was in the future.[23]

As La Fayette is now out of the Revolution, we are likewise. But we may be permitted a few paragraphs in which to catch up loose ends. Especially will these paragraphs make for coherence, and enable us to understand the difficulties of Madame de La Fayette and the tragic experiences of her grandmother, mother and sister.

A human storm arose in Paris when news came of the fall of Longwy and the threatened fall of Verdun. In the heat of their excitement, leaders and populace imagined Brunswick's troops already at the barriers.

Danton was in a rage. Some historians exculpate him for what happened in the way of horror; and lay the crime upon Marat; but it is a fact that Danton was Minister of Justice, and it is a further fact that, on the 28th of August, he obtained from the Commune its authorization of "domiciliary visits." In other words, he sent his spies and agents into all kinds of homes, put all kinds of people under arrest, and arbitrarily thrust them into prison. It was the despot's

[23] There are two La Fayettes. The La Fayette of 1789 was the idol of Frenchmen . . . he of 1792 was proscribed by public opinion. . . . The prisons of Olmutz confined another La Fayette to that of the camp at Sedan. . . . His conduct when in irons was heroic—his conduct at the head of the army was anti-natural.—"Memoirs of Barère," vol. iv, p. 231.

lettre de cachet, in another and even more remorseless and atrocious form. Paris had other masterful men (in the sinister sense), but Danton was for a brief space the most masterful of all. If he did not order the massacres that followed during four days (September 2–5) he knew them to be going on and did not stop them.[24] But historians are contentious and excusatory. They pick out their favorites, and because Danton was big of intellect, square-faced, square-jawed, leonine, with the quality of thunder in his voice, some of them see in him a picturesque figure who loved his wife and who at worst groaned forth his assent to the acts of the wicked wights about him. But men who love their own wives and turn the wives of others over to butchery are of a type to execrate rather than make excuses for.[25]

It was he who ordered the tocsin rung on the 2d of September. The streets filled. Then those who had been herded into prisons[26] were brought out, put

[24] A few days before the horrible massacres of September, Danton had sent an assignat of about £100 nominal value to the sexton of St. Sulpice, with instructions to prepare at once an enormous *fossé*, or excavation, at Montrouge in order to bury the intended victims. And they were shortly afterwards brought there—ten cartloads of them.—"The Storm and Its Portents," by Dr. T. L. Phipson.

[25] French historians find Danton a favorite theme. His chief apologist is Dr. Robinet—"Danton, Mémoire sur sa vie privée," "Le Procès des Dantonistes"; "Danton, homme d'Etat." "In these works the accusations of venality and cruelty so often brought against Danton are excellently refuted, but the method of apology is too systematic." Aulard sums up: "Danton's policy is precisely what in our days is known as 'opportunism,' if that word be understood in its favorable sense. Danton springs from Mirabeau, as Gambetta proceeds from Danton."

[26] The prisons were L'Abbaye, La Force, La Conciergerie, the Bernardins, Saint Fermain, La Saltpétrière and Bicêtre. "If it was at the Abbaye," says Dr. T. L. Phipson, in "The Storm and Its Portents," "the victim was led to death on the outside, on the president exclaiming, 'Conduct this man to La Force,' or if it was at La Force, the term used was 'Take him to the Abbaye.' He was then led out and massacred."

Augustine Rischgitz

PRINCESSE DE LAMBALLE

From the portrait by Rioult at Versailles

through mock hearings of the hollowest sort,[27] and thrust into the hands of a waiting mob of butchers. The scenes at La Force were scenes of horror. The scenes at l'Abbaye were of like hellishness. Words are pale and put no splash of ineffaceableness into the pictures we must paint. One of the most monstrous of the murders was that of the Princess de Lamballe.[28] But there were between two thousand and three thousand of the murders; and the victims were, for the most part, innocent, if not worthy, souls, undeserving of molestation or punishment, much less slaughter. Those in power happened to have a monomania on the subject of the invasion of France. "The foe is coming, let us be ferocious." Instead of seizing their guns and marching out to drive off the invaders, they hit upon the most Satanic of devices—organized terror. This Reign of Terror lasted until the 27th of July, 1794 (9th Thermidor). First, Danton was despot; then Robespierre; then some one else—some set of terrorists, some such trio as Collot d'Herbois, Billaud-Varennes and Bertrand Barère.

Goethe, who happened to see Brunswick's defeat at Valmy, said that he had just witnessed a new era opening for Europe. On the next day (September 21) the Monarchy went by the board.

[27] Many had "hair-breadth escapes." How Marat maliciously tripped Beaumarchais (who, however, got off) is told in "The Reign of Terror," vol. i. In the same volume appears "My Agony of Thirty-eight Hours," by M. de Jourgniac St. Meard, *ci-devant* captain commandant of chasseurs; it has the stamp of exact truth; tells the tale of the Abbaye St. Germain, and thrills one to this day.

[28] Louise de Savoie, Princess de Lamballe, born at Turin, September 8, 1749; married the Prince de Lamballe, only son of the Duc de Penthièvre—a widow at 19; *intendante* in the household of Marie Antoinette; escaped to England at the time of the Varennes flight, but returned when she heard of the capture of the King and Queen, of whom she wrote: "Her eyes were sunk deep in their sockets; her hair was white, her spirits were broken, and sleep seemed to have forsaken her."

The Legislative Assembly (1791–1792) had now given way to the Convention (1792–1794), which was succeeded by the Directory (October, 1795–November, 1799), which was followed by the Consulate (November, 1795–May, 1804), and, in the course of time, by Napoleon.

Louis XVI, says the royalist Mallet du Pan, "restored to France her National Assemblies. The first of these Assemblies deprived him of his authority, the second of his liberty, and the third of his life." But the "feeble-forcible" Louis had a great deal of help in making his numerous mistakes. Chief among his helpers was Marie Antoinette.

Hilaire Belloc ("The French Revolution") has this to say:

"There was no character in touch with the Executive during the first years of the Revolution comparable to hers for fixity of purpose and definition of view. It was due to this energy and singleness of aim that her misunderstanding of the material with which she had to deal was of such fatal importance. It was she who chose, before the outbreak of the Revolution, the succession of ministers, both Liberal and Reactionary, whose unwise plans upon either side precipitated violence. It was she who called and then revoked and later recalled to office the wealthy and over-estimated Necker; she who substituted for him, and then so inopportunely threw over Calonne, the most National of the precursors of the Revolution, and ever after her most bitter enemy; it was she who advised the more particularly irritating details of resistance after the meeting of the first Revolutionary Parliament; it was she who presided over (and helped to warp) the plans for the flight of the royal family; it was she who after this flight had failed, framed a definite scheme for the coercion of the French people by the Governments of Europe. It was she who betrayed the French plan of campaign when war had become inevitable; finally it was she who inspired the declaration of Brunswick which accompanied the invasion of French territory,

and she was in particular the author of the famous threat therein contained to give over Paris to military execution and to hold all the popular authorities responsible with their lives for the restoration of the pre-revolutionary state of affairs."

Marie Antoinette, with her children, and Madame Elizabeth, were now with the King in the Temple prison. They had few friends in the new Convention. Here sat the Mountain—50 Jacobins, Danton, Robespierre, St. Just, Tallien, Carnot, Fouchet. Next was the Plaine, numerically notable. Over against the Mountain were the Girondins. One of these was Condorcet; another Roland. Mme. Roland, too, was a power.[29] She was ambitious enough to be an altruistic Lady Macbeth—and what a swath her Shakespearean ladyship might have cut in Paris during the Dantonian period! Many who were making history had not read history. They were ignorant. Not a buoy, not a beacon came to minds disdainful of guidance and clouded by insane egotism. But it was different with this idealist, "the Egeria of the Girondins," who, however, in her partisan implacability hardened herself towards one to whom she should have been merciful—Marie Antoinette, in the Temple, shorn of power, of the adjuncts of queenliness, of hope, of her very children. Pity is pity, and a blessed thing. There was much of it in Paris and throughout France in those days; and the sacrifices made were enough to touch even the hearts of the hardened ones. The Roland tale is pathetic. At the Federation of Lyons, May 30th, 1790, husband and

[29] At Fontenay-aux-roses (village) Condorcet [after the downfall of the Girondins], disguised as a livery servant, driven by hunger and fatigue, ventured into a cabaret. While waiting for an omelette, he drew out of his pocket a copy of Horace. Those who saw him reading at once suspected him to be a man of consequence, and his arrest followed. Later he took poison and died in a ditch on the road from Fontenay to Paris.—"France," by Lady Morgan, vol. i, p. 49.

wife had dreamed dreams of a glorified France. Tens of thousands on the beautiful quay of the Rhone felt thrills of joy at thoughts of liberty come down on earth at last. "Our souls conceived the sweetest hopes," said Mme. Roland. "We beheld in the Revolution nothing but the end of abuses and the encouragement of talents and virtues; we thought that France was going to be helped by none but friends; that she would become the abode of industry and commerce; that the sciences and the fine arts would there establish their empire. We abandoned ourselves to these sweet ideas; and they were, I may say it, in the heart of the majority of the French.[30]

Now she was urging the young orator, Louvet, into battle against Robespierre. The Girondins were seeking to save the King. Malesherbes defended him before the Convention; but Barère demanded his death on the score of public safety. Three days after Barère's speech Dumouriez arrived in Paris.[31] As La Fayette had a few months before, so did Dumouriez now, appear to be the man of the sword so dreaded by Robespierre, the successful soldier, "ready to convert the Revolution to his own profit, or if not to his own to that of his party, the Girondins." But Louis was doomed. Clad in white, he was carted to his death through crowded streets and climbed the scaffold in the Place de la Concorde. It was January 21st, 1793. Drums set up a thunderous roll when he tried to speak. It must be said that all his later acts were those of a fine-mannered, kind-hearted man. He died like a gentleman—L. Capet, by name; and the head that rolled in the basket was never troubled more.

"The coalized Kings of Europe threaten us," roared

[30] L. H. Champagnex: Roland MS.
[31] "The French Revolution," by R. M. Johnston.

Danton. "We hurl at their feet, as gage of battle, the head of a King." [32]

Danton tried to win over the Girondins, but failed. Troubles multiplied. The Vendée was rising. The Jacobin Committee of Public Safety was formed. The Rolands were in despair. M. Roland [33] resigned from the ministry, February 19, 1793. He tells why:

"The daring Danton had held the helm of the vessel; he had thrown her into the tempestuous sea of the most horrible passions. He still steered her by his stentorial voice, his rough and athletic make, and his frightful menaces. He was continually at the heels of the ministers, thrusting on them his dependents, and forcing them to provide for them. . . . It was nothing but propositions *ex abrupto*, interlarded with cries, with oaths, with goings and comings of the members themselves. . . . Danton made propositions, decrees, proclamations, commissions. He disposed of several millions. I ask, in such a situation, thus surrounded, in the horrible state of restraint in which we were, in the midst of the howlings of rage, of provocations to murder and pillage; hearing continually rehearsed those bloody scenes, full of horror; hearing them praised with atrocity and the renewal of them solicited with fury . . . seeing the national representation degraded, the laws trampled under foot, all the constituted authorities consigned to the greatest contempt, hordes of robbers raising a throne on the bodies of their victims, thence extending their dominion over all France and wishing to force the people everywhere to imitate them. . . . I ask what was I to do? . . . Everything was possible, everything was easy, everything would have gone right but for the audacious-

[32] Danton did not allow for the fiery flare-back. Louis let alone was harmless. Louis beheaded brought down on France legion upon legion. England cut her purse-strings.

[33] When M. Roland first appeared at court the leaders there were scandalized by his dress. One of them, says Mme. Roland, stepping up to Dumouriez with horror depicted upon his countenance, whispered, with a look that indicated consternation, "*Monsieur, point de bouches a sei souliers*" ("Sir, there are no buckles on those shoes").

ness of the Dantons, the Robespierres, the Marats, or rather but for the weakness of the Convention, which was not able to redress them."

On June 2d, thirty Girondins were arrested. Altogether 180 of them were "imprisoned, dispersed or guillotined." Madame Roland rode to her death in the tumbril. He whose name and fame she perpetuated died by his own hand.[34]

It was no new thing—this death by the dripping axe. There was a death-machine of the guillotine type in England in the days of "Good Queen Bess." It was called the Maiden. Twenty-five criminals were thus beheaded at Halifax in her reign. La Louison had been the name of such a device at Lille, but Dr. Guillotin had introduced it in Paris, his purpose being humane. The gods mocked him, sad to say. "Windows were filled with ladies in the houses round the Place de Grève."[35] It took a minute all told from the ascent of the victim upon the scaffold to the descent of the axe.

Multitudes, in France and out, realized by this time that an extraordinary monstrosity in the way of government had developed in Paris. And there was a marvellous thing about it. Those who did the condemning to-day would themselves be condemned to-morrow. The massacre and the guillotine formed a combination more profoundly cruel than Moloch himself. Here was a mobocracy with perverse and insane inquisitorial impulses. The tyrant, with his crown and his *lettres de cachet,* was out; in his place sat enthroned a many-headed monster whose nod was death.

To be rid of a debt, the trick was to bring about the decapitation of the creditor. To be rid of a rival

[34] M. Roland thus saved his daughter's inheritance. It would have been confiscated if he had suffered on the scaffold. She married a son of M. Champagneux and lived till 1858. She willed her mother's Memoirs to France.

[35] "A Trip to Paris," by Mr. Twiss.

"LES FURIES DE GUILLOTINE"

Designed by M. H. Baron; engraved on steel by M. L. Massard; from "Les Francais sous la Révolution," by Challamel et Ténint

in love, in trade, in politics, in art, in music, in literature, the recipe was to whisper lies into Madame Guillotine's ear.

These were but abuses, of course. In truth, many of the most lamentable crimes of Danton's period of power were committed by men who ordinarily would have been able to retain their self-respect, but who, half-crazed in the fury of the times, participated in the "judicial assassinations."

"The Revolution, like Saturn, devoured its own children. Those who set up the guillotine perished by the guillotine." Marat escaped it. He was in his bath writing, July 13th, 1793, when Charlotte Corday from Caen, whither so many Girondists had fled, stabbed him to death. Oval-faced, blue-eyed, brown-haired, with well-shaped (though large) features, and with arms and hands to delight a sculptor, this young zealot—Marie Anne Charlotte de Corday d'Armont, grand-niece of Corneille—told Fouquier-Tinville: "I did not feel I was going to kill a man but a wild beast who was devouring France."

This Fouquier-Tinville, public prosecutor at the Revolutionary Tribunal, who had fed the guillotine with hundreds of worthy men and women, himself finally felt the kiss of sharpened steel. So perished good and bad: Danton, seized in his bed and thundering forth protests, went to his death July 13, 1793; and in the same hour perished Camille Desmoulins, Fabre d'Eglantine and Herault de Sechelle.

At last the Jacobins were all-powerful. They controlled the Convention which controlled the Committee of Public Safety. Robespierre, "The Little Cat," and Carnot enforced their will upon the seven other members of this committee. Carnot in August made a *levée en masse;* and France was converted into a vast camp. When news of victory came from the battle-

fields of the Republic, there were fewer arrests; but bad news from the front intensified the ferocity of the mobs and the men in power. The Law of the Maximum fixed the price of bread. The Law of Suspects expedited the work of the Revolutionary Tribunal—a court from which there was no appeal. Terrorism had been lawless and rebellious; it ended by becoming legal and official.[36] Every day batches (fournées) were sent to the axe. On the 16th of October, Marie Antoinette, gray and with the stamp of woe upon her, rode in the death-cart, her hands tied behind her. She died unflinchingly. Robespierre's guillotine also cut life's thread for the Duke of Orleans, Bailly, Malesherbes and Du Barri.

But the Jacobins now began to rend each other. The Hebertists, who tried to do away with religion and enthrone paganism, went under the axe on March 24, 1794; and the Dantonists on the 8th of April. On June 8th was the Fête de l'être Supreme; and there was talk between St. Just and Robespierre of the establishment of "an ideal state." It was not ideal now, they thought; the Revolutionary Tribunal was not working as fast as it ought. It had sent but 1200 to the guillotine; it must do better. In the next six weeks—June 10th, July 27th—it gave 1400 heads to the basket.

One day the cry arose in the Convention: "Down

[36] The Reign of Terror was also the Reign of the Law. Every scoundrel who sat around the green table in the Committee of Public Safety and agreed to the daily list of victims was as amply invested with legal authority as any grand juryman who brings in a "true bill" at our English assizes. The scaffold reeked, but the women—who came every day to see Madame Guillotine fed—could at least say that from the cutting of the hair of the victims to the removal of their bodies and the baskets containing their heads the whole proceeding was strictly legal and sanctioned besides by universal suffrage.—"Review of the Life of Mme. de La Fayette," in *Blackwood's,* cxii, September, 1872.

"L'INCROYABLE ET LA MERVEILLEUSE"

"Young bloods" as depicted by Fragonard. The fop with the fob and extraordinary get-up is rather more astonishing than his partner; but the faddish ladies in those days gilded their toe-nails beautifully. The *Incroyables*, "Dandies," gave Victims' Balls "to which," says Aulard, "no one was admitted unless some relative had been guillotined. They wore their hair *a la victime*, and carried great cudgels with which they beat the Jacobins in the theatre, in the café, in the street." The engraving is by M. L. Massard, and is from "Les Francais sous la Révolution, Par MM. Augustin Challamel et Wilhelm Ténint, Paris.

with the Tyrant!" When he attempted to defend himself, Robespierre was howled down. He was outlawed. In a mob-clash, his jaw was broken by a pistol shot. All night he sat in misery—dethroned. On the 28th of July he took the kiss, with St. Just, Henriot and a score more. Next day 71 members of the Commune were beheaded.

This was the end of the Reign of Terror. It was Billaud and Collot d'Herbois who had brought about the *coup d'état.* In fifteen months there had been 17,000 executions in France. On the lists, when the Terror ended, were the names of 130,000 émigrés.

Great was the reaction. A band called *"la Jeunesse Dorée"* attacked the Jacobins. Billaud and Collot lost their hold. Collot, who had been a comedian before he played in this greatest of tragedies, was transported to Cayenne, where he spent his time breeding parrots; but it is not down in the books as to whether or no he taught the parrots to shriek: "Death! Death!"

Others were transported to Cayenne—among them one of La Fayette's aides, that extraordinary "character," Dossonville.

G. Lenotre, in "Romances of the French Revolution," expresses his admiration of Dossonville, "who had seen everything, done everything, exhausted everything," and "whose name has not even been retained by history." At that time "there were pedantic Figaros, like Fabre d'Eglantine, and tragic Figaros, like Collot d'Herbois"; but the truest to the type was Dossonville. M. Lenotre continues:

"Son of I know not whom, and, in conformity with tradition valet to a great lord, Dossonville, spent the first twenty-five years of his life in the service of President Salaberry. Quick-witted, handsome, active, insidious, ever in a good humor, giving up the present entirely to pleasure and troubling himself as little over

the future as about the past, he one day threw off his livery and confiding in his good fortune, launched out in the world. He recognized in himself but one weakness . . . an enormous appetite. Alternately a clerk, a petition writer, half an author, and for a short time a faro banker, he kept, in 1789, at the Cour des Miracles, a well-frequented café, where the wits and politicians of the quarter often met to read the newspapers or to play at cards. . . . Made a lieutenant in the National Guards, he was seen at reviews in short jacket, and leather breeches, galloping by the side of La Fayette, and shouting: '*Vive notre Sauveur! Vive notre brave Général!*'[37] A year later he was an officer of the peace; no longer a 'Fayettiste,' but on the side of the Court. Or rather he belonged to both camps; for, like his model, the illustrious barber, what he loved above all things was 'two, three, four intrigues at a time, well interwoven one with the other.' He became one of the intimates at the Tuileries, conversed with Louis XVI alone, and captivated him, and was intrusted with a secret mission in England. He remained there three months, returned at the time of danger, and on August 10th was among the defenders of the château. On the following day he was arrested and brought up for trial with his accomplice, Collenot d'Angremont, who was guillotined. . . . He himself was imprisoned in the Abbaye, but the place being unsafe, he made a great to-do, and succeeded in getting out of prison on September 1st, a few hours before the commencement of the massacre. Thus, in less than a fortnight, did Dossonville escape from the headsman, Sanson, and the hard-hitting Maillard.

"It had been a close shave. But, in faith, he was well able to look after himself. On finding himself in the street an entire section of society had been swept away and Dossonville, who was astonished at nothing, was at ease from the very first day. . . . He was now a detective. . . . He carried no other defensive weapon than a slender switch, with which he lashed the air as he walked along. . . . He

[37] Statement of Citizen Villain, *Archives Nationales*, F. 4680.

was authorized to proceed against 'all enemies of the public happiness'; and he could not be 'imprisoned under any pretext whatever.'"

Thus Dossonville passed through the Terror. "He had established himself as purveyor to the guillotine with the sole object of rendering service to suspicious persons whom he hunted down." Frequently he saved lives—so he said—without letting their owners know they had been in danger. He feared "their indiscreet gratitude." In other words, this fine fellow, who employed as his assistants an ex-convict and an unfrocked monk, double-crossed such dabsters as Danton and Robespierre—all out of the goodness of his heart. Why kill people? Why not go eat?—and especially drink?

"As a matter of fact," adds M. Lenotre, "many men owed their lives to him. He knew so well how to put things into a tangle, mislay documents, and prolong the most simple inquiries." He was a good angel in disguise; also he had a good angel who looked after him. He was denounced and probably would have been guillotined by Robespierre, but just then Robespierre was guillotined! Dossonville juggled himself out of harm's way into Talaru's prison, where rich suspects paid enormous sums to be well hidden and well fed. Dossonville liked it, but Fructidor came, and he was placed in an iron cage with some 60-odd other celebrities and trundled to Rochefort, where all took ship for French Guiana. On the voyage he nearly starved and nearly killed himself by eating six pounds of shark at one meal. At Cayenne he plotted a break for liberty. He hurled a sentry from the ramparts, made off with some others in a pirogue, and at last reached Europe. The fact that he had to go foodless one whole week was his "greatest trial"—"the thought of which even twenty years afterwards made perspira-

tion break out on his forehead." Like La Fayette, Dossonville got into Olmutz. Finally as a police commissary in Paris, under the Restoration, when he would hear a case in which there was a great to-do over some such affair as the breaking of a flower-pot, Monsieur Dossonville would calm the disputants with a smile which seemed to signify: "This is not the first quarrel I have seen." Really, concludes M. Lenotre, Dossonville, who died a poor man, "committed only one crime —that of neglecting to write his memoirs."

This is a lighter thread, running through the dark woof of the Terror. Essentially, as all know, it was tragic; relieved, in the main, by the beautiful spirit of exaltation to which Louis Blanc and Michelet refer. This spirit possessed multitudes of the victims of the Terror. The innocent, the devout, died with much more dignity than those whom guilt made cowards or bravados. And, most of all, it was the devout who perished with grace.

At this time Madame de La Fayette was in Auvergne and so escaped the first part of the Terror. Not so, unfortunately, her people at the Hôtel de Noailles. Six weeks prior to the execution of Marie Antoinette the Maréchale de Noailles, the Duchess d'Ayen and Louise Vicomtesse de Noailles, grandmother, mother and sister of Mme. de La Fayette, began to feel the approach of the all-devourer. Not long before the 10th of August they had abandoned the Hôtel de Noailles as a dangerous place to live in because of its proximity to the Jacobin club and the Assembly. Mme. de Grammont (Rosalie) dwelt at a small house in the Faubourg Saint Germain; thither they proceeded. Why quit the Hôtel de Noailles? demanded the suspicious authorities. Mme. d'Ayen not only explained satisfactorily, but, during the excitement caused by La Fayette's defiance of the Jacobins, made her way

to Poissy. Autumn and winter were passed with M. d'Agusseau, her father-in-law, and M. d'Ayen, who, however, was soon forced to flee for his life. They heard that Mme. de La Fayette was practically a prisoner at Chavaniac, but were unable to help her or her husband. Mme. de La Fayette's grandfather, the Maréchal de Noailles, died in the thick of it all. Two friends, whose own lives were in constant peril, stood by them—M. Grellet, tutor of the three children of Louise, and the devoted Abbé Carrichon. They left Saint Germain for Paris, feeling that the time had come to act without dissimulation. Suspected in any event, they perhaps would be less open to suspicion at the Hôtel de Noailles than elsewhere. When the détenus came to quiz them, they answered with such exactitude that for the time they seemed to be about to escape further molestation.

"Madame d'Ayen," says M. MacDermot Crawford,[38] "boldly attached to her side, in the form of a watch-chain or chatelaine, all the diamonds and other jewels which were left to her. By this very openness they were saved, and the same day she sold them to a jeweler, who gave her at the moment enough money to pay some small debts, the rest to be paid later. This, however, the duchesse never received, as the jeweler was beheaded the next day. They were now reduced to absolute poverty, having nothing left to sell but a few clothes, and *chiffons* belonging to Louise de Noailles, for which they received a few francs."

In May, 1794, the Revolutionary Tribunal ordered them to leave the Hôtel de Noailles. They took a small house. Perhaps all would have gone well with them if the house had been furnished, but it was not, and they sought to obtain some pieces of furniture belonging to

[38] "Madame de La Fayette and Her Family."

them. A trifling incident connected with this brought down upon them all the furies. They were seized and thrown into the Luxembourg prison.

Beaulieu . . . tells us that among the prisoners at the Luxembourg were "two ladies of high rank," the Duchesse de Noailles and the Duchesse d'Ayen. The first of these was about eighty-three years of age, quite deaf, and so weak that she could scarcely walk. At mealtimes she was obliged, like the others, to carry her own bottle and wooden plate to the common table, to get any food at all; and, as the prisoners were half-starved, there was generally a crowd and a crush at this time in which the poor old Duchess got terribly pushed about. Being too weak to stand such rough conduct, she only managed to keep her feet by dragging herself along the room, and never reached the table until everyone else was seated. Then the jailer would take her rudely by the arm, twist her round, and push her upon the bench. One day, thinking that he had said something, she looked up and asked: "*Qu'est-ce que vous dites?*"

"What do I say?" he replied, with a coarse expression. "I say that there is nobody here to dangle after you. Stick yourself down there!" and so saying, he placed the old Duchess upon the bench at table just as he would have done a parcel.[39]

Soon thereafter (July 21) the "citoyennes Noailles —the Duchesse d'Ayen, the Vicomtesse de Noailles and the Maréchale de Noailles—were transferred to the Conciegerie, whereby they knew they were to suffer death. Louise had but fifty sous in her pocket. Mme. Lavat, who with two other women happened to be in the same cell, deeply impressed with the misfortunes

[39] "The Storm and Its Portents," by Dr. T. L. Phipson (1878), p. 244.

of that unhappy family, gave her bed to the Maréchale de Noailles; so the last night on earth of the daughter of the proud Cossé-Brissacs owed its poor comfort to the consideration of an utter stranger."

Few incidents of the French Revolution are as pathetic as the one chronicled by Abbé Carrichon, priest of the Congregation of the Oratoire, on the experiences of these ladies: [48]

"One day, as the ladies were exhorting each other to prepare for death, I said to them, as by foresight: 'If you go to the scaffold and if God gives me strength to do so, I shall accompany you.' They took me at my word and eagerly exclaimed: 'Will you promise to do so?' For one moment I hesitated. 'Yes,' I replied, 'and so that you may recognize me, I shall wear a dark blue coat, and a red waistcoat.' . . . I avoid details which would be interminable. . . . I could say much about the numerous and dismal processions. . . . On the 22d of July (1794) on a Tuesday morning, as I was just going out, I heard a knock. I opened the door and saw the Noailles children with their tutor. The children were cheerful . . . the tutor looked sad, careworn, pale, haggard. 'Let us go to your study,' said he, 'and leave the children in this room.' We did so. He threw himself on a chair. 'All is over, my friend,' he said. 'The ladies are before the Revolutionary Tribunal. I summon you to keep your word. I shall take the boys to Vincennes to see little Euphemie (their sister). While in the woods I shall prepare those unfortunate children for their terrible loss!' I said to M. Grellet: 'What a task I have before me!' . . . Left alone after their departure, I felt terrified and exhausted. 'My God, have pity on them and me.' I changed my clothes . . . at two went to the Palais de Justice. . . . I tried to get in . . . impossible. Opened my heart to a friend . . . took some coffee. . . . At five returned. At last (near six) I saw from a movement in the crowd that

[48] *Macmillan's Magazine, Littell's Living Age,* Dec. 5, 1891; "My Scrap-Book of the Revolution," Latimer; "Madame de La Fayette and Her Family," Crawford.

the prison door was on the point of being opened. I went down and placed myself near the outer gate. The first cart was filled with prisoners and came toward me. It was occupied by eight ladies whose demeanor was most edifying. Of these seven were unknown to me. The last, who was very near me, was the Maréchale de Noailles. A transient ray of hope crossed my heart when I saw that her daughter and grand-daughter were not with her, but alas! they were in the second cart. Mme. de Noailles was in white, which she had not left off since the death of her father and mother-in-law (the Maréchal and Maréchale de Mouchy), and she did not appear more than twenty-four years of age; Mme. d'Ayen, who looked about forty, wore a déshabille of striped blue and white. Six men got in after them. . . . I heard one near me say: 'Look at the young one; how anxious she seems. See how she is speaking to the other one.' For my part, I felt as if I had heard all they were saying. 'Mama, he is not there.' 'Look again.' 'Nothing escapes me, I assure you; he is not there!' The first cart stopped before me during at least a quarter of an hour. It moved on. The second followed. I approached the ladies; they did not see me. . . . I followed the cart over the bridge. . . . Mme. de Noailles still looking for me, did not perceive me. Mme. d'Ayen's anxiety became visible on her countenance. . . . I felt tempted to turn back. . . . Everywhere the crowd will be greater. Suddenly the sky became overclouded, thunder was heard in the distance. I made a fresh effort. A short distance brought me before the carts to the Rue Saint-Antoine, nearly opposite the too famous 'Force.' At that moment the storm broke forth, the wind blew violently; flashes of lightning and claps of thunder followed in rapid succession; the rain poured down in torrents. I took shelter at a shop door. In one moment the street was cleared; the crowd had taken refuge in the shops and gateways. There was less order in the procession, both the escort and the carts having quickened their pace. . . . The first cart passed. By a precipitate and involuntary movement I quitted the shop door and rushed towards the second cart and found myself close to the ladies. Mme. de Noailles

perceived me, and, smiling, seemed to say: 'There you are at last! How happy we are to see you! How we have looked for you! Mama, there he is!' Mme. d'Ayen began to revive. As for myself, all the irresolution vanished from my mind. By the grace of God, I felt possessed of extraordinary courage. Soaked with rain and perspiration I continued to walk by them . . .

"The storm was at its height. The wind blew tempestuously, and greatly annoyed the ladies in the first cart, more especially the Maréchale de Noailles. With her hands tied behind her, with no support for her back, she tottered upon the wretched plank upon which she was placed. Her large cap fell back, and exposed some gray hairs. Immediately a number of people . . . recognized her. 'There she is, that Maréchale who used to go about with so many attendants driving in such fine coaches; there she is in the cart, just like the others!' The shouts continued, the sky became darker, the rain fell heavier still.

"We were close to the *carrefour* preceding the Faubourg Saint-Antoine. I went forward, examined the spot, and said to myself, 'This is the place for granting them what they so much long for.' The cart was going slower. I turned towards the ladies and made a sign which Mme. de Noailles understood perfectly. 'Mama, M. Carrichon is going to give us absolution,' she evidently whispered. They piously bowed their heads with a look of repentance, contrition and hope. Then I lifted my hand, and, without uncovering my head, pronounced the form of absolution and the words which follow it distinctly and with supernatural attention. Never shall I forget the expression on their faces. From that moment the storm abated, the rain diminished, and seemed only to have fallen for the furtherance of our wishes. I offered up my thanks to God, and so did, I am sure, those pious women. Their exterior appearance spoke contentment, security and joy. . . . A curious multitude again lined the sides of the streets, insulting the ladies in the first cart, but above all the Maréchale. At last we reached the fatal spot. What a moment! What anguish! We came in sight of the scaffold. A ring of spectators formed.

While the executioner and his two assistants were helping the prisoners out of the first cart, Mme. de Noailles's eyes sought for me in the crowd. She caught sight of me. What a wonderful expression there was in those looks . . . her eyes so animated, so gentle, so expressive, so heavenly. . . . The mother and daughter took a last farewell of each other and descended from the cart. . . . I left the spot where I was standing. . . . I found myself opposite to the wooden steps which led to the scaffold. The Maréchale de Noailles, dressed in black taffeta . . . was sitting on a block of wood or stone which happened to be there. All the others were drawn up in two lines looking towards the Faubourg Saint-Antoine. From where I stood I could see Mme. d'Ayen, whose attitude and countenance expressed the most sublime, unaffected and devout resignation. I shall never forget the impression she made at that moment. The Maréchale de Noailles was the third person who ascended the scaffold. The upper part of her dress had to be cut away in order to uncover her throat. . . . A shuddering horror! . . .

"Six ladies followed; Mme. d'Ayen was the tenth. How happy she seemed to die before her daughter! The executioner tore off her cap, as it was fastened by a pin which she had forgotten to remove; he pulled her hair violently and the pain he caused was visible in her countenance.

"The mother disappeared; the daughter took her place. What a sight to behold that young creature, all in white, looking still younger than she really was, like a gentle lamb going to the slaughter. I fancied I was witnessing the Martyrdom of one of the young virgins or holy women whom we read of in the history of the church. What happened to her mother also happened to her; the same pin in the removal of her cap; then the same composure, the same death. Oh! the abundant crimson stream that gushed from her head and neck; how happy she is now, I thought, as her body was thrown into that frightful coffin!"

Thus perished Mme. de La Fayette's grandmother, mother, and sister Louise, all of whom she adored.

VIII

FIVE YEARS IN DUNGEON DEPTHS

THERE's little doubt that La Fayette would have been assassinated, as was Maudat; or guillotined—and that speedily—had he permitted himself to be seized by his troops and sent back to Paris. So seized and so sent, he would have arrived in the midst of the hideous September massacres. Even the Commissioners who had come to Sedan to trip him fell eventually under the fury of the times. Two were killed; two became fugitives. "Before long," said Thiébault "a general's commission was called a commission for the guillotine." La Fayette felt that he was justified in his course; he had spent his fortune; he had risked his life repeatedly; his conscience was clear. But before leaving Sedan he made so careful a disposition of his forces that surprise on the part of Brunswick's troops was impossible. He thus minimized the danger to France. At the same time he arranged all his headquarters data so handily that his successor could grasp control at once. He assumed that General Lückner, one of his trusted associates, would take over the command before its transfer to General Dumouriez. He also courteously paid his respects, in an antedated letter, to the municipality of Sedan. He said that his continued presence there would compromise the city. He was "filled with affliction," he declared, at being no longer able to be of service to France. The evil conditions had been brought about by the crimes of a faction. He hoped, in course of time, to renew the oath of fealty he had taken to principles which had actuated him all his life. And so, farewell!

Of the men who rode with him—Latour Maubourg, Alexandre de Lameth (Major-General in command at Meziers) and Bureaux de Pusy are especially notable. La Fayette declared that de Pusy and Maubourg were "perhaps the only two patriots that calumny dared not assail." Colonel de Pusy "had been distinguished by his popular conduct in the Franche-Comté previous to the convocation of the States-General. He had of late "earned his proscription, by the energy of his denunciation against the factions." Marie Victor Nicolas, Marquis de Latour Maubourg,[1] had been lieutenant in the Life Guards and cavalry. Colonel Alexandre de Lameth was one of the three sons of the Marquis de Lameth, who was killed in Hanover in 1762. When she was Dauphiness Marie Antoinette had become interested in the Lameth orphans and adopted them. All were well known to La Fayette. Charles, Comte de Lameth, had served with him in the Yorktown campaign.

The painstaking historian, Stephens, whom we followed in describing the occurrences at Sedan during

[1] At that period many constitutional officers abandoned their posts, either to return to their homes as private citizens, or to serve as volunteer soldiers. A few aristocratic deserters went over to the enemy, but the number was small. Of the officers who were decided by La Fayette's example there were but two who did not join him—one the commanding officer of his vanguard, an excellent soldier, withdrew to Switzerland after a duel with an emigrant who had insulted the National cockade; the other, Colonel d'Averhoult, had distinguished himself in the Batavian revolution of 1787; he was afterwards deputy from the Ardennes to the legislative body and had just left the Assembly in order to defend liberty at the head of his regiment under La Fayette's orders, to whom he was doubly attached in his compound character of French and Batavian patriot; being arrested on the frontier, he blew out his brains.—Note by La Fayette, "Memoirs," vol. iii, p. 389.

After his release from prison Latour Maubourg was aide-de-camp to Kléber. He lost a leg at Leipsic. He supported the monarchy and became a peer of France. He served as Ambassador at London. He was Governor of the Invalides from 1822 to 1830. He died at Paris in 1850.

the decisive mid-week of August, gives the 20th as the date of La Fayette's departure. Belloc and most of the La Fayette writers make the date Sunday, the 19th. La Fayette followed the meadow road from the Meuse to the Gironne, crossed that river at the town of Gironne and proceeded northwardly between the Bois du los le Loup Gironne on the right and the Ardennes forest on the left. Somewhere beyond the Gironne woods were the Austrians; screened by the Ardennes forests were the French. Thus proceeding between distrusted forces, they came to an old town with a tower perched upon a steep hill, in the base of which were dungeons hewn out of the solid rock. It was Godfrey de Bouillon's old capital, which he sold, together with his whole duchy, that he might go crusading against the despoilers of Jerusalem.

At this point La Fayette dismissed his ordinary escort. He also sent back his orderlies, by whom he transmitted final dispositions of such a character that General Clairfait, commanding the Austrians on that front, dared not attack. "Before sunset," says Belloc, "La Fayette crossed the bridge in front of the famous little forest town, with its enormous castle and crusading legend, and rode out northward with his companions, twelve miles and more, through the gathering darkness toward Rochefort, all the way in foreign land. . . . He did not know whether Rochefort itself was occupied or not. He hoped it was not, for he intended to make his way up through the Netherlands to England, and so to America. At the very gates of Rochefort a great fire burning warned him of an outpost and he knew that the place was held."

By this time the horses were fagged; rain had come on; it was dark, save for the fires of those who guarded the town. Into the firelight rode Colonel de Pusy, who was soon in the presence of Lieutenant-

Colonel Count d'Harnoncourt, an émigré in the service of Austria. He it was who commanded at Rochefort. Colonel de Pusy did his best to induce Count d'Harnoncourt to distinguish between a band of neutrals seeking exit from the zone of trouble and a calvacade of émigrés desirous of joining their comrades in exile that they might return under the banners of the allied enemies of France. D'Harnoncourt demurred. He detained de Pusy until his comrades had ridden into Rochefort and put up at an inn. Here it was soon whispered that La Fayette was in the party; which, for this reason, was forbidden to depart until morning. Some Austrian hussars clattered up. Then Count d'Harnoncourt told de Pusy that he must go with an officer to Namur, in order to secure a passport that would see them through to Liège.

Meantime La Fayette, thus detained, must have had premonitions of the difficulties and dangers he was destined to encounter. It was from this town that he wrote to his wife at Chavaniac:

"Whatever may be the vicissitudes of fortune, my dear heart, you know that my soul is not of the kind to give way; but you know it too well not to have pity on the suffering that I experienced on leaving my country. For having ruined my family I make no excuse, neither to you nor to my children. There is none among you who would wish to owe fortune to conduct contrary to my conscience. Join me in England; let us establish ourselves in America. We shall find there the liberty which exists no longer in France, and my tenderness will seek to recompense you for all the enjoyments you have lost."

When they reached Namus on the 21st of August, "Lieutenant-General the Marquis de Chasteler informed La Fayette that Prince Charles of Lorraine had been commissioned by their Royal Highnesses to converse with him respecting the situation of France;

and insinuated that, considering the just cause of complaint he had against his country, it was expected that he would exhibit some marks of it. 'I know not,' said La Fayette, 'whether such a commission has been given; but I do not think that anyone will dare to deliver it to me.' At that moment Prince Charles entered. His obliging conversation was scarcely replied to by the prisoner, and when it was requested that the general officers should remain alone together, they became entirely dumb. 'I think,' said M. de Chasteler, 'that the situation in which we are placed is painful to all parties; and that this visit had better be closed.' And after the usual salutations the Commissioner departed." [2]

La Fayette, who understood the comities of the case and the courtesies that were due his party, also knew very well by this time the deadly danger of the hour. It was apparent that the situation was vicious in the extreme. Treachery was afoot; but he scorned to purchase the least immunity by the slightest concession involving his rectitude. Again an insult: For a few days later, a commissioner of the Duke of Saxe Teschen, uncle of the Emperor, demanded that La Fayette should turn over the public treasure of the French army.

"I am to infer, then," said La Fayette, "that if the Duke of Saxe Teschen had been in my place he would have stolen the military chest of the army."

In spite of the sting in this reply, the same Austrian Major searched the portmanteaus of the Frenchmen, only to find in each but two months' pay, and no more.

"In Namur," says Belloc, "the Austrian Commander, Motielle, was beside himself with joy on hearing the name. He shouted and repeated to himself aloud: 'La Fayette!' as though he held in his power not the

[2] "Marquis de La Fayette," by an Officer in the Late Army (Robert Waln), 1849, p. 277.

last sad exile from a soil too violently in love with freedom, but the most active of the new revolutionaries themselves; for the name of La Fayette, execrated by all the Nationalists for that of a traitor in league with the King, was also execrated throughout the privileged classes of Europe for that of a rebel who had destroyed the majesty of the French crown. . . . The Governor of Namur held him and sold him, a valuable prey, and he passed into the prisons of the allies." [3]

But before La Fayette and his followers knew of Motielle's decision, "they signed a declaration that they were no longer officers, therefore not to be considered by the allied forces as enemies; and claimed as strangers free passage to the territory of the nearest nation not at war with their own.[4] . . . From Namur the twenty-three prisoners were taken to Nivilles, where they were separated into three grades. Those who had not served in the National Guard were released with a warning to leave the country; the other officers, including those who had served as aides to La Fayette during the Revolution, were imprisoned in the Citadel of Antwerp, where they were held two months, and the four deputies of the Constituent Assembly were carried to Luxemburg. Here they were separated and conducted to Wesel by a Prussian detachment. At a Council held by a Committee of the Coalition, which followed the allied army, the Baron de Breteuil assisting as the Ambassador of Louis XVI, it had been agreed that the existence of La Fayette

[3] "High Lights of the French Revolution," by Hilaire Belloc.

[4] This paper was signed by La Fayette, Latour Maubourg, Alexandre de Lameth, Laumoy, Duroure, A. Masson, Sicard, Bureaux de Pusy, Victor Latour Maubourg, Victor Gouvion, Langlois, Sionville, A. Romeuf, Dagrain, L. Romeuf, Curmer, Pillet, La Colombe, V. Romeuf, C. Latour Maubourg, M. d'Arblay, Soubeyran, Ch. Cadignan.—*Magazine of American History,* vol. vi, p. 359.

was incompatible with the safety of the governments of Europe." [5]

Many contemporary writers tell of the sensation caused by La Fayette's abandonment of the French army. There was talk about it from Dunkirk to the Swiss border; the news spread to the Rhine; particularly were the Bourbon princes excited. As for the Prussian and Austrian Courts, they were in great glee. They rejoiced in every fresh trouble that came upon France. They were willing that the factions in Paris should tear each other to pieces. They themselves were parcelling Poland; and it suited them not to have a strong France that could loose their strangle-hold.

For a while they were puzzled as to what should be done with so huge a catch as La Fayette. Should he be sent all the way to Austria, or could Prussia more conveniently extend to him the hospitality of its chains and dungeon depths? It was decided to turn the prisoners over to Prussia and that was why Wesel became their first dungeon.

Let us not neglect to note, however, that, while the four ex-deputies were at Luxemburg, an attempt was made to assassinate La Fayette. Nor should we fail to mention that they were carted like common criminals, subject to vile peltings and barbarous insults, from Luxemburg to their Prussian prison. Wesel, in Westphalia, is a walled town near Coblenz. On a steep mountain at the town's edge is the castle of Schoenberg, and just below, on the right bank of the Rhine, is the Lurley rock, with its seven-fold echo.

Here they were shackled and locked into separate cells in the castle prison. Their guards—non-commissioned officers—neither spoke to them nor left them out of sight. La Fayette suffered from the dampness of this old Rhine dungeon, which, as fall came on, was

[5] *Magazine of American History*, vol. vi, p. 356.

likewise cold. He was informed that he would be transferred to much better quarters; in fact, well rewarded by the King of Prussia, if he would outline a plan of operations against France. The reply he gave resulted in even severer treatment than he had been subjected to. But for his bodily suffering he had a compensating sense of satisfaction in having kept his honor bright, his conscience clear, his manhood unsurrendered. The one thing that gave him deep distress was the situation of his family and personal friends in France. He was sure, however, that it was better for them that he should be out of the actual ferment, out of France; since out of sight, as his old friend "Poor Richard" would have assured him, also must have meant, more or less, out of mind. It suited him to be forgotten. "The injustice of the people," he wrote, "without diminishing my devotion to the cause, has destroyed for me that delicious sensation of the smile of the multitude." There is a confession here: he liked the rôle of hero. And again: "A prison is the only proper place for me, and I prefer to suffer in the name of the despotism I have fought than in the name of the people whose cause is dear to my heart, and which is profaned to-day by brigands."

When the emissaries of the King of Prussia found that they could influence La Fayette neither by bribes nor rigorous maltreatment, it was decided by the Court at Berlin to send him and his companions to a dungeon even more depressing than the one at Wesel. So their manacles were riveted tighter; they were loaded into common carts and these proceeded to Magdeburg in Saxony. Their fortress prison on the Elbe was one of the strongest in Prussia. "They remained a whole year at Madgeburg in a dark and humid vault, surrounded by high palisades, shut up by means of four

successive doors, fortified by iron bars and fastened with padlocks."

La Fayette's own letters from Madgeburg prison [6] help us to understand his life there. On March 15th, 1793, he wrote to the American Consul at Hamburg, reminding him that he had been "made a prey to the governing powers on this side of the Rhine"; and bespeaking his secret aid, especially in forwarding letters to the Princess d'Henin at London. He and his three companions, he wrote, had been "dragged through horrid confinement to a most unpleasant narrow hole, digged under the ramparts of this citadel, which for wholesomeness may compare to a New York prison ship, but where I am shut up from all company, all kinds of news, and every means to hear from or write to my friends." Twelve days later, he smuggled out of the "hole digged under the ramparts" a long and illuminating letter to M. Archenholz, who had written a history of the Seven Years' War and who then edited *La Minerve* at Hamburg. La Fayette intimated that the letter was written with a toothpick dipped in lampblack, probably wet with lemon juice. The man who had agreed to forward the letter was doing so at the risk of his life. "From Constantinople to Lisbon," continued La Fayette, "from Kamschatka to Amsterdam (for I am not on good terms with the house of Orange) every bastille awaits me. The Huron and Iroquois forests are peopled with my friends; the despots of Europe and their courts—these to me are the savages.

"America, the country of my heart, would receive

[6] Some of them are to be found in *Mémoires, Correspondance et Manuscrits du Général La Fayette, publiés par sa famille, Société Belge de Libraire Bruxelles (1837–39);* but others, bought at Hamburg by Jeremiah Colburn, of Boston, were published for the first time in the *American Magazine of History,* vol. vi, pp. 351–376.

me with joy. Yet my solicitude for news from France would incline me to Switzerland for a while."

Archenholz replied; his letter was delivered; evidently other letters reached La Fayette. He knew that General Washington had written to the King of England in his behalf; that the King of Prussia had been appealed to. "But America is very distant," commented the patient and dignified man in the hole under the ramparts; "and European politics very tortuous. But beside that, I would not care that my friend and myself should be under obligations to George the Third. I doubt very much whether he would in good faith oblige the two men whom he most detests. I further look upon kings in general as being possessed of more instinct than reason."

It was proposed by M. Archenholz that an attempt should be made to escape. In a letter dated August 23, La Fayette advised him of a plan to that end. Archenholz was to coöperate. "M. L. B." was to see him and arrange definitely as to a chart of the route towards Hamburg and Altona; arms, passports, a wig and "drugs which in case of necessity may insure a quiet night's sleep to our jailers." La Fayette was almost as great a stickler for details as Washington. In the matter of the drug to be used on the jailers, Archenholz must be particular to indicate the dose. There was assurance, added La Fayette, that £4000 would be forthcoming [for the expenses of the adventure] and a Jewish groom had been engaged. Horses were ready to take them five miles out from Magdeburg. "While the Commandant sleeps upon his bunch of keys, the Major de Place with his wife, the Captain of the guard withdraws his lieutenant and our sentinel for a moment, we are all four to crawl out from our holes, and with the Captain escape over the ramparts." Horses were to be held in readiness; they were to mount

and dash away to Helmstead, the rendezvous, where it was hoped that M. Archenholz would have carriages for them. "M. L. B." doubtless was the "My dear LeBlanc" of a letter smuggled out a week later. "Each of us should have at least one pistol," wrote La Fayette; "as for swords, each should have surely one. . . . I hear them unfastening my first locks." This last sentence is like a vivid flash into the "hole digged under the ramparts"—the man in chains, with his pallid, underground look, hiding his toothpick pen, his scrap of paper and listening to the clank of the outermost of the fourfold doors. Later, "La T. Mgr." (Latour Maubourg) toothpicked a postscript. The friends were together then. Le Blanc, he wrote, "must make use of the four thousand livres." And another thing: If getting them all off would jeopardize the rescue of La Fayette, then all but La Fayette must be left to their fate. There was friendship for you worthy of Damon! He—Maubourg—could and would stay in the hole and rot if necessary, but get La Fayette off! Again Latour Maubourg wrote to M. Le Blanc: "If M. Münche persists in his refusal, I see no other way but that of the chimney, which can only serve for my neighbor [La Fayette] and myself. But to be frank with you, the important point is that he should escape, in the first place, for the public good and also because were he free, we should not long be detained. You know that on this ground I desire his personal escape."

One of La Fayette's most notable prison letters, dated Magdeburg, March 15, 1793, was addressed to the Princess d'Henin and forwarded to Madame de La Fayette at Chavaniac. Here is a passage from it descriptive of his situation:

"Represent to yourself an opening made in the rampart of the citadel, and encompassed with a high and strong palisade. It is by that passage, by entering

successively through four gates, each one of which is armed with chains, locks and bars of iron, you may reach, not without difficulty and noise, my cell. This cell is three paces broad and five and a half long, containing no other ornament than two French verses which rhyme with the words, to suffer and to die (*souffrir et mourir*)."

The walls, he said, dripped with moisture. The eyes of the sentinels were constantly upon him. "Books are furnished me from which all the white leaves are torn out, but I have no news, no gazettes, no communication, neither ink, nor pen, nor pencil; and it is by a miracle I possess this sheet on which I write to you with a toothpick. . . . You will easily conceive how ardently we sigh for our resurrection from this tomb. It was neither just or politic to arrest us, nor is it just or politic to retain us."

La Fayette had now gone into something deeper than "a hole digged under the ramparts" of a Prussian fortress. For all his friends knew, he might be in his grave. In a sense he was in a tomb, immured, lost track of, a victim of the all-too-powerful despots who held sway between the Rhine, the Oder and the Danube.

And now for an extraordinary character of the time, who comes into this narrative with as much naturalness as though he had always belonged to our story. His name was Erick Bollmann; he was a native of Hanover, and a graduate of medicine and surgery at the University of Göttingen. When he had received his diploma in the spring of 1791 he travelled first in Germany and then in France. In Paris he put up at the Hôtel de Prince Edward and attended the lectures of Dessault at the Hôtel Dieu. [7] He walked over dead

[7] For Dr. Erick Bollmann's "Account," written by himself, see *The Portfolio*, Fourth Series, conducted by Oliver Oldschool, Esq.; vol. ii, No. 2, August, 1816.

bodies on the night of the tenth of August. Later, Madame de Staël sent for him. She asked him to execute for her a secret mission. He promised. Would he smuggle the Comte de Narbonne, ex-Minister of War, then in hiding, out of Paris, and convoy him to London? He said he would. As a Hanoverian he got from Lord Gower, British Ambassador, a passport for England, had it exchanged by M. LeBrun, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the French passport duly signed by M. Pétion, Mayor of Paris. Then he prevailed upon an Alsatian to pose as a Hanoverian, and obtained a passport for him just as he had procured his own. This second passport was used by the Comte de Narbonne, disguised as an Englishman in a "blue English great-coat," filched from the wardrobe of Talleyrand, who had worn it home from London (whither he had gone as a diplomat) and had not taken it back with him to that capital. There was a thrilling moment when Bollmann and Narbonne stepped into the guard-room at the barrier of the Rue St. Denis and found themselves in the presence of between twenty and thirty scowling red-capped Revolutionists. But they passed muster and went successfully through several similar scenes on the road to Boulogne. "A packet was just ready. It blew a gale, but fair. At seven they drank tea in Dover." Narbonne was safe.

Bollmann's exploit, talked about in confidential whispers, reached the ears of Count Lally de Tollendal, then in London, who eagerly sought out the Hanoverian and begged him to become the bearer of a memorial to the King of Prussia in behalf of La Fayette. Never one more willing than Bollmann for daring adventure. With his credentials, he set out for Prussia. But Berlin proved to be hard of heart. At Magdeburg the sentinels were "suddenly doubled, and all the padlocks changed." A few weeks later La Fay-

ette was removed to Neisse in Silesia, and soon afterwards escorted to the Austrian frontier. Neisse is a fortified town on a tongue of land between the Neisse and Biela, affluents of the Oder. To La Fayette with its effluvium from the marshes it proved unhealthy. Latour Maubourg, it seems, was not with him at Neisse but had been taken to Glatz, a garrison town, walled and fortified. On one side was a castle topping a high hill; on the other a fortress. Bureaux de Pusy, likewise manacled, was soon incarcerated in the same fortress. As for Alexandre de Lameth, his mother, arriving from France, successfully interceded in his behalf. He was given his parole and finally set free. No doubt the Austrian Court remembered Marie Antoinette's liking for Lameth.

We have now come to May, 1794, and are near the Austro-Prussian border. In that month, La Fayette, Maubourg and de Pusy were carted over the hills into Moravia. At last they had "struck bottom." They were buried alive at Olmutz. But Bollmann did not know whither La Fayette had been taken. He was mystified. So were all those in London who were saddened by rumors that La Fayette and his companions were about to succumb, or had already died. Still, hope—a spark of it—was left; and Bollmann set about his work once more; this time posing as "a traveller in pursuit of knowledge." "After a short stay in Saxony, he proceeded to Silesia, and there ascertained that La Fayette, after some detention at Neisse, had actually been surrendered to the Austrian government; a detachment of Austrian troops having received him and his fellow-prisoners, and taken the route towards Olmutz."

Bollmann studied the situation. He pitched upon Tarnowitz, near the frontier of Poland, and but a little ways from that of Austria and Silesia, as a rendez-

vous. He became very much interested in lead-mining; and, as the mines where the King of Prussia obtained his raw material for musket balls were at Tarnowitz in charge of Count Rheden, it suited excellently for our pseudo-scientist to loiter about the place. Here he was just out of sight of the secret police of Austria but within reach of Olmutz. Olmutz, be it said, is 110 miles from Vienna. Twelve miles away is far-famed Austerlitz, then an unknown village, and just beyond Austerlitz is Brunn, the present-day capital of Moravia. Olmutz was the old capital. It grew out of ancient Olatium, a Roman colony. It was a stronghold in the Middle Ages, withstood a Mongol attack and became a considerable centre, having its gothic Hôtel de Ville, its great squares, in one of which stood the trinity column; its 14th century gothic cathedral, its beautiful churches and its university dating from 1570.

As Bollmann was a medical man, it was quite an unsuspicious thing for him to do when he got to Olmutz to visit the hospital there and engage the chief surgeon in conversation on the progress of their great art. Casually, in one of these friendly interviews, Bollmann drew a pamphlet from his pocket. They had been talking of "the effect of moral impressions on the constitution."

"Since we are on this subject," said our Eighteenth Century Sherlock Holmes, "you attend to state prisoners here—Lafayette is among them—his health must be impaired. Show him this pamphlet. Tell him a traveller left it with you, who lately saw in London all the persons named in it, his particular friends, that they are well and continue attached to him as much as ever. This intelligence will do him more good than all your drugs."

Bollmann's "shot in air" hit the target.[8] A few days later the surgeon told him that he had handed the pamphlet to La Fayette. This gave Bollmann the greatest joy. Sure enough, then, his man was at Olmutz; not only so, but a line of communication with him was open and the go-between was off his guard.

What more natural than that Bollmann should send La Fayette a line? It was a scientific experiment, of course. Here was a rare opportunity to test the effect of encouragement upon a desponding man; and it could not fail because the surgeon himself would be the chronicler of the phenomenon connected with the case. Bollmann fumbled in his pocket. If he only had a bit of paper—ah! here was a piece, just the right size! He wrote a few lines in French, closing with the sentence: "I am glad of the opportunity of addressing you these few words, which, when read with your usual warmth, will afford to a heart like yours some consolation." The paper had been previously written over with sympathetic ink, a writing invisible unless brought out by the application of heat. This means of conveying secret intelligence had been so often used during the French Revolution that it was thought the slight hint given would be sufficient—and so it proved. The surgeon took the paper and thus the Marquis became acquainted with the true motive of the doctor's journey, and with his readiness to run all hazards, and serve him in any practicable way.[9] But La Fayette must point out the various devices to be used and moves to be made in order to secure egress and to gain the necessary time in the event of pursuit.

[8] It appeared subsequently that the surgeon could not read French.

[9] Bollmann's note of inquiry after La Fayette's health concluded with these words: "*Quand vous aurai lu ce billet mettre le au feu.*" The experiment was a hazardous one but it succeeded. La Fayette held it to the fire and instantly caught the message of his benefactor.

Away went Bollmann then. He wanted to see Austria. He needed a carriage, of course; so he had one built, and a place constructed in it for the secret storage of—what? He did not tell the carriage-builder, who might assume, if he pleased, that the traveller wished to carry some precious freight there—money-bags, ore, jewels. But he put in rope-ladders, cords, a number of "tools for cutting iron bars," and the like. Then he "visited several gentlemen on their estates in Moravia," and after several weeks had passed returned to Olmutz. When he called on the surgeon, that unsuspecting agent handed him his pamphlet. Into his pocket it went, but no sooner was he alone than out it came. La Fayette had responded. "Written over the margin with sympathetic ink (limejuice)" was a message for him. It was to the effect that owing to his enfeeblement he was to be permitted to take an airing on stated days in the week. He was to be in a carriage which was to have a military guard. The thing to do, suggested La Fayette, "would be to attack the guard on one of these excursions," and then to take him off.

Bollmann watched during one of these airings in order to get his cue. La Fayette "sat in an open carriage with an officer by his side, a driver on the box, and two armed soldiers standing behind." That was enough for Bollmann. He returned to Vienna and concerted measures with a young American, Francis Kinloch Huger,[10] of South Carolina, whom he had met during his first visit to that capital. They brought two saddle horses, engaged a groom and returned to Olmutz. Bollmann told the surgeon that he and his friend were about to depart for England. Knowing the day when La Fayette was to take his airing, he

[10] Pronounced "Ujee." See the account of La Fayette's visit to Major Benjamin Huger, in Chapter IV of this book.

mentioned that date as the time of his departure. Let us quote:

"The day arrived, the groom, soon after breakfast, was dispatched to the next post town, called Hoff, about twenty-five miles distant, and ordered to have fresh horses in readiness and put to, in the afternoon at four o'clock, as they intended to reach a frontier town in Prussian Silesia that night.

"About two in the afternoon, the hour when the Marquis used to take his ride, their saddled horses were ready at the inn, and Mr. Huger feigned some business near the town gate, in order to watch the moment when the carriage should pass. As soon as he saw it come, he flew to the inn. Our adventurers mounted and followed the carriage at some distance, armed only with a pair of pistols, and those not loaded with ball. Their success was calculated on surprise, and, under all the circumstances of the case, to take any person's life would have been unjustifiable, useless, and imprudent.

"The carriage had proceeded two or three miles when it left the high road, and took a track traversing an open plain; for in Moravia, the fields are only separated by small ditches, instead of fences or hedges, and the respective boundaries are marked by corner-stones. The plain was covered by laboring people.

"Presently the carriage stopped. La Fayette and the officer stepped out and walked arm in arm, probably to give the former more opportunity for exercise. The carriage, with the guard, drove slowly on, but remained in sight.

"This was the moment. The two companions galloped up; the doctor, dismounting, left his horse with Huger. At the same instant the Marquis laid hold of the officer's sword, but could only draw half of it from the scabbard, as the officer, a stout man, had seized it; also, the doctor joining, he was presently disarmed, but he then grasped the Marquis, held him with all his might and set up a tremendous roaring, not unlike that of Mars in the 'Iliad.' The guard, on hearing it, instead of coming to his assistance, ran. The people in the field stood aghast. A scuffle ensued.[11] Huger passed

[11] According to "Prison Adventures of La Fayette," the officer tried to draw La Fayette toward the carriage. At that

the bridle of the two horses over one arm, and with his other hand thrust his handkerchief into the officer's mouth to stop the noise. The officer, the Marquis, and the doctor came to the ground. The doctor kneeling on the officer, kept him down while the Marquis rose.

"All would have been well, but one of the horses, taking fright at the scene and noise, had reared, slipped his bridle and ran off. A countryman caught him and was holding him at a considerable distance. Whether he could be had again was doubtful. The doctor, still keeping down the officer, handed a purse to the Marquis, requested him to mount the horse that was left, and to proceed to Hoff, where he would promptly join him, if possible. If not, to make the best of his way towards the frontier.

"The Marquis was out of sight in a minute. The officer recovered from his panic, fled towards Olmutz. The doctor and Mr. Huger went for the horse which had escaped. The peasant who had caught him gave him up for a piece of gold. They both mounted, but this animal, less docile and tractable than the other, which had been intended for the task, refused to carry double, reared and bounded and presently threw both.[12] Mr. Huger immediately said: 'This will not do! The Marquis wants you. Push on. I'll take my chance on foot across the country.' The doctor galloped off after the Marquis, who was out of sight. He soon reached Hoff, but did not find him there. Had he missed the road? Had he designedly changed his course? It was impossible to tell. It was certain, however, that to have returned in search of him would have been idle, whilst pushing on and drawing after him those who undoubtedly would pursue, might the better secure his escape. He therefore instantly stepped into the carriage and ordered the post-boy to drive on. It was now

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moment Huger reached the spot. "You are free," said he; "mount this horse, and Fortune be our guide!" but the words were scarcely uttered when the sun, glancing on the naked blade of the sword, startled the horse he led. He broke the bridle and dashed away.

[12] Bollman was so badly hurt by the fall that he was with difficulty raised from the ground. Huger ran till, breathless and exhausted, he fell and was picked up by the peasants.

sun-down. Between eleven and twelve at night he passed the frontier.

"But on the second day, after his departure from Olmutz, Bollmann was overtaken. Huger had been caught and sent to Olmutz.

"Meanwhile La Fayette? He had misunderstood his instructions. He had been told to hurry to Hoff. He thought the muttered command was: 'Be off!' So, instead of asking the way to Hoff, of which place he knew nothing, when he had come to the fork of the road at Sternberg he kept on and thereby reached the Prussian frontier at the wrong place—Jaegersdorf. Had he taken the other road at Sternberg he would have reached Hoff, would have come upon the carriage and on Bollmann's arrival would have proceeded with that rescuer to possible safety. As it was, as soon as his horse gave out he hailed a stranger and requested him to go find another. 'By his accent, his appearance, his request and his money,' he aroused suspicion. The man apparently intended to oblige him. What he did was to betray him. He brought back from the nearest village a magistrate who held La Fayette for three days before returning him to his Olmutz dungeon. Into the same prison, half underground, the Austrians soon thrust both Bollmann and Huger. The cell of one was below that of the other. 'Only a faint light broke into this place through a narrow, oblique aperture, made in a wall upwards of five feet thick.' Vermin swarmed over them. The food allowed each man cost but four cents a day—no more could be had for gold or by favor.

"But like La Fayette, they found that hope does not die in a dungeon, however deep and however dark. 'When deprived of almost everything,' says Bollmann, 'the value and importance of what is left rises in proportion. A sharp bone discovered in a piece of meat and hid; a pin, found in a chink; a piece of charcoal, of chalk, happily secreted, are so many hoarded treasures that feed hope, impart elasticity to the mind and give rise to endless combinations."

Such is the conviction of anyone who reads the amazing account of the experiences of Henri Masers de

Latude,[13] who having incurred the enmity of Madame de Pompadour, spent almost a lifetime in the Bastille. He it was who made a rope-ladder, 180 feet long, from ravellings of his own linen; sawed for six months at huge iron-gratings in his chimney, coming down each time with bloody hands and legs; and at last lowered himself from tower-top to freedom—only to be reincarcerated. He tamed the prison rats, so that they would come to him to scratch their backs; or dance to a tune from his flageolet, made out of a bit of elder-wood and an old buckle. He charmed the pigeons, too; and lived altogether as wonderful a life as Robinson Crusoe on his island. One often thinks of Latude in reading of La Fayette's experiences in the dungeons of Central Europe.

At first Bollmann and Huger suffered the severest of treatment because their plot was supposed to be a part of a larger one against the Austrian government. Huger was chained to the floor of his dungeon. He was fortunate in obtaining a sympathetic young man as his interpreter when brought to trial. This youth made the best of his case, visited him in his cell and told him much that he would not otherwise have known.

"The window which threw a borrowed light into his own cell, served likewise to light that of Bollmann; and, with a piece of lime taken from the wall, Huger contrived to scratch a few words upon a black silk handkerchief, which, by fastening to a stick, and climbing up the side of the room, he raised as near the common window as he could. It attracted the attention of Mr. Bollmann, and, after many efforts making himself master of it, he returned the answer by the same method."

[13] "Imprisonments and Escapes of Latude," in "My Scrap-book of the French Revolution," by E. W. Latimer, pp. 70–106.

They communicated daily, bribed the jailer's wife and at last were allowed to meet.

But Huger's friend, the interpreter, was moving in their behalf. A rich Russian lived nearby. He told the interpreter to tickle the magistrate's palm with gold, which he himself supplied in quantity. The magistrate sentenced Bollmann and Huger to fourteen years each in the dungeon depths—a sentence much applauded at Vienna; shortened it to seven, then to one; then to a month; then to a week, at the end of which time, thanks to the good-hearted interpreter and the generous Russian, they were released.

They lost little time in quitting Austria; but were obliged to leave La Fayette in his living grave.[14]

But what of Madame de La Fayette, all this time. She, poor woman, had a triple burden to bear. She knew of the monstrous dilemma of the Noailles ladies in Paris, of her father's exile in Switzerland, and of her husband's seizure by the Coalition—a thing of Austrian beak and Prussian talons. Not only so, but her neighbors at Chavaniac, infected with the virus of class hatred, had begun to treat her household with unwonted roughhandedness. She burned her papers and buried her valuables, "among them the sword of honor given by the United States on August 24th, 1779, to La Fayette and presented by the son of Benjamin Franklin to the General."

"It was very handsome, being made of massive gold, with emblematic designs illustrative of La Fayette's setting out for America to help the cause." When George Washington La Fayette dug it up long afterwards the blade had turned to rust. The blade put

[14] Dr. Bollmann afterwards went to America and sought public employment there. Washington found him a troublesome guest. He was implicated in Burr's conspiracy at New Orleans, and, in 1807, La Fayette interceded with Jefferson in his favor.—"Life of General La Fayette," by Bayard Tuckerman, vol. ii, note.

in was that of the sword presented to La Fayette by the National Guard in 1791. It had been 'forged from the bolts and bars of the Bastille.'" [15]

Mme. de La Fayette sent her son George with his tutor, M. Frestel, to a refuge in the mountains, and her daughters to the town of Langeac. Happening a little later to be at Brioude, she was so well received as to lose some of her sense of insecurity; but on the night of September 10 M. Puy, a revolutionist, burst into her room at Chavaniac with an order signed by M. Roland, demanding her presence in Paris. One of the guards who accompanied M. Puy boasted that he had killed an officer "because he was an aristocrat." "Nowadays, Madame," said another, "public opinion is the only tribunal." Letters were seized, portraits jabbed with bayonets, and other petty outrages perpetrated.

Mme. de Chavaniac, in spite of her age, courageously accompanied her from the château to Le Puy. On the first night, the stop was at Foix. At Le Puy, next day, some stones cast by a vociferous mob struck the La Fayette carriage. At the Department headquarters, Madame de La Fayette said to the officials: "You receive, Messieurs, your orders from M. Roland or from whomsoever you please. I only receive them from you, and I give myself up as your prisoner."

This may serve as a typical instance of Madame de La Fayette's straightforwardness and tactful treatment of those with whom she was obliged to deal during many years to come. She always assumed that General La Fayette had no guile in his heart; that, if ill-times had come upon him and her, it was not because of anything either had done against the people of France. She bore with her the air of truth, reverence and devotion, and there was about all this a charm that con-

[15] "Madame de La Fayette and Her Family," by M. MacDermot Crawford.

stantly stood her in good stead. Another typical instance has to do with this visit to Le Puy: She insisted that such of La Fayette's letters as had been seized at Chavaniac should be copied prior to their transmission to the Revolutionary authorities in Paris. In those treacherous times, this was a wise safeguard. So excellent was her conduct at Le Puy that she was permitted to return to Chavaniac, which was to be her "prison on parole." M. Montfleury, a man of great kindness, as well as others, helped her, and she herself wrote to M. Brissot,[16] in Paris, making a full explanation of what happened after the receipt of M. Roland's *lettre de cachet.*

Thus arranged, affairs seemed to be going well at Chavaniac; but M. Roland took exception to a polite expression in Madame de La Fayette's letter to M. Brissot, and in his reply declared that it smacked of an aristocratic hand. Roland's letter was read and applauded at the Department, and it was decided that a guard should be established at Chavaniac. Madame de La Fayette went at once before the committee and thus addressed it:

"I here declare, gentlemen, that I will not give the parole I offered if guards are to be placed at my door. Choose between these two securities. I cannot be offended by your not trusting me, for my husband has given still better proof of his patriotism than I have of my honesty; but you will not allow me to believe in my own integrity and not add bayonets to my parole!" She won as to the guards. The Committee withdrew them and left her unmolested. Nor did she fail to rebuke M. Brissot for the use he had made of her previous letter. To M. Roland, she wrote that she

[16] This communication, signed Noailles-La Fayette, with numerous others, appears in full in Crawford's "Madame de La Fayette and Her Family."

would "vow eternal gratitude" to whosoever should enable her to join her husband in his captivity. "It is on my knees, if necessary, that I implore this favor; imagine by that the state I am in."

This was, in sooth, her burning thought—to go find her husband. All the Penelopes do not sit at home and spin. First, though, she wished to send her son George out of France. She planned to ship him off to the care of his father's comrades in America. She arranged that M. Frestel, travelling with a tradesman's license, should work his way with the lad to Bordeaux. Thence he could go to England, and thence across the sea.

By La Fayette's English farmer, John Dyson, of Gunton, near Lowestoft, Sussex, she sent to England a letter to be there posted to General Washington. The letter informed him of La Fayette's imprisonment and appealed for help in bringing about his rescue. It was dated October 8, 1792; again she wrote on March 13, 1793. Washington addressed her on January 31st, March 16th and June 13th, expressing deep sympathy. But two of the missives miscarried. In one letter he notified her that he had placed to her credit 200 guineas at a bank in Amsterdam.[17] He was working in other directions to bring about La Fayette's release; but, without becoming his apologist in this moot matter, it must be said that Washington probably could not do, or cause to be done, all that he wished done in La Fayette's behalf because of the tense condition of Franco-American affairs at the period. Matters of the first magnitude hung in the balance; and a wrong word or act by him would have committed not himself

[17] Crawford comments ("Madame La Fayette and Her Family," pp. 182, 183): "She probably never received the money. In the matter of his conduct in this instance toward the La Fayette family, Washington does not appear in the best light. . . . Washington's conduct was ultra-conservative"; and more to the same effect.

alone but the country he had sworn to serve. Madame de La Fayette's biographer is unjust to Washington in this charge: "Though he made some feeble efforts in behalf of La Fayette, not a word in any of his letters shows that he took a single step toward effecting the freedom of the prisoner at Chavaniac. He made no appeal, official or otherwise, to the French government in behalf of Madame de La Fayette." [18] No doubt Washington felt that she was far safer where she was. M. Roland certainly thought so. He wrote to her: "I have put, Madame, your touching request under the eyes of the Committee. I must, nevertheless, observe that it would seem to me imprudent for a person bearing your name to travel through France on account of the unpleasant impression which, at the present moment, is attached to it. I advise you to wait."

She did wait, but not idly, for she wrote to the General of the Armies of the Coalition, to the King of Prussia and to such others as might help her obtain her husband's release. She was tireless. She was in the deepest distress, too. M. Beauchet, who lent her his services as messenger between Paris and Auvergne, brought her no good news. He had seen her mother and sister, surreptitiously, and she had learned from him what was in the hearts of those stricken, those doomed, but most devout and courageous women.

Once during these hard days, Chavaniac had a surprise which in the main was joyous. M. Frestel, with his pupil, suddenly reappeared at the château. Their efforts to reach England had come to naught. Mme.

[18] "Madame de La Fayette and Her Family," by M. MacDermot Crawford.

de Chavaniac, who had grieved over the lad's absence, was happy once more.[19]

Yet, for the most part, Mme. de La Fayette was concerned with her husband's many-sided affairs. She attempted, by the aid of M. Marthory, her lawyer, to prevent sequestration.[20] Klopstock had written favorably of La Fayette's case. She found a way of communicating with that celebrity in the hope of enlisting him in a cause so dear to her. When word came that Jean Baptiste Lacoste had advocated her arrest, she set out for Brioude and bearded him in his den. "I ask," said she, "to be left with my children in the only situation which can be bearable to me so long as their father remains a captive of France's enemies." According to Crawford, Lacoste replied:

"Citoyenne, such feelings are worthy of you." "I care little," she replied, "to know whether they are worthy of me; I only wish they should be worthy of him."

Soon thereafter the *curé* of Chavaniac was seized and was about to be condemned by a jury of peasants at Aurat when Mme. de La Fayette suddenly appeared before the court. "Being a woman of great resource and eloquence, she talked with such tact, energy and affability" that she won the day.

About this time a peasant in rags, with the mud of many roads upon him, appeared at the château. He would see no one but Madame de La Fayette, to

[19] The boy was finally sent from Havre in care of Mr. Russel, of Boston, and duly reached Mount Vernon. He became a member of General Washington's family. Latrobe, the architect, saw him in July, 1798, and describes him. Washington sent him to Harvard.

[20] Madame de La Fayette boldly appeared at the auction of La Fayette's property and protested against "the enormous injustice of applying the law of emigration to one who is at this moment a prisoner of the enemies of France." She tried also to extricate her personal fortune, and to make those who had seized La Fayette's property pay his small debts.

whom he handed a letter, departing, then, without a word. It was the letter of March 15, 1793, to the Princess d'Henin, from which we have already quoted; and which gave a vivid and heart-rending account of the suffering of La Fayette and his companions in the Magdeburg dungeons.

Mme. de La Fayette must have shed many a tear over this letter, however great her fortitude. She wrote to Gouverneur Morris, hoping to arrange her affairs,[21] so that she herself—*La femme La Fayette*, as she proudly put it—might go to the world's end in search of her mate.

One item in La Fayette's letter gave her some relief "Ten thousand florins," he wrote, "have been deposited here on the part of the United States, which sum will prevent me, when my money is exhausted, from living on bread and water; but though my American friends are more occupied concerning my liberty than my sustenance, I have not heard anything further."

Mme. de La Fayette was tempted to leave France by way of Lyons; but, when news came of the terrorism rampant there, she decided not to go in that direction. Should she go at all? So much held her in Auvergne. So far she had checked the extremists by her fearless appearance at Brioude on critical occasions.

But on the 17th of September the decree concerning suspected persons (*Contre les suspects*) was registered; and, like a bitter storm, ferocious times came on. "Every one known to have aided in any way the family of La Fayette," says Crawford, "was summarily arrested. Nobles, aristocrats, even some of the worthy patriots, shared this fate. And, on the 21st Brumaire (November 1st), word came that Madame de La Fayette herself was to be imprisoned on the fol-

[21] At the sequestration sale of La Fayette's property Mme. de Chavaniac bought in the château and its grounds.

lowing day. She kept this dreadful intelligence to herself, not telling her family and servants till the next morning, wishing to spare them as long as possible the sorrow this news would bring. On the same day all the papers at Chavaniac "tainted with the spirit of feudal times . . . were placed on a cart to make a huge bonfire for the people to dance around." That evening a detachment of the National Guard of Paulhaguet, in charge of a member of the Revolutionary Committee, M. Granchier, came to the château. Surrounded by those she loved, the order for her arrest was read to her.

"Citoyen," asked her daughter Anastasie, "are daughters prevented from following their mothers?" "Yes, mademoiselle," he replied; and seemed moved when she insisted that she was sixteen and therefore was included in the law.

That night Mme. de La Fayette spent in Brioude jail. The cell was small. There were eleven women in it—one sick; and when Mme. de La Fayette asked that more air be allowed her she was subjected to vile abuse. She had clean linen once a week, and on the list accompanying it she was kept informed of Chavaniac happenings.

In January, 1794, Anastasie visited her mother secretly at night. She had bribed the jailer. She left before morning. Imagine the all-night conference between mother and daughter. They planned in tears. Bitterer and bitterer grew their cup. Even Mme. de Chavaniac was for a while under the thumb of the Terrorists. No one was more gentle than Mme. de La Fayette, unless, indeed, it was her sister Louise, now about to die; yet Solon Reynaud, a violent Jacobin, at Le Puy, accused Adrienne of being "the arrogance of the Noailles personified"—wife of the man, he said,

"whose bowels he should like to tear out."[22] This man Reynaud, a representative, soon went to Paris, where he became a vicious enemy of the La Fayettes and the Noailles family. His successor at Brioude, Guyardin, "constantly wore a boutonnière composed of a large wooden spoon and knife."

The change for the worse came on with Robespierre's accession to power. "The vengeance of Robespierre," says the author of "Prison Adventures of La Fayette,"[23] was wreaked with savage inveteracy against the unfortunate wife of La Fayette. . . . She escaped death by something like a miracle; for the space of fifteen months she endured all the horrors of a loathsome confinement."

"The order for Mme. de La Fayette's removal (from Brioude to Paris) was brought by M. Gissauguer, the brother of her lawyer, M. Montfleury—at that time imprisoned—who was a captain of Gendarmes."[24] Gissauguer was overwhelmed with shame. He insisted upon accompanying her to Paris. She anticipated death at her journey's end; so sought the curé of Chavaniac in his cell and unburdened her soul. In a garret, half-hidden, were a number of nuns—these she climbed the stairs to embrace and weep with. That night while she was abed in jail, with her shackles at her side, M. Festrel brought in her children. Virginie and George were with her all night; but Anastasie, having obtained her mother's consent to go with M. Frestel as far as Melun, where Gouverneur Morris was then living, she ran forth in the night to beg a passport. Citoyen Guyardin rebuffed her; nor could

[22] "Madame de La Fayette and Her Family," p. 208.

[23] See *Chambers' Journal*: Reprinted in *Littell's Living Age*, vol. viii, p. 324.

[24] "Madame de La Fayette and Her Family," by M. MacDermot Crawford.

she obtain permission at Aurat to accompany her mother to Melun. It was good that so firm a friend as M. Gissauguer rode to Paris with Mme. de La Fayette. At Fontainebleau her carriage was mobbed; there she "faced a thousand eyes full of hatred." Her arrival in Paris was on the 19th Prairial, "the day before the Fête-de-l'Être Suprême, at which Robespierre, dressed in a sky-blue coat,[25] carrying a bunch of ripe wheat—some say flowers—made his last public appearance."

Madame de La Fayette's prison was Le Petit Force.[26] On the 22d Prairial "began the *terreur dans le terreur*. . . . All were in danger, Madame de La Fayette perhaps in the greatest of all, for her name was enough to damn her with any committee." Bad as La Force was, it was less so than Le Plessis, whither Madame de La Fayette was soon taken. This was her husband's old college. It was a half-way place to the Conciergerie—vestibule of death. While at Le Plessis she was called upon to tell her cousin, the Duchesse de Duras, daughter of "Mme. Etiquette," of the guillotining of her parents. Soon thereafter it was the turn of the Duchesse de Duras to be the bearer of bad news. She handed to Madame de La Fayette a scrawl, received by her, announcing the execution

[25] According to Lamartine ("History of the Girondists," vol. ii, p. 208), Robespierre's chamber held a bed with blue damask cover ornamented with white flowers, a table, four straw-bottomed chairs and deal shelves for his books. Those in evidence were apt to be Rousseau or Racine. "His white, powdered hair turned up in clusters over his temples, a bright blue coat, buttoned over his hips, opened over the breast to display a white vest, short yellow-colored breeches, white stockings and shoes with silver buckles formed his invariable costume during the whole of his public life."

[26] This famous building had, in the Middle Ages, been known as the Hôtel du Roi de Sicile, but it took its present name from the fact of its belonging to Cumont, Duc de la Force, whose property it became in 1700. Fifty-four years later Necker made it what was considered a "Model Prison."—"Madame de La Fayette and Her Family."

of the three ladies of the Hôtel de Noailles. It would be difficult to determine which cup were the bitterer—that from which La Fayette drank in his Olmutz dungeon or the one at the lips of his wife in her tiny garret five stories up at Le Plessis, looking between iron bars at the roofs and towers of unhappy Paris.

All things end. Robespierre was dead. Two men from the Committee of General Safety—Bourdon de l'Oise and Legendre—visited Le Plessis and set the prisoners free. Last of all was Madame de La Fayette. When asked who she was, she said: "*La femme La Fayette.*" They said her case was exceptional, and took it before the Committee. James Monroe, who had succeeded Gouverneur Morris as American Minister, did all he could to expedite her release. With his wife he visited her in prison. She was sent from Le Plessis to the Rue des Amandiers and then to the Maîson Delmas, in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs. Crawford says that, in the Rue des Amandiers—street of the almond trees—she was browbeaten and insulted by some West Indian planters there because her husband had championed the poor blacks of that part of the world! It was a terrible winter, that of 1794–95, for Madame de La Fayette. In her room "everything was frozen," and it is a wonder she survived.

Thanks to Monroe, to Mme. Beauchet and to the persistent Mme. de Duras, Legendre gave in—and on the 2d Pluviôse (January 22d, 1795) Madame de La Fayette was released. Thanks, also, to Boissy d'Anglas, of the new Committee of Public Safety, a passport was obtained for herself—"Citoyen Motier"—and another for M. Frestel, who was to accompany George Washington La Fayette to America. Madame de La Fayette then took a cabriolet for Auvergne. On the way she saw a man and woman trudging along the roadside path—moneyless, wrecked by the Revolution.

It was her sister, Mme. de Grammont, with her husband. With tears raining, the sun of joy broke through the clouds. At Clermont, Madame de La Fayette looked after her daughters and many who needed help; then she returned to Paris, secured her passports and set out for Olmutz.

America was the destination named in the passports. Madame de La Fayette, with Anastasie and Virginie, took passage at Dunkirk for Hamburg. This was on September 5, 1795; about a week later they landed at Altona, where there was a tear-compelling reunion with a sister, Mme. de Montagu, and an aunt, Mme. de Tessé. At Hamburg, John Parish, the American Consul, became their friend in need. He smoothed their way towards Vienna, where the Comtesse de Rumbeck obtained for "Madame Motier" an audience with Prince de Rosemberg, Grand Chamberlain, who in turn took her to the Emperor.

Mme. de La Fayette asked that she be allowed to share her husband's cell.

"I grant it to you," said he; "as for his liberty, that would be impossible. My hands are tied.[27] You will find M. de La Fayette well treated. I hope you will do me justice. Your presence will give him fresh satisfaction. Anyhow, you will be pleased with the Commanding Officer. In jail the prisoners are only distinguished by their numbers; but, as for your husband, his name is well known."

Leaving Vienna by post on October 1, 1795, she saw the steeples of Olmutz on the second day. At the prison "they were admitted through the first door, which was locked even on the guard. They passed through long, gloomy stone passages, a veritable labyrinth of seeming catacombs . . . then . . . came the last locked door."

[27] "Madame de La Fayette and Her Family," p. 260.

Never had La Fayette been so surprised. He was overwhelmed with joy. He did not even know whether his wife and children still lived. He had heard terrible things in spite of his entombment. And here, as from Heaven, come down into his living grave, those whom he loved most of all on earth.

Much that La Fayette burned to know could not be brought out in the presence of the guards; but when left alone with his wife—Anastasie and Virginie were lodged in an adjoining cell—he learned from her the long story of one more fearfully harassed than Penelope, and as admirable as she in her manifold qualities of heroism.

La Fayette's two rooms were in an old convent barracks of the Jesuits. One which was vaulted, says Crawford, was twelve feet high, and twenty-four feet long, by sixteen wide, and opened into a similar room used as an antechamber. These were lighted by a window, eight by four, one in either apartment, and which was covered by massive wire gratings to prevent escape. . . . What made these rooms so unbearable was the fact that all the sewers drained into the moat, which was shallow, sometimes dry, and every change of air brought with it fearful odors. The guards held their noses when they brought in the food. A bed, a table, some chairs, a chest of drawers, and a stove made up the furniture. Latour Maubourg and de Pusy had each a servant two or three hours daily; but La Fayette's had been cut off at the time of his attempted flight.

Mme. de La Fayette at once began a campaign for the betterment of conditions, but met with only slight response. Nevertheless she was happy. By means of toothpicks and India ink, she wrote a life of her mother, the Duchesse d'Ayen. Crawford assures us that she

CORPORAL COLOMBA, LA FAYETTE'S JAILER AT OLMUTZ PRISON

From a sketch made in the cell by LaFayette's daughter, Anastasie, on her finger-nail, transferred to a sheet of paper and afterwards copied by her. Corporal Colomba was nick-named "Cataquois." "His half-bald head is uncovered," says Cloquet, "his few remaining hairs are collected in a little queue, which is ludicrously turned aside over his shoulder, and he advances with the stealthy pace of a timid individual who lends an attentive ear to some fancied noise."

used for paper the margins left on the engravings of a volume of Buffon.

La Fayette read aloud to his family. Anastasie took down his dictation, and even made shoes for him. She sketched furtively, on her thumb-nail, a likeness of their jailer, and afterwards transferred it to paper.

A plan was devised of communicating musically with MM. Maubourg and de Pusy. By means of a cipher, "Airs of the Pont Neuf" played on a reed conveyed certain messages to their friends in other parts of the dungeon.

Because the foul air made her ill, Madame de La Fayette asked permission to go to Vienna for treatment. She could go, was the reply; but not return. So she refused to go.

The prison doctor knew no French. He talked in Latin and La Fayette found that he, too, could use the ancient tongue. Madame de La Fayette "had a violent eruption on her arms, which swelled in such a manner, and to such a size, that it was impossible to lift, or even move, them at all. Later she had a repetition of the eruption in her legs, and was never without fever." Such was her pitiful condition from October, 1796, to September, 1797.

Let it not be thought that the world had ceased to think of La Fayette. His many friends in England agitated so successfully that eloquent pleas in his behalf were made in the House of Commons.[28] Nor did Washington, however guarded his moves, cease to work for his friend's release through such capable agents as

[28] "A solemn and vehement discussion" took place in the House of Commons in March, 1794, and another on December 16, 1796, over the Olmutz prisoners. La Fayette's champions, next to Fox, who led in the Parliamentary combat, "fought in the face of Europe," were his old foes, Fitzpatrick, Tarleton and Grey. Wilberforce and Sheridan supported them. Pitt, Burke and Windham opposed. The vote in 1794 was 40 for, 153 against; in 1796 the vote was 32 for, 132 against.

Monroe and Parish. Washington also addressed a strong letter to the Emperor of Austria, who, however, had admitted to Madame de La Fayette that his hands were tied.[29] But Vienna all at once sent the

[29] The treatment of La Fayette by the allied monarchs, like the partition of Poland and other great acts of despotic infamy, has been viewed by writers of all nations and parties with sentiments of unmingled reprobation. Even Sir Walter Scott, barren as he is of facts, and parsimonious as he is of justice in all that concerns La Fayette, even Sir Walter Scott censures this conduct as indicating a littleness of spirit disgraceful in a prince, and at war with morality, the laws of nations and sound policy . . . Little could General Lafayette have anticipated such perfidy . . ."—Jared Sparks, in his "Life of Gouverneur Morris," vol. i, p. 398.

This is the way La Fayette himself put it in a letter to William Short, American Minister to The Hague: "I could have found a high station in the new order of things, without even having meddled with a plot. But my feelings did not admit of such an idea. I raised an opposition to Jacobin tyranny, but you know the weakness of our *honnêtes gens.* I was abandoned; the army gave way to clubbish acts. Nothing was left for me but to leave France . . . You will greatly oblige me by setting out for Brussels as soon as this reaches you, and insist on seeing me. I am an American citizen, an American officer, no more in the French service. . . ."—Letter of August 26th, from Nivelles.

"But M. de La Fayette," wrote Gouverneur Morris to Minister Short (September 12th) "is a Frenchman, and it is as a Frenchman that he is taken and is to be treated. The enemy may consider him as a prisoner of war, as a deserter, or as a spy."

Thomas Pinckney, Minister at London, wrote that he did not think La Fayette's claim to American citizenship would help him. All referred the matter to President Washington, who appealed to the Emperor of Austria.

Meantime, Morris tried to bring pressure to bear upon the King of Prussia, through Mme. de La Fayette. Morris nobly stood by in the whole affair. He gave his money—risked his life, indeed; for he was seized and haled before a tribunal in Paris. Again he was arrested in the country. Apologies followed, but the damage was there.

In December, 1796, we find Morris in Vienna, interceding with the Baron de Thugut for La Fayette, and writing in an encouraging vein to Madame de La Fayette. Whether at Berlin or Hamburg, he lost no opportunity to befriend the Olmutz sufferers. Sparks says (vol. i, p. 458), alluding to Morris' impression that it was he who had procured the release of the prisoners:

"After all, we may probably take the following to be the true state of the case: The condition of the prisoners at

Marquis de Chasteler to Olmutz. If the three State prisoners would agree not to return to France they might have their liberty. But they refused to give up their rights as Frenchmen, and Chasteler went back as he had come. Then somebody else was heard from—a man with a great voice, a winner of victories.

Napoleon sent La Fayette's former aide-de-camp, Louis Romeuf, from Italy to Vienna, demanding the release of the three men. They were to be exchanged for Princess Marie Therese. Such was subsequently a stipulation in the Treaty of Campo Formio, signed October 17, 1797.

But it was on September 19, 1797, that the chains and creaking doors and foul stenches of Olmutz were left behind. La Fayette had been a prisoner for five years and one month. His wife and daughters had shared his dungeon for twenty-three months.

When the three prisoners came face to face for the first time in three years La Fayette looked more like himself than either of the others. His family had brightened his life even though he had his "prison look," but Maubourg and de Pusy were thin and woebegone. As soon as possible the party set out for Hamburg. At Dresden it was joined by Mme. de Maubourg, with two children; and Mme. de Pusy with a five-year-old daughter whom her father now saw for the first time.

Their arrival at Hamburg is described by John Parish, the American Consul, who says:

Olmutz was discussed at Leoben. Bonaparte requested their release, which was readily granted, since M. Thugut had declared to Mr. Morris that they would be naturally given up at the peace. They must not be regarded, however, in the light of prisoners of war, for these were not discharged till after the definitive treaty of Campo Formio, whereas La Fayette was released a month before the signature of that treaty."

" The Marquis' departure from Olmutz was notified to Monsieur De Buol [30] and myself, and I concerted measures for his being delivered over to me in my own house. Everything was arranged so as to have the ceremony performed as quietly and secretly as possible, and the 4th of October was fixed for their being conveyed to my house.

" Mr. Morris and I dined that day with the Minister, the Baron de Buol. I left them at four o'clock in order to be at home when they arrived. An immense crowd of people announced their arrival. The streets were lined and my house was soon filled with them. A lane was formed to let the prisoners pass to my room. La Fayette led the way and was followed by his infirm lady and two daughters. He flew into my arms; his wife and daughters clung to me. A silence—an expressive silence took place. It was broken by the exclamations of—'My friend! My dearest friend! My deliverer! See the work of your generosity! My poor, poor wife, hardly able to support herself!' And indeed she was not standing, but hanging on my arm imbrued with tears, while her two lovely girls had hold of each other. The scene was extremely affecting and I was very much agitated. The room was full and I am sure there was not a dry eye in it. I placed the Marchioness upon a sofa; she sobbed and wept much and could utter but few words. Again the Marquis came to my arms, his heart overflowing with gratitude. I never saw a man in such complete ecstasy of body and mind. He is a very handsome man, in the prime of life, and seemed to have suffered but little from his confinement. It required a good quarter of an hour to compose him."

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[30] Baron De Buol, his Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary to the Princes and State of Lower Saxony.

IX

IN NAPOLEON'S TIME

La Fayette, Maubourg and de Pusy sent their grateful acknowledgments to Bonaparte, who, having dictated the Treaty of Campo Formio, returned to Paris, whence he departed (May, 1798) on his bold Egyptian expedition. But the thanks to Bonaparte displeased the Directory. In petty spite, they revenged themselves on La Fayette by selling a large part of his property in Bretagne. His Auvergne possessions were gone by an earlier confiscation, except the Chavaniac house and a few acres around it. He also still owned the undeveloped South American estate in which he had invested in execution of his plan for the betterment of the blacks. All things considered—debts, depreciations, sequestrations—he was a ruined man. And this, too, in spite of his wife's money and management.

But he still had solicitous and obliging friends. In fact, his fame had brought them down from the skies—so to say. Poor as he was at this period, it was a heaven-send when a Mrs. Edwards, an Englishwoman, bequeathed to him as a tribute to his "virtuous and noble character" the sum of one thousand pounds.[1] A year later another similar legacy for three thousand pounds was delivered to him.

But the best friend of all was Mme. de La Fayette's aunt, Mme. de la Comtesse de Tessé, sister of the Duc d'Ayen. She had brought money enough out of France to buy a cattle-farm in Holstein; she, a Noailles, "sold milk"; and now she invited the La Fayettes to her home at Wittmold, on Lake Ploën. They

[1] "Life of General La Fayette," by Bayard Tuckerman, vol. ii, p. 141.

reached Wittmold on December 1st, and George Washington La Fayette, who had been summoned from America, arrived in February, 1798. It was a winter of many reunions and much happiness. Among the guests was Charles La Tour Maubourg, younger brother of the Olmutz prisoner. Charles fell in love with Anastasie and they were married, on May 5th, in Lhemkuln castle on Mme. de Tessé's estate, whither the La Fayettes had removed. It was also a winter of many letters. Among the correspondents were Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Fox, Fitzpatrick and Masclet. Madame de Staël wrote: "Come directly to France; there is no other country for you." And again: "Come to France; there you will find devoted friends."

So, after the wedding, Madame de La Fayette made bold to journey thither. She had a definite object—and that object was to help her husband rebuild a new home on the ruins of the old. That meant, too, the settlement of his debts by such recoveries of his own property as she could arrange, and by the sale of property that had come to her through the de Noailles family. Anastasie and young de Maubourg went with her to the home of the Maubourgs in Holland; and then, accompanied by Virginie, this sterling woman proceeded to Paris. Chavaniac was visited by her also; and the whole adventure was regarded as successful, in that it paved the way for an early return of the family to France.

But about this time, early in 1799, the Batavian Republic (now Holland) offered the La Fayettes an asylum in the town of Vianen, near Utrecht. Holstein was tolerant; Holland, hospitable. La Fayette wrote from Utrecht to his friend Masclet:[2] "Here I find

[2] Among the many men in London who had labored unceasingly to bring about La Fayette's release was a newspaper writer who signed himself "Eleuthere" (freeman). He wrote

good institutions and opinions; civil and religious liberty; the government having good intentions and the governed knowing their rights and duties." In a word, the La Fayettes would have been as happy here as anywhere out of France but for the unsettled state of their affairs and certain obligations that weighed upon them. They rejoiced in the birth of their first grandchild—Celestine de Maubourg, and for the first time in eight years Mme. de La Fayette, much worn by her trials and greatly aged, was re-united with her sisters—Madame de Grammont and Madame de Montagu.

Then, once more, Madame de La Fayette went to Paris on business for her husband. She saw Director Sieyès—very different from the Sieyès of old—and urged that La Fayette be granted permission to return to France. But the ruling power was deaf to her plea.

La Fayette and his wife were both in distress about

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so many letters, in behalf of La Fayette, that when they had been clipped (from the London *Morning Chronicle* and the Dutch and Hamburg journals) and pasted in a scrap-book it took M. Jules Cloquet a month to read them. If one could speak respectfully and admiringly of a satellite, then one would be tempted to thus designate Masclet. He was one of nine poor children, a native of Douai, and received at Douai College a *bourse* (government privilege) for the College of Louis le Grand. He excelled in Greek. He aimed to try his luck in literature, but was forced to take arms, was proscribed, and finally, on the eve of his intended departure with Talleyrand, from London for America, became the captive of a Scotch woman, a widow, Madame Zornlin (née Wilson), whom he married. "Eleuthere" was unacquainted with La Fayette. It was the hard and cruel fate of a liberator who had done so much for mankind, and who was capable of doing so much more, that caused him to become his hero's champion, year in and year out.

La Fayette was touched to the heart by Masclet's devotion. Masclet journeyed to Holstein in 1798 to meet La Fayette. the interview was unforgettable. "La Fayette kept his eyes intently and constantly fixed" upon the other's face. At seventy-three, Masclet wept in telling of it. The two remained close friends for life. Masclet became French consul at Nice. His wife fell from a carriage, and died from her injuries. Soon thereafter (in 1832) Masclet died.

their debts, or rather his debts—especially the American, or Gouverneur Morris, debts. Those obligations were incurred on account of La Fayette's patriotic sacrifices. They were the penalty he paid for conspicuousness; for opposition to bloody and brutal faction; for daring, instead of skulking, in time of public tumult. As we know, he staked what we on this side, in our liberty books, designate as "his life, his fortune and his sacred honor." It was no idle oratorical phrase to La Fayette. He threw in everything; his powerful enemies had no compunctions as to robbing him—much less mercy for him or his. But *la femme La Fayette* took hold of his affairs; and through her sister, Madame Montagu, who visited Morris, obtained the loan of 10,000 livres mentioned in the Madgebourg letters. That was one debt easily satisfied; for Congress agreed to turn over to Morris La Fayette's back pay, never drawn, as a Major-General in the American service, which amounted to a similar sum. But there was a loan ten times as big which Morris in the tenderness of his heart—and he was a real man, pegleg and all; a splendid man—pitying Madame de La Fayette in the calamitous crisis of her husband's overwhelming, made to her in order that she might meet pressing obligations. She offered him a mortgage; but he could not permit himself to take it, so sympathetic was he in that hour of her deepest distress. He stood for America, as well as for an honorable high manhood, typified in his own person. This was the debt that the Lafayettes now endeavored to pay. Madame de La Fayette conferred in Paris in regard to it with Leray de Chaumont, Morris's agent. Bayard Tuckerman, who went to the bottom of the matter, without bias, if a biographer can be without bias, says:

"In all the financial proceedings which La Fayette was now conducting for the settlement of his estate,

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

From the painting by Chappel
From the "National Portrait Gallery" by Evert A. Duychinck

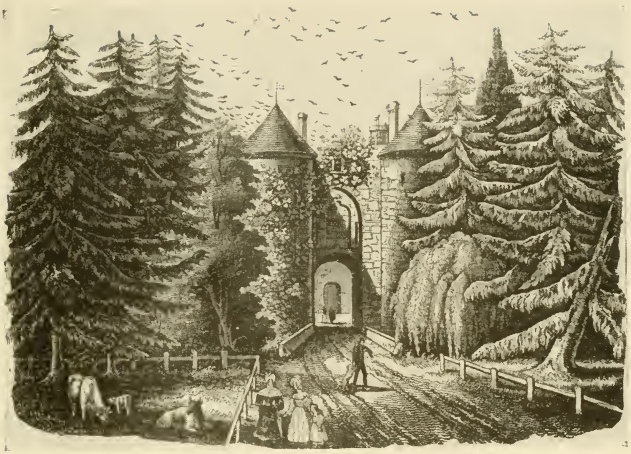
He was born in 1752 and died in 1816. He was the author of our decimal system of money, one of the makers of the Federal Constitution and Minister to France. The LaFayettes found him "a friend in need."

the *depreciation* of the currency was involved. Payments made in coin were universally regulated in accordance with calculations of the former and actual values of the assignats which were legal tender at the time of the debt. La Fayette, like all his countrymen, being in the habit of taking into account the matter of depreciation, applied to his debt to Morris the same principles which were recognized in France. But Morris, in America, ignorant of his debtor's bankrupt state, and accustomed to a business atmosphere very different from that of France, became indignant. 'This stickling for depreciation is quite shocking,' he wrote to Leray de Chaumont. . . . La Fayette's record of integrity and disinterestedness should not be forgotten. He was doing his best to satisfy all his creditors. The sum of 100,000 livres loaned by Morris to Mme. de La Fayette had been paid to her in the assignats. Hence it was not improper for a debtor who intended to pay in coin to consider what value the paper money had at the time of the loan. . . . Morris made his loan to Mme. de La Fayette in November, 1793. He claimed that he could have bought real estate in Paris at a price which would have made his assignats worth par to him. This was true, as revolutionary anarchy had depreciated the value of real estate. In a letter to Washington of July 25th, 1794, he said that at the time of his loan 'the assignats were at par, or, indeed, for *silver* under par.' There was, therefore, a reason for applying to this debt the same scale of reduction that was applied without objection to the French debts, especially as the La Fayettes had not the means to pay 100,000 livres in coin. Leray de Chaumont inquired of Mme. de La Fayette: 'Suppose he (Morris) had made the useless ceremony to convert his assignats in lignots (bullion) to lend them to you; what would you pay now, lignots merely?' 'Yes.' When Morris insisted that the assignats which he had advanced were worth par to him, as he could have invested them in real estate at that rate, La Fayette and his wife withdrew the claim for depreciation and proceeded with their efforts to pay as much of the debt as they could. . . . 'From the last advices I have received,' Morris wrote to John Parish, in February, 1803, 'it appears

that M. de La Fayette means to liquidate what he owes me by something less than the interest of it. To this he reduces the principal down pretty low by the scale of depreciation. God forgive him, and, if possible, reconcile him to himself. He must have odd notions, if, with the consciousness of facts, some meditation be not necessary between his mind and his conscience.' Here Morris was unjust. La Fayette and his wife had withdrawn the question of depreciation on Morris's claim that his assignats had been worth par to him, and had been accumulating all their available means to pay their debt. The full payment was not a question of conscience, but of possibility. La Fayette, so reduced as to be able to begin his farming with but one plough, could not raise a hundred thousand livres. Morris finally realized this and consented to take in settlement of his claim the fifty-three thousand livres in gold which the La Fayettes had scraped together. . . . La Fayette was before the public eye, and subject to constant criticism, for fifty-eight years. During that time no other complaint was made that his conduct in business matters erred otherwise than on the side of excessive disinterestedness."

With this we may well quit a subject that is disagreeable at best. If we cannot blame La Fayette, we certainly cannot blame Gouverneur Morris, except to say that he hardly made allowance enough for a man reeling under cruel blows of fortune. Possibly the La Fayettes had a subconscious feeling that America[3] owed its friend in need many times 100,000 livres and possibly they felt that Morris would eventually be reimbursed by Congress. Not long afterward Congress did

[3] To La Fayette indeed, America owes as much as to any of her own children, for his devotion to us was as disinterested and sincere as it was effective; and it is a pleasant thing to remember that we, in our turn, not only repaid him materially, but, what he valued far more, that our whole people yielded him all his life long the most loving homage a man could receive. No man ever kept pleasanter relations with a people he had helped than La Fayette did with us.—"Gouverneur Morris," by Theodore Roosevelt, pp. 85–86.



LA GRANGE—MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE CHÂTEAU

LA GRANGE—VIEW OF THE CHÂTEAU FROM THE LAWN

vote La Fayette 11,520 acres of land on the Ohio, which was subsequently changed to a tract in Louisiana. But when the city of New Orleans claimed the same tract, La Fayette refused to disturb it. Years after, the loss was more than made up to him.

Sieyès was not only different from the Sieyès of old, but other men and other things in Paris had by this time undergone great changes. The Directors, "their five Majesties of the Luxembourg," had so mismanaged the affairs of France that Sieyès declared: "We must have a head—and a sword." He himself meant to be the head; but, of a sudden, by the Revolution of the 18th and 19th of Brumaire (November 9th and 10th, 1799) Bonaparte assumed a supremacy that was to last fourteen years. And when the news reached Utrecht that city gave the password for the night: "Liberty, Paris and La Fayette."

Madame de La Fayette, then in Paris, procured a passport for her husband, and sent it post-haste by M. Alexis Marbœuf. So La Fayette, rejoicing, set out for the land he loved. He put up in Paris at the house of the Marquis de Mun;[4] but soon passed on. At last he and his wife and children reached their goal—their new home—Lagrange-Bleneau, "in the department of the Seine-et-Marne, thirteen leagues from Paris, near Rosnay in Brie, and about half-way from Melun to Meaux." From this time on till we part with them we shall find the La Fayettes resident at this spot.

Lagrange was willed to Mme. de La Fayette by her mother. It had many visitors during La Fayette's life there. Charles James Fox, Lady Morgan, Dr. Jules Cloquet and Professor Carter were among these visi-

[4] Adrien de Mun, M. le Marquis de Mun, Member of the Chamber of Deputies.

tors; and some of them wrote illuminatingly concerning it. Carter says:

"Lagrange was formerly a fortified baronial castle, and notwithstanding the modifications it has undergone much of its antique and feudal character still remains. It was once surrounded by a deep moat, most sections of which, filled with water, have been preserved and the residue filled up either for the sake of health or convenience. The edifice consists of a centre, perhaps a hundred feet in length, with two wings of about the same dimensions and joining it at right angles. From traces still visible a gallery evidently extended across at the extremity of the wings, enclosing a quadrangular courtyard, strongly defended, with only one entrance under a lofty arch in the northern wall guarded by a portcullis. The château is three stories high, plainly constructed of a hard and dark colored stone, rendered of a deeper hue by its venerable age and long exposure to the climate. Two Gothic towers of a conical shape rise from the ends of each of the wings, and form almost its only ornament."

Such is the set description of Lagrange; but, necessarily, the spirit of the place is to be caught only by seeing it with the mind's eye in its charm of green fields, lawns, bright gardens, winding waters (deep enough for boating), willows, evergreens and festoons of ivy on the façade of the château. Fox planted the ivy, while a guest. All told, there were 800 acres attached to Lagrange, and it was with these that La Fayette began life anew. He had ideas of his own about farming. He believed that he could make the place a model of industry, of profit, of contentment. Like Washington, he was interested keenly in agricultural development. He especially felt that France needed enterprise in this particular; and it was a joy to him to be out and about in field and orchard. Let it be remembered that Lagrange, neglected and dilapidated, had to be built up from the very bottom. The château was without furniture; the farm without stock.

M. and Mme. de La Fayette felt justified in withholding from their creditors the money sent them by sympathetic strangers and in using it to rehabilitate themselves. Such rehabilitation meant that Lagrange might in time help them in their efforts to emerge from bankruptcy. Also, as the two daughters were dowerless and as the son was without allowance, it was felt that there should be a roof under which they could be welcomed.

And now for Bonaparte. What was La Fayette's *status* under the new government? Upon his arrival in Paris, La Fayette wrote to both Bonaparte and Sieyès. The latter, who but a little while before had been displeased, was pleasant now—because he felt the need of such liberal backing as La Fayette might afford. On the contrary, Bonaparte brought his brows together. He had his doubts concerning this lover of liberty. "People jealous of Bonaparte," wrote La Fayette to his wife, "see in me his future opponent; they are right if he wishes to suppress liberty, but if he have the good sense to promote it, I will suit him in every respect. I do not believe him to be so foolish as to wish to be only a despot." He spoke of the Consulate as "a restorative dictatorship—an occasion for washing away the outrages of the reactionaries." Bonaparte did not see fit to hide his disapproval of La Fayette's return. He would have sent him back to Utrecht in short order if he had felt secure in his seat. But he still had much to do in the way of fortifying himself in power. So he simply said that if La Fayette "should expose himself to the danger of being taken by the English the coalition would never give him up." He received Mme. de La Fayette with consideration when she called upon him.[5] "I know best,

[5] "Madame de La Fayette," by M. MacDermot Crawford, p. 298.

Madame," said he, " what is to be done in his (La Fayette's) interests; I beg of him to avoid all *éclat. Je n'en rapporte à son patriotisme* . . . I am charmed, Madame, to make your acquaintance; *vous avez beaucoup d'esprit, mais vous n'entendez pas les affaires.*"

Reduced to a few words, Bonaparte was willing to be friends if La Fayette would keep out of his way and out of the public mind. This public mind was to be occupied by Bonaparte himself. He wanted no rivalry, no criticism, no nonsense as to liberty.

With Latour Maubourg, La Fayette went to the Tuileries. When Bonaparte greeted him, it was with a laugh. " I don't know what the devil you have done to the Powers," said he, " but they found it very hard to let you go."

During another Tuileries visit, La Fayette met Joseph Bonaparte, who invited him to go to Mortefontaine, where a new treaty with the United States was to be signed. This was for La Fayette an occasion of great enjoyment, and he again talked with Napoleon, who said:

" You must have found the French looking very coldly upon liberty."

" Yes, but they are now in a condition to receive it," ventured La Fayette.

" They are much disgusted—the Parisians, for example. Oh! the shopkeepers want no more of it."

" It is not lightly, General, that I have used this word, ' liberty.' I do not ignore the effect of the crimes and follies wich have profaned the name of liberty; but the French are, perhaps, more than ever in a state to receive it. It is for you to give it. It is from you that it is expected."

They fell to talking of the American Revolution. La Fayette said: " There the greatest interests of the universe were decided by encounters between patrols."

La Fayette said that there had been talk of a life presidency in America.[6] At this Bonaparte's eyes sparkled.

"You must admit that that would not do here," he said, quickly.

La Fayette successfully put in a plea for some of the proscribed, including Mme. de Tessé and her husband. In fact Bonaparte, having sounded La Fayette, and having found out for himself that he was no intriguer, now began to seek his support. Through M. Cabanis he was offered, and declined, a senatorship. This offer was repeated by Talleyrand, who also suggested that Bonaparte would be pleased to send La Fayette to the United States.

"Nobody likes to pass for a tyrant," said Bonaparte; "General La Fayette seems to consider me such."

But La Fayette laughed off all offers, including one as General Councillor of Haute-Loire. He said he was like the boy who refused to say "A" because he would immediately be importuned to say "B."[7]

Bonaparte talked to him about the Bourbons. He said: "They promise me a statue by which I shall be represented delivering the crown to the King. I answered that I feared to be shut up in the pedestal. . . . You know that for us this danger is nothing; but to restore them to power would be an infamous act of cowardice on my part. You may disapprove this government, think me a despot. We shall see. You will see some day whether I am working for myself or posterity. I am the master of this government—I, whom the Revolution, whom you, whom all patriots have placed where I am; and if I brought those people

[6] "Life of General La Fayette," by Bayard Tuckerman, vol. ii, p. 152.

[7] Tuckerman: "Life of La Fayette."

here it would be to deliver you all to their vengeance."

La Fayette was impressed. He took Bonaparte by the hand and showed him appreciation and pleasure and good-will.

The two were getting along famously.

"I am well hated and others also by these princes and their followers," said Bonaparte, later; "but, bah! all that is nothing to their hatred of you. I have been in a position to see it. I would not have believed that human hatred could go so far! What the devil! Did the republicans think their cause separate from yours? But now they do you justice—oh, yes, a complete justice! . . . General La Fayette, you have overthrown the strongest monarchy that existed. Look at all those of Europe! Ours, in spite of its faults, was the best constituted. It was a fine and bold enterprise; but you made a great mistake in such a revolution to preserve the old dynasty; for in denying it all power, the government could not work, and if you gave it power it would use that against yourselves. The problem was insoluble."

Again there was a little scene between the two in Bonaparte's cabinet. La Fayette sought the interview to intercede for a friend and the intercession was successful. At parting Bonaparte said, good-humoredly:

"You still feel yourself too active to be a Senator."

"It is not that, but I believe that retirement suits me best."

Bonaparte did not relish this reply. La Fayette quickly noted the other's displeasure, and said:

"Allow me to speak to you again on a point concerning which I do not wish to leave a wrong impression. I desire to repeat to you that after the circumstances of a stormy life, my shipwreck, and all that you know of me, you should find it natural and proper that I live as a simple citizen in the bosom of my family.

I should already have asked for military retirement if I had not wished that my companions should attain it before me."

This pleased Bonaparte. La Fayette, he said, could retire if he wished and his friends should be taken care of.[8]

Bonaparte continued his watchfulness of La Fayette. When news came of Washington's death, a festival was arranged in honor of the great American. On the same day, February 9, 1800, the standards taken at Aboukir were placed ceremoniously in the Invalides. It might have been thought that La Fayette, as the great Frenchman associated with the greatest American, would be brought forward. A generous Bonaparte would have done so, but not this jealous Bonaparte of 1800. The orators dared not even refer to La Fayette. Sloane[9] says: "Since Bonaparte had made the liberation of La Fayette an indispensable condition of the treaty ratified at Campo Formio, it might have been expected that this name, so long used elsewhere in natural juxtaposition, would have been mentioned in connection with that of Washington, but the honors of the day were to be shared with the dead foreigner, not with the living Frenchman."

However great Bonaparte may have grown, subsequently, in the school of experience, he at this time revealed the lack of masterfulness in many ways, and on at least one critical occasion—that of his own accession as First Consul. But while his inhibition as to La Fayette at the Washington festival was ungenerous, not to say petty, one may readily gather his motive. He understood Talleyrand, the intriguer, but not La Fayette, who was Talleyrand's antithesis. He is said to have called La Fayette a "ninny" and to have

[8] Tuckerman.

[9] "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," by William Milligan Sloane, vol. ii, p. 98.

expressed himself as doubtful of his ability; yet those outgivings may have been mendacious—he could decry and belittle if it suited his purpose—or mere thoughtless utterances. He left little undone to win over La Fayette; at heart he respected La Fayette; he feared La Fayette. Finally he lost patience with him. And this was how it happened: Time's whirligig once more brought La Fayette and Lord Cornwallis together. It was in 1802, at Joseph Bonaparte's dinner-table. La Fayette, it seems, spoke with too much looseness of tongue concerning his own attitude. Liberty being an obsession, he harped upon liberty.

When Bonaparte next met him, he said: "I warn you that Lord Cornwallis gives out that you are not cured yet." "Of what?" said La Fayette; "is it of loving liberty? What could have disgusted me with it? The extravagances and crimes of the tyranny of the Terror? They only make me hate still more every arbitrary system and attach me more and more to my principles."

"I should tell you, General La Fayette," rejoined Bonaparte, "and I see it with regret, that by your manner of expressing yourself on the acts of this government you give to its enemies the weight of your name."

"What better can I do? I live in retirement in the country; I avoid occasions for speaking; but whenever anyone comes to ask me whether your system is conformant to my ideas of liberty I shall answer that it is not; for, General, I certainly wish to be prudent but I shall not be false."

"What do you mean by 'arbitrary system'? Yours was not so, I admit, but you had against your adversaries the resource of riots. I was only in the parterre when you were on the stage; but I observed carefully."

"If you call the national insurrection of July, 1789,

a riot, I lay claim to that one; but after that period I wanted no more. I have repressed many; many were gotten up against me, and since you appeal to my experience regarding them, I shall say that in the course of the Revolution I saw no injustice, no deviation from liberty which did not injure the Revolution itself, and finally the authors of those measures. But will you not acknowledge that in the state in which I found France irregular measures were forced upon me?"

"That is not the question. I speak neither of the time nor of such and such an act; it is the tendency —yes, General, it is the tendency of which I complain and which affects me. After all," concluded Bonaparte, "I have spoken to you as the head of the government, and in this character I have cause to complain of you; but as an individual, I should be content, for in all that I hear of you, I have recognized that, in spite of your severity towards the acts of the government, there has always been, on your part, personal good-will towards myself."

Thus this memorable talk that began with a sneer and a rebuke ended with a bit of friendly philosophizing. One may picture to oneself these two, at the Tuileries, in the cabinet, elbows on table—the tall man in the brown wig still showing trace of his Olmutz pallor; the much smaller man, lean then, and eager, with the flash of ambition in his eye.

Closer together they never got.[10] La Fayette was for liberty. Bonaparte declaimed "liberty"; yet, in the main, was for a conventional something upon which he could impose his stamp. La Fayette voted against Bonaparte's Consulate for life,[11] just as, in 1804, he

[10] La Fayette did not hesitate to speak of Bonaparte as "the greatest foe, considering his circumstances, which liberty ever had."

[11] "His restrictive vote against the consulship for life broke off all further communication between him and Bonaparte, and

voted against the imperial title. Some one said in the hero's hearing that only Jacobin votes had been cast against him; but Bonaparte immediately corrected the statement. "No," said he, "some proceeded from enthusiasm for liberty—La Fayette's, for instance."

La Fayette's vote had been accompanied by this written remark. "I cannot vote for such a Magistracy until public liberty has been sufficiently guaranteed; then will I give my vote to Napoleon Bonaparte."

When the treaty of Amiens (March, 1802) had been signed, over from England came Fox, Fitzpatrick,[12] Erskine and other Whigs. Fox at Lagrange "begged La Fayette, in the presence of his son, not to be too much affected by the necessary delay in the attainment of his political objects." La Fayette acquiesced. "Liberty," said he, "will be born again, but not for us; for George at most, and surely for his children."

Once more La Fayette withstood Napoleon. It was when his cousin, the Comte de Ségur, approached him with a message from Joseph Bonaparte requesting him to become a dignitary of the Legion of Honor. La Fayette declined. His persistent offishness now began to react upon him in an unexpected quarter. His son George, and a young Colonel, Louis, Marquis de Lasteyrie du Sallant, who was to become his son-in-law, were both made to feel Bonaparte's displeasure. These

occasioned that noble letter to the First Consul which was found in the papers of Mr. Fox, and published in London several years since."—"Events in France," Helen Maria Williams.

[12] "Fitzpatrick, the intimate friend of Fox, and the uncle of Lord Holland, was, like Fox, fond of both the classics and gambling. He was an amateur actor and a wit. He had made an impressive speech in 1796 in favor of La Fayette, then a prisoner in Austria, and now visited him at Lagrange. In 1806 he became Secretary of War."—"Napoleon's British Visitors and Captives, 1801–15," by J. G. Alger.

officers found themselves out of favor in the army, not because of anything unworthy they had done but because of their close connection with La Fayette. It was Bonaparte's [13] way of bringing pressure to bear on those whom he sought to control.

George had been wounded at the battle of Mincio. Upon his recovery, he was married at Lagrange to Mlle. Emelie de Tracy, daughter of the Comte de Tracy. They spent their honeymoon with Mme. de Chavaniac, in much-loved Auvergne. At Lagrange, on April 20, 1803, Virginie became the wife of M. de Lasteyrie, son of the noted agriculturist. In bed in the next room was La Fayette, but he was lifted to a wheeled chair and thus taken to the home of Mme. de Tessé, where the wedding festival was held.

La Fayette had fallen on a slippery pavement and had broken his hip. His doctor, M. Cloquet, says: [14]

"The fractured limb was enclosed in a machine, which kept it in a constant state of tension; and, as La Fayette had promised those skillful surgeons (Boyer and Deschamp) to support the pain with patience as long as they might judge it necessary for his cure, he uttered not a single complaint for the fifteen or twenty days during which the apparatus was applied. When it was removed the surgeons were unable to conceal the annoyance they felt at the effect produced by the bandages. Deschamp turned pale; Boyer was stupefied. The upper bandages had, by their pressure, cut deeply into the muscles of the thigh, and laid bare the femoral artery; the action of the lower ones had been less violent, but they had produced a mortification of the skin at the back part of the foot, and laid bare the tendons of the toes. In consequence of La Fay-

[13] Once when a report commendatory of the services of George was offered him, in a bulletin, he erased it with impatience, saying,: "These La Fayettes cross my path everywhere."—"Marquis de La Fayette," by Robert Waln.

[14] "Recollections of the Private Life of General La Fayette," by J. Cloquet, London, 1835.

ette's stoical fortitude the vigilance of his surgeons was completely at fault. He bore the scars to the day of his death."

"We are all on the rack," wrote Mme. de La Fayette to Père Carrichon; "beg God that we shall rest upon the cross." This mention of Père Carrichon brings up a curious incident. According to Crawford,[15] a priest wrote to Mme. de La Fayette telling of the discovery of her mother's burial place. Almost at the same time Mme. de Montagu made a similar announcement. She had heard that a Mlle. Paris, a poor lacemaker, could tell her; but for a long while searched the garrets in vain. At last, four flights up, in the faubourg, she found Mlle. Paris. Her story was that, having as a girl witnessed the guillotining of her father and brother, she had, in her dazed and half-hypnotized condition, followed the cart from the Place du Trône out along the Vincennes road to the old house of the Augustine monks at Picpus. There, in a common grave in the garden, 1600 victims of the guillotine were buried during the last six weeks of the Terror. Picpus, adds Crawford, is from *Picque Puces* (flea-bites), because in the fifteenth century the monks there found a cure for an epidemic in which the body was afflicted with reddish swellings such as are left after fleas feast upon one. Mlle. Paris had gone habitually to Picpus to pray. Mme. Montagu and Mme. de La Fayette at once sought, but vainly, to induce the owner of the property to consecrate the fields. Then they arranged for the purchase of the space occupied by the graves, and so at last the dead slept in consecrated ground. Thus piously did the sisters keep in mind their dear ones, who likewise went afield out of the Barrière du Trône. Mme. de La Fayette was to sleep there; but not until five happy years had passed. Her anxieties during those

[15] "Madame de La Fayette and Her Family," p. 307.

years—La Fayette himself was in contented retirement—were mainly over George, who at the battle of Eylau (fought in a blinding snowstorm) saved his General's life. But both George and Louis de Lasteyrie resigned from the army and were a great deal at Lagrange. With three grandchildren, with many visitors, with much daily work to do, with correspondents in diverse places, with pleasant trips to take away down into Auvergne, the La Fayettes found the time all too fleeting.

Suddenly, on August 22d, 1807, Madame de La Fayette was "seized with terrible and violent pains and high fever." "She was taken first to Aulnay, then to Mme. de Tessé's house, in Paris." At times she was in delirium. She died on Christmas Eve, in her 48th year.

La Fayette's letter to M. de Latour Maubourg, January 8th, 1808, is an extraordinary tribute to his much-loved mate.[16] It contains some 5000 words, and gives in detail all the circumstances of her illness, her loving utterances, her farewells:

"During thirty-four years her tenderness, her goodness, the elevation of her mind, charmed, adorned, honored my life. . . . If I look back to the days of my youth, how many unexampled proofs of delicacy come to my mind! She was associated heart and soul with all my political wishes and opinions, and Mme. de Tessé might well say that her devotion was a mixture of the catechism and the *Déclaration des Droits*. . . . You know as well as I do, all she was and all she did during the Revolution. It is not for having come to Olmutz, as Charles James Fox so elegantly expresses it, on the wings of duty and of love, that I mean to praise her now; it is for having remained in France until she secured, as far as lay in her power, the material comforts of my aunt and the rights of my creditors;

[16] Printed in full in "Madame de La Fayette and Her Family," pp. 318-331.

it is for having had the courage to send George to America. What noble imprudence to remain the only woman in France endangered by the name she bore, but who always refused to change it. Each of her petitions began with these words: *La femme La Fayette.* . . . We all surrounded her bed. . . . We knelt down. . . . We bathed with tears the remains of that adorable being. . . . On Monday that angelic woman was borne to the spot near which repose her grandmother, her mother, her sister, among sixteen hundred other victims."

La Fayette had one of her farewell utterances engraved on a gold medallion within which was her portrait. The words were: *Je vous fus donc une douce compagne, eh bien! bénissez moi!"* He wore this medallion on a chain about his neck. Her room was kept as she had left it. Every Christmas Eve he spent alone, thinking of her—Noailles-La Fayette, *la femme La Fayette,* Adrienne.

At fifty (Bonaparte was 33) La Fayette was enabled to ride around his farm and plan improvements. He had many visitors and received letters from distant parts. He was the recipient of gifts from the new world and old. He and Madame de La Fayette had made a collection of American books, relics and keepsakes, and these he now added to upon occasion. Washington was dead; but Jefferson alive, and as much interested in affairs as La Fayette. A letter to him was sure of a reply. He wrote him, for instance, when the South American countries threw off their yokes. He rejoiced in the progress of liberty everywhere. We admire and talk much of Bartholdi's figure, symbolizing "Liberty enlightening the world": it was Bartholdi's countryman who, in his imagination, placed such a statue at Rio and at all other grand sea-gates of the world.

In retirement a man such as La Fayette does not

stop his mental machinery, or let it rust. He is apt to become more than ever an observer, a reasoner, a critic. So it was with him now, during the Napoleonic period of glory. The brilliant battles, the equally brilliant codifications of the jurisconsults, the public improvements on a scale of grandeur hitherto unattempted, the wholesome encouragement and stimulation of the arts and sciences—all these Napoleonic phenomena were understood and appreciated by La Fayette. But—La Fayette could not lose sight of liberty, or abate one jot of his jealousy in her behalf. Apparently neither he nor other great contemporaries of Bonaparte realized that the earth-shaker of the hour was doing great good in shattering rock-ribbed thrones. If a despot were bowled over like a tenpin, the fear was that Bonaparte meant to set up another. So close was La Fayette to the ever-moving panorama that he probably could not see it in all its relevancies, as we see it now from the vantage point of the detached student looking upon a grand act rounded out at Waterloo. The tempests of the times were different from those in which he had participated, but they were no less violent, no less stirring—" new ideas profoundly moving the world; miseries and unparalleled grandeur; a nation of soldiers; armies more successful than the Roman legions; war marked by incomparable combinations and results." And from Bonaparte's first abdication (April 6, 1814) through the Hundred Days of the Bourbons, (March 20–June 22)[17] to the second abdication (June 22, 1815) La Fayette had many sensations both as a patriot on guard and as a philosophical observer of time's mutations. His purpose

[17] France was not now the France of 1789. Peasants had risen. Many owned land. The *bourgeois* had acquired the forfeited estates of the *émigrés*. And now back came the old aristocrats by the thousand. Arrogant themselves, they found arrogance and enmity in those who had fed fat on their lost

in reëntering the public service at the Restoration was clean-cut. What about the Constitution on which this newly-elevated Louis was to stand?[18] He protested against the *Acte Additional* of April 22, 1815. Nevertheless he was chosen first president of the college of electors. In fact, no sooner was Bonaparte back from Elba than he sent his brother Joseph to La Fayette with the request that he should "accept the dignity of a peerage." La Fayette answered that "if he again appeared on the public scene it must be as a representative of the people, and, having thus escaped being a peer, was named in his own department Member of the House of Representatives."

"It is about twelve years since we have met, General," said Bonaparte, with significant urbanity at the opening of the Chamber on June 7, 1815. La Fayette had no ambition to be president of the House. He knew that the candidate for that position least acceptable to Bonaparte was the Girondin Lanjuinais,[19] so

estates. Small wonder that Bonaparte saw his opportunity to leave Elba to the gulls and, eagle-like, pounce upon his prey. "All complain and none are happy. We have lost our gaiety, our buoyancy of spirits, our amiable levity; we have lost our manners, our habits, our character; and what have we gained? An unfeeling egotism; an impenetrable self-conceit; a contempt for ancient opinions; false ideas of liberty—and government; half-intelligence on objects foreign to our occupations, our affections and our interests; and a profound ignorance of our duty; and, finally, the vanity to know everything without study, and to decide on everything without information."—"His. de la Revo., du 20 Mar., 1815," p. 246.

[18] The Constitutionalists, who had always advocated the cause of a limited monarchy, who had often pleaded the cause of the Bourbons, who had been the truest friends of the family in the early stages of the Revolution and who had never been disgraced by its atrocities, were surprised, offended and rendered suspicious by the marked slight, bordering on insult, with which the virtuous La Fayette, the representative of their party, was received on his first appearance at Court.—"Second Usurpation of Bonaparte," by Edmund Boyce, vol. i, p. 18.

[19] Jean Denis Lanjuinais (1753–1827), a distinguished statesman, who opposed vigorously the violent measures of Marat and Robespierre. He participated in Napoleon's over-

threw his strength in that quarter. He voted for supplies—was not France invaded? To Paris came news of Waterloo—then came its victim himself.[20] He had come to Paris thus after Moscow, after Leipsic. Lavalette says: "He came to meet me with a frightful epileptic laugh. 'Oh, my God!' he said, raising his eyes to heaven, and walking hurriedly up and down the room. He wanted 'two hours to sleep and a warm bath'; then he would see his ministers."

Bonaparte got to Paris at 3 o'clock in the morning and lost no time in bringing together those whom he could best use in putting forth a life-or-death effort. Nor did the men who had had enough of him lose time.

Just as soon as La Fayette caught wind of what was going on, he hurried to the House. It was busy correcting grammatical errors[21] in the procès-verbal of the preceding day."

"Leave your *errata,*" said he; "there is other matter of discussion; hasten to open the sitting and give me the parole."

After his forty winks, after his plunge in the tub, Bonaparte was less agitated. Paris had awakened, and it seemed to be the same Paris. Perhaps it would prove his prize once more—just one more time—his prize of prizes, his very own. Should he seek to set himself up as dictator? No. He would throw himself upon the chambers—the deputies would be loyal, they

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throw, defended with ardor the liberal ideas which he shared with La Fayette.

[20] Quitting his shelter at the cottage of a shepherd, Bonaparte galloped away from Waterloo pursued by Prussian huzzars. He gained his carriage and was driven with the utmost fury towards Genappe—there at the bridge he got into an immense jam of fugitives. As the Prussians broke one carriage door he leaped out at the other, mounted, and hatless, swordless, without mantle, spurred madly off to Charleroi. No wonder he laughed like a man beside himself when he reached Paris.

[21] "Events in France," by Helen Maria Williams, 1816.

were assembling even now. He had a bulletin sent him from the chambers every quarter of an hour. The very first that came announced that "La Fayette had appeared in the tribune." Bonaparte said, with agitation: "La Fayette in the tribune!" He dropped a coffee spoon he was using. His look took on increased concern—something of dismay.

"Gentlemen," said La Fayette, as soon as he had ascended the tribune, "for the first time in many years you hear a voice which the old friends of liberty may yet recognize. The country is in danger and you alone can save it. The sinister reports which have been circulated during the last two days are unhappily confirmed. This is the moment to rally round the national colors—the tri-colored standard of 1789, the standard of liberty, equality and public order. It is you alone who can secure the independence and honor of France. Allow a veteran in the sacred cause of freedom and a stranger to the spirit of faction to submit to you some resolutions which the danger of the present crisis demands." The resolutions, which were adopted, declared the sittings of the chamber permanent; commended the army of the line and National Guards, admonished the Parisian Guards to prepare for action and summoned the ministers to attend the Assembly in order to receive their instructions.

Thus by resolute, quick action in the Waterloo crisis was Bonaparte prevented from dragging France into his suicidal chasm.

Lucien Bonaparte attempted to save his brother. His eloquence led him to declare: "It is not Napoleon that is attacked, it is the French people. Before the tribunal of the world the French nation, if it should abandon its Emperor, would be justly convicted of levity and inconstancy."

La Fayette answered Lucien. He did not ascend

the tribune, but spoke from where he stood. "The assertion which has just been uttered," said he, "is a calumny. Who shall dare accuse the French nation of inconstancy to the Emperor Napoleon? That nation has followed his bloody footsteps through the sands of Egypt, and through the wastes of Russia, over fifty fields of battle; in disaster as faithfully as in victory; and it is for having thus devotedly followed him that we now mourn the blood of three millions of Frenchmen."

Lucien bowed.

"Go tell your brother," said La Fayette, "that we will trust him no longer; we will ourselves undertake the salvation of our country." [22]

Soon Napoleon entered. The Assembly arose. He spoke,[23] appealing to French valor. As he sat down, the deputies turned toward La Fayette, who, in the course of a solemn appeal to patriotism, said: "There is but one measure which can save the country, and if the ministers of the Emperor will not advise him to adopt it, his great soul will reveal it to him."

All understood. Bonaparte must abdicate. The Duke of Bassano (Maret) violently assailed La Fayette. Maret was hissed. The wind, the tide, the world —all these and all things, above or below, were against Bonaparte. He abdicated in favor of his son; he quit his Paris as one ostracized; he left his France forever.

But though one monarch was out another was in— Louis XVIII; and La Fayette soon saw that a royalist reaction would bring trouble.

La Fayette cannot be said to have escaped criticism on his course and conduct with respect to the Bourbons

[22] *North American Review,* January, 1825.—"Lady Morgan's France," p. 326.

[23] "You will be satisfied with Napoleon's speech," wrote La Fayette to a friend, "but I was not so with his face, which seemed to me like that of an old despot irritated by the part which his position forces him to do."

of the Restoration period. He knew both Louis Stanislas Xavier and Charles Philip about as well as he knew any pair of mortals. He had rather scornfully refused to join the train of Louis when that altogether unmagnetic prince was Comte de Provence; and he had made merry with Charles when, as Comte d'Artois, the younger of the brothers led a gay life with Marie Antoinette at Versailles. Upon the restoration of Louis, who had come out of his English exile, Charles, just from Switzerland (where he had been "leading a life of religious asceticism"), placed himself at the head of the reactionaries. He had been born the same year as La Fayette; he had fled from France three days after the fall of the Bastille; he was known to be in favor of the reëstablishment of aristocratic conditions as they existed under the *ancien régime*. What the critics blame La Fayette for, in the first instance, is that he did not have the prescience and the hardihood to stand out against the discarded Capets. They think he should have fought the Bourbons as hard as he fought Bonaparte. But, as Tuckerman shrewdly apprehends, La Fayette was so occupied with getting rid of one evil that he did not have time to fight off the other. It is doubtful if he could have made head against them. "The well-known opposition of La Fayette to the restoration of Louis XVIII made him an object of hatred to the royalist party; but as he had been the opponent of Bonaparte also, there was no excuse for visiting upon him the vengeance which attainted so many actors in the Hundred Days." Such, for instance, as the heroic Ney, who was tripped by fate and suffered death.[24] With "a plague on both your houses," La

[24] Ney had reached the Château of Bessonis, in Cantal, and would have escaped but that he left his Turkish sabre, a gift from Napoleon, on a table in the salon. He was shot in the gardens of Luxembourg Palace by a platoon of grenadiers. Thirteen bullets pierced him.

Fayette went back to his retirement at Lagrange, where he "remained in entire seclusion for four years." Thus this one at Lagrange (and another, at St. Helena) kept watch on events—the *Terreur Blanche,* the growing disfavor of the Royalists, and certain significant upcroppings of Liberalism. Louis and his minister, Richelieu, were "openly antagonistic to Liberal feeling." "It was around the charter in particular that a thirteen years' struggle was waged; and it began the moment the Duke of Richelieu assumed the reins of power."

And what was La Fayette doing? Still watching; but now again about to take part in affairs. In 1819 he entered the New Assembly.[25] He felt called upon to protest against any further attempt to restore the old prerogatives. There was a body called the "Congregation," with a membership of some 5000 ultra-Royalists; opposed to this were certain associations (*ventes*) similar to the Italian Carbonari. La Fayette worked with these associations. The Liberal ferment, largely under cover, was not confined to France; it extended to all countries where the Bourbons had returned to power. On the night of February 13th, 1820, Charles Ferdinand, Duke of Berry, was assassinated, while escorting the Duchess to her carriage after the opera.[26] His brother, the Duke of Angoulême, was childless; and Louvel, a saddler, thought that by murdering Charles he could blot out the Bourbons. But the Duchess of Berry gave birth to a posthumous son

[25] According to the diary of the Duchesse de Broglie, the election of La Fayette, in 1819, "upset the whole of France and nearly the whole of Europe."

[26] It was the last Sunday before Lent—"The audience was large, the boxes were filled with women covered with diamonds." The *Rossignol* and the *Noces de Gamanche* were successful. The Duke waved his hand to his wife, saying: "Adieu, Caroline; we shall see each other presently." All of a

(September, 1820), known as Henry, Duke of Bordeaux, Comte de Chambord—"Henry V." Reaction, now, was more pronounced than ever. "Scarcely was the session at an end (in 1820)," says Van Laun,[27] "when the existence of a widespread military conspiracy, having for its object the expelling of the Bourbons, was made known to the Government on the eve of the projected Revolution, and amongst those who were involved were La Fayette and other deputies." La Fayette was very much involved.[28] He was determined to oppose the Crown at the risk of ruin to himself—a hard resolve for a man past his prime, who had but lately suffered bankruptcy and Olmutz. "Bah!" he said, "I have already lived a long time, and it seems to me that I would worthily crown my political career by dying on the scaffold in the cause of liberty."

Commenting on the proposed electoral law to limit the ballot to a few thousand proprietors, he added: "This law is a declaration of war to the death against

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sudden a man threw himself on the Duke, seized his left shoulder with one hand and gave him a poignard thrust under the right breast with the other. The Duchess leaped from the carriage and took her dying husband in her arms.—"The Duchess of Berry and the Court of Louis XVIII," by Imbert de Saint-Amand.

[27] "The French Revolutionary Epoch," by Henri van Laun, 1879, vol. ii.

[28] "In the general debate," says the Duc de Broglie, "M. de La Fayette went into the tribune three times. He had written his principal speech, for fear that it should be found too violent. The effect was only the worse for it; there was something noble and imposing in his manners, an accent of the *ancien régime*, which contrasted strangely with the revolutionary ideas and expressions with which his language was stamped. The debates were heroic. One of the ministers, M. de Serre, 'nearly dying,' sent a thrill through the Chamber on one of these occasions by his rebuke: 'When civil war breaks out, whatever blood is shed is on the head of those who have provoked it. The previous speaker (La Fayette) knows this better than anyone else; he has learned more than once, with the feeling of despair in his heart and a blush on his brow, that he who arouses the fury of the mob is obliged to follow that very mob, and almost to lead it.'"

the Revolution; the Royalists wish to have done with the principle of liberty and equality. We have no longer any resource against this party and its attacks but that of resistance by gunshots." Through committees in other cities, in communication with Paris as a centre, a definite plan was perfected. La Fayette was at the head of the Paris Committee; Vincennes and August 9th were the time and place agreed upon for an outbreak. But it was put off. Next year a plan was laid for simultaneous risings. La Fayette was again the leader. Neuf-Brisach, Béfort, Metz, Nancy and Strasbourg were involved.

"The communications between Alsace and Paris were to be cut," says Tuckerman, "and a provisional government, consisting of La Fayette, d'Argenson, and Koechlin was to be established at Strasburg. The 24th of December was the anniversary of the death of Mme. de La Fayette. That day the General always consecrated to her memory and passed in her room. In order to observe this custom, he left Paris for Lagrange, where he awaited the signal for his departure for Alsace. The night of the 29th was assigned for the rising, but various accidents occurred to delay it till the first of January. As soon as word reached Lagrange, La Fayette entered his travelling carriage. His son George, attached to his father by the closest bonds of confidence and affection, accompanied him on the journey which might conduct both to the scaffold. When the General saw his old servant Bastien enter the carriage he felt some compunction. 'Bastien,' he said, 'George and I are about to risk our heads. I ought to warn you that in accompanying us you may be risking your own.' 'I know it, General,' said Bastien. 'I know what we are about to do; but don't let that disturb you. I am going on my own account, moreover; these opinions are also mine.'

"At Béfort . . . the troops of the garrison were in the plot. On the night of January 1st, according to agreement their guns were loaded and their knapsacks packed ready for the campaign. The hour

was rapidly approaching for them to take possession of the citadel and begin the conflict in which the populace of Béfort and the other cities were prepared to join. But, although the soldiers and some of the officers were in the secret, the officers of the highest rank in the garrison were not so. The adjutant, Tellier, one of the conspirators, had called together all the sergeants and given them orders to make ready the troops, which had been duly executed. But it happened that one of the sergeants had but that moment returned from a leave of absence. The fact was not noticed, and no information was given him. He placed his own company in readiness and then, to testify to the zeal for duty with which he had returned to the regiment, he sought out his captain and informed him that his orders had been executed, that the guns were loaded and the knapsacks packed. The captain was playing cards with a fellow officer. Neither was in the plot. . . . They suspected something wrong . . . the gates were closed. . . . Two of the conspirators hastened to meet La Fayette, then known to be on the road to Béfort. They were in time to stop him. He ordered the carriage to take another road leading to the town of Graz, where he alighted at the home of a friend named Martin. Here he passed several days in order to make this visit the object of his journey."

It was a great risk that La Fayette had taken. But the evidence against him was circumstantial. The Royalists feared to bring him to trial and the matter was passed over without action. His enemies contented themselves with defeating him for the Assembly at the election in 1823. The Bourbons grew bolder. Bonaparte was dead (May 5, 1821). Louis XVIII died on September 16, 1824, and Charles X became King of the French.

But, meantime, we must follow La Fayette across the sea.

LA FAYETTE

This portrait was painted for the City of Philadelphia, in 1824, by Thomas Sully and is now in the Liberty Bell vestibule in Independence Hall. Sully's study for the portrait is owned by Herbert Welsh of Philadelphia. The walking stick used by La Fayette when posing for this portrait is the property of the City of Philadelphia. It is of blackthorn, with ivory hand-grip mounted by a silver ring.

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LA FAYETTE'S LAST VISIT

La Fayette's last visit to his much-beloved Land of Liberty was one of the happiest events ever set forth on the historian's page. It happened during the "Era of Good Feeling" in America; and at that time, as James Schouler[1] says, "the memories of '76 were peculiarly tender." La Fayette was the only surviving general officer who had served under Washington. Monroe was "the last of the Revolutionary Presidents," though we should not forget that Andrew Jackson also burned powder, under his own nose, in that war, as well as in its sequel—the War of 1812. In fact, many Revolutionary celebrities, such as Chief Justice Marshall, could walk arm-in-arm with the Marquis and tell camp-fire tales of '76. But the vast majority of the people of the twenty-four States of the Union had come into the world since the Revolution. From 3,000,000 the population had become 12,000,000. John Adams lingered, "in the rustic routine of his little farm at Braintree, where his playful banter kept all at his table in good humor"; and Jefferson still held open hall at Monticello; but, for the most part, those victorious fathers, whom Americans already idealized as heroes and sages, had gone the sorrowful way. Since their time "La Fayette's star had risen and sunk repeatedly with the vicissitudes of France. . . . A guest like this no nation was likely to entertain a second time. . . . The splendor of his reputation in the Old World heightened his earlier renown in the New."

"To use Clay's felicitous expression," adds

[1] "History of the United States Under the Constitution," vol. iii (1817–1831), pp. 317–324.

Schouler, "it seemed a realization of that vain wish that the patriot father might revisit his country after death, and contemplate the immediate changes which time had wrought."

Perhaps the effect of Monroe's own tour in reawakening the patriotic spirit of the people had something to do with his invitation to La Fayette to cross the water and shake the hands of his friends. Monroe's object in making his tour was to inspect the coast fortifications planned by General Bernard, who had come to America with credentials signed by none other than La Fayette. The outcome was infinitely more important than Monroe had anticipated. He realized it, and, most likely, felt that the patriotic fervor would be brought out again if La Fayette should come over. It has been assumed that La Fayette's own purpose in coming was to clear up his claims. True enough, no doubt; but, to a man like La Fayette, the object dearest to the heart, under such circumstances, must have been less material. He loved America—wished to see it; breathe its air; feel the close hand-clasp, and feed his soul with those tender thoughts that arise when in the embrace of a warm-hearted people.

At the same time, money did, of course, enter into the matter. It was necessary to consider it. La Fayette had to borrow in order to come. As decency dictated, the claim was to be kept "delicately in the background." Jefferson understood the situation. He wrote to Monroe that he hoped Congress would be prepared "to go through their compliment worthily; that they will not merely dine him, nor send him back empty-handed, for this would place us in indelible disgrace in Europe." Congress responded. It authorized Monroe to send a frigate for La Fayette; and, in his letter of February 24, 1824, which ex-Senator James Brown, of Louisiana, the new Minister to France, took abroad

with him, the President so notified the expected guest. It was the ardent desire of the whole nation, wrote Monroe, once more to see its benefactor.

Refusing the frigate, La Fayette sailed by the *Cadmus* packet, Captain Allyn, from Havre, July 13, 1824, and saw America again one bright Sunday a month later. With him were George Washington La Fayette and M. Auguste Levasseur, who, as secretary, made so many notes that, by and by, he wrote a book on the tour.[2] One servant, the ever-faithful Bastien, accompanied the party. As a vagary, two eccentric English women "attached themselves to it."

When the *Cadmus* approached New York harbor, La Fayette turned to a man near him and asked if he thought a hack could be had at the wharf to take him to a hotel. So says Senator Thomas H. Benton (in his "Thirty Years' View," vol. i, p. 29), who adds:

"He expected kindness, but not enthusiasm. He expected to meet with surviving friends; not to rouse a young generation. He was received with unbounded honor, affection and gratitude by the American people. To the survivors of the Revolution, it was the return of a brother; to the new generation, born since that time, it was the apparition of an historical character, familiar from the cradle, and combining all the titles of love, admiration, gratitude."

No Roman ever had such a triumphal procession. Through State after State—week after week, month after month—it was the same. He had given his whole fortune to their fathers; he had offered his life time after time; he had lain with them on bloody fields—these things they could not forget. They bore him in

[2] "La Fayette en Amerique en 1824 et 1825, ou Journal d'un Voyage aux Etats Unis," par A. Levasseur, Secrétaire du Général La Fayette pendant son voyage. Deux tomes en 800, orné de onze gravures et d'une carte.

Translations, 2 vols. in one, New York, 1829.

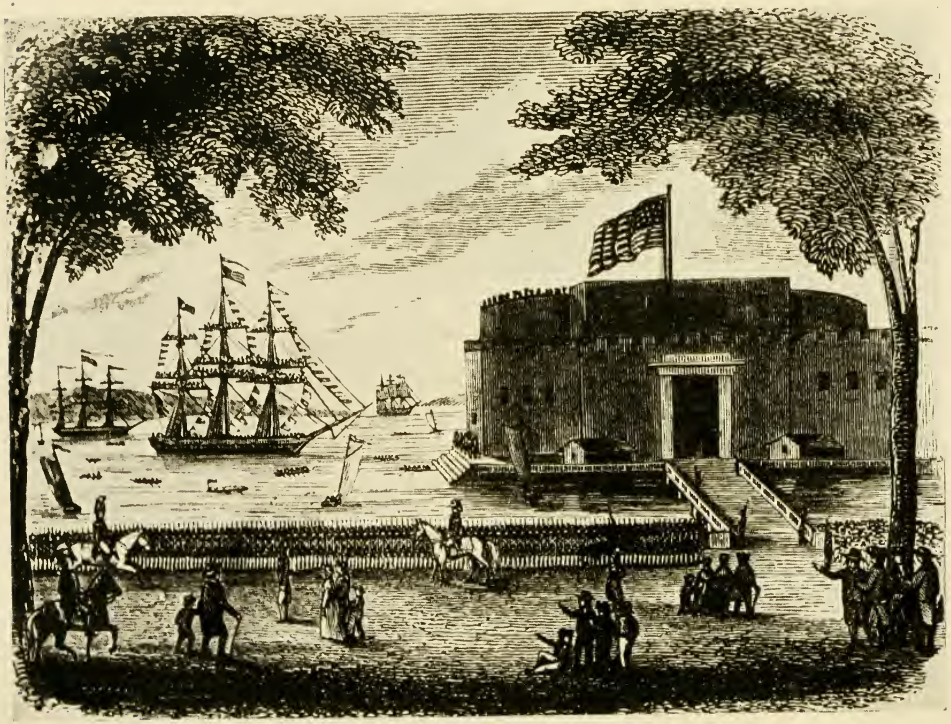
their arms, they cut the traces of his horses and pulled his carriage themselves; they wept with him at pathetic memories and swore at themselves for weeping at such a time of joy, of jubilant cannon-roar and glorious festivity.

La Fayette was soon made aware that his welcome would be a hundredfold heartier than he had anticipated in his warmest dreams. A deputation met him with the request that he should postpone his entry into New York until the morrow—Monday. He was escorted from the quarantine station to the house of Vice-President Tompkins, on Staten Island. While on the balcony, receiving the congratulations of a great crowd, there appeared "a rainbow, one of whose limbs enveloped and tinged Fort La Fayette (just across the Narrows) with a thousand colors." So wrote M. Levasseur, impressed with the happiness of the omen. La Fayette himself was "in excellent health, full of conversation, and rejoiced, beyond measure, in having his foot on American ground." The welcoming deputation saw before them "a large, stout man, slightly lame, with heavy and strongly marked features, surmounted by a thick growth of curly reddish hair."

Next day, August 16, was as big a gala-day as New York had seen up to that time. Prints were made of the grand panorama on the bay, at the Battery, and in the streets of the city. All the dignitaries went to Staten Island to escort the guest to Manhattan—all the great men and everybody else who could find room on the boats.[3] The Chancellor Livingston, with the West Point Band playing "Where can one better be than in the bosom of his fami-i-lee,"[4] sped along at

[3] "La Fayette's Last Visit to America," by Ella Rodman Church, *Magazine of American History*, vol. vi. pp. 321–339.

[4] A French air: *"Où peut on être mieux qu'au sein de sa famille?"*



LA FAYETTE'S ARRIVAL AT NEW YORK, 1824

From an old print

He came over on the packet *Cadmus*. He had no idea of the reception that would be given him and asked a fellow-passenger if a hack could be had at the wharf to take him to his hotel. "All New York" met him in the harbor

the head of a far-extended "aquatic escort" of flag-trimmed craft. The *Cadmus* seemed "rather to be led in triumph than to be towed by the two steamboats that accompanied." Sailors from the *Constitution* manned the steamship *Robert Fulton*. Six thousand citizens were on other steamers. But the descriptive details of this and countless other receptions can only be hinted at here; they would fill a book, or a shelf of books. The landing at the Battery, in the midst of cannon-thunder and the acclaim of 30,000 voices; the parade, led by the La Fayette Guards, "all decorated with a ribbon bearing his portrait and the legend 'Welcome La Fayette'"; the beautiful arches; the barouche in which the hero sat, behind four white horses—these and other incidents and objects of the day can only be strung together as faintly indicative of the character of a greeting that surprised the recipient, overwhelmed him, touched him to the heart. And La Fayette soon found that this was but the beginning of a series of ovations. "He traveled east, he traveled west, he traveled north, he traveled south; he embraces and weeps over old comrades by the score; is addressed and sung to by maidens in white and veterans in blue; is whisked off from one entertainment to another; braves Siberian cold, and endures tropical heat; is shipwrecked on the Ohio, and has never a moment that he calls his own, yet comes up smiling at the end, with the same expression of enjoyment and delight in everything as at first." [5]

The New York *Evening Post* said:

"The most interesting sight was the reception of the General by his old companions-in-arms—Colonel Marinus Willett, now in his eighty-fifth year; General Philip Van Cortlandt, General Clarkson, Colonel Varick,

[5] "La Fayette's Last Visit to America," *Magazine of American History*, vol. vi.

Colonel Platt, Colonel Trumbull, and several members of the Cincinnati. He embraced them all affectionately, and Colonel Willett again and again. He knew and remembered them all. It was a reunion of a long-separated family. After the ceremony of embracing and congratulations was over he (La Fayette) sat down alongside Colonel Willett, who grew young again and fought his battles all o'er. 'Do you remember,' said he, 'at the Battle of Monmouth I was volunteer aid to General Scott? I saw you in the heat of battle. You were but a boy, but you were a serious, sedate lad. Ay, ay, I remember well. And on the Mohawk I sent you fifty Indians, and you wrote me that they set up such a yell that they frightened the British horse and they ran one way and the Indians another!'"

Another veteran (this was at New Haven) said: "General, I saw you descend from your horse, and, at the head of your division, ford the Schuylkill, then four feet deep, on two cold nights of November in succession. 'Yes,' he cried, turning to the people, who were crowding up, 'he never shunned any fatigue or danger, and always led the way!'"[6]

This was the sort of incident the crowd liked. Huzzas broke out. The drums rumbled. The fifes struck up. In leaving New York there was no farewell at that time. It was understood that he would soon be back. The fact is he paid four visits to that city. When he started on this occasion it was in his private carriage, drawn by the four white horses. The drivers wore silk ribbons fastened to their buttons. One of them was heard to say: "Behave pretty, now, Charley! you are going to carry the greatest man in the world."

He was five days on the road between New York and Boston, because everybody for miles on either side of the route wished to shake hands with him, or pelt

[6] *Niles' Weekly Register*, Baltimore, August 21, 28, 1824; and many other issues.

him with flowers, or open their mouths in lusty huzzas and ringing cheers.[7]

Many of the arches were things of beauty. At Putnam's "Horseneck" Rock; on the college green in New Haven; at Providence there were notable receptions; and at Boston the people turned out to greet him just as though he were not to come back for the laying of the Bunker Hill foundation stone. At this time there was a reunion at the same hallowed shrine. Nor did La Fayette let many hours pass before he paid his respects to John Adams, then 89.

M. Levasseur says:

"We regularly traveled till nearly midnight, and were again on the road by five in the morning. . . . The long line of coaches escorted by horsemen armed with flambeaux; the fires kindled at intervals on the summits of the hills, and around which families had assembled who had been kept awake by their wish to see their guest, the somewhat rude sound of the trumpet of our escort, the distant and dying sound of the bells which announced our passage, all in one word formed around us a delightful and striking picture worthy of the pen of Cowper."

Aaron Ogden Drayton said in an oration at Elizabeth, N. J.:

"The sight of their uniform, worn by a company in Boston upon his last visit to the United States, filled him with the deepest emotion. The tear glistened in his eye as he turned again and again to view this affecting memento of former days, and he repeatedly exclaimed: 'My brave Light Infantry! such was their uniform! What courage! What resignation! How much I loved them!' It was with this corps that he achieved the memorable campaign of 1781, upon which his military

[7] "The Marquis de La Fayette," by an officer in the late army, Hartford, 1849. This account of the tour is detailed, but covers New York and New England more fully than other sections.

fame will rest, and which, doubtless, paved the way to his subsequent elevation in his own country to the command of the National Guard of Paris, and to his selection as the leader of one of the three great armies employed against Austria."

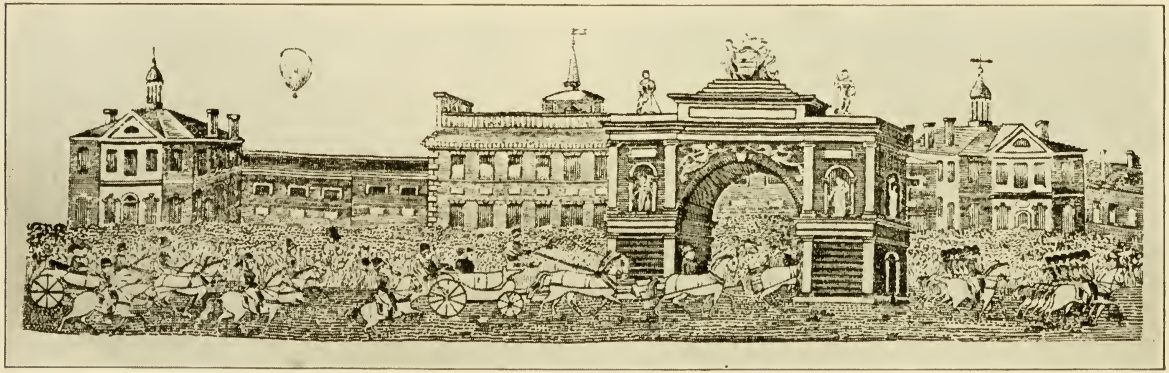
By way of Lynn, Marblehead, Salem, Ipswich and Newburyport, La Fayette followed the old Colonial road to Portsmouth, N. H., and returned through Lexington, Concord, the Connecticut River and Long Island Sound to New York. At every stopping-place there was an outpouring and an ovation.

One gains a stronger impression sometimes by standing in the shoes of a participant. Let us then stand in those of Freeman Foster, who, at 18, played in a Dunstable, N. H., band, and who at this time marched with the Dunstable (now Nashua) Cadets.

"We were ordered to escort La Fayette over the line from Massachusetts into New Hampshire. . . . He was in an open carriage drawn by six dapple-gray horses; his son followed in a carriage, drawn by four iron-grays; his portrait was on almost everything at that time, on our handkerchiefs as well as in the hats we wore, and even if he had not been so prominent a figure, we should readily have recognized him. We then recrossed the bridge, escorting the procession to Concord, into the grounds in front of the State House. He entered the building and addressed the people from the balcony. The day was warm, and we, tired with the march and our heavy uniforms, lay down on the grass to rest."

A quiet little pen picture, this—but it was clean-cut in the mind of Freeman Foster at 92, and it is clean-cut to us now. It is but one of some hundreds of similar scenes between the river Merrimac and the distant Mississippi.

As to the way he was received in more populous centres: First, a cloud of dust, out of which would



LA FAYETTE'S RECEPTION AT INDEPENDENCE HALL, SEPTEMBER 28, 1824

From a cotton handkerchief owned by the Pennsylvania Historical Society, printed as a souvenir of LaFayette's visit, by the Germantown Print Works

The escorting squadron is composed of the First and Second City Troops, under the command of Capt. J. R. C. Smith. Six cream-colored horses draw a barouche in which sit Governor Shulze, Judge Richard Peters, patriot, and wit; and the guest of the occasion. They are passing under the LaFayette Arch. LaFayette spent five days in this city, stopping at the Franklin House where the Philadelphia Savings Fund building now stands, at 7th and Walnut Streets.

emerge a horseback party of leading citizens—Mayor, Judges, Councilmen, a Governor maybe, a grand old soldier, with red face framed in white hair—then salutations; and the escort would accompany the guest into the main street of the town. On the balconies would be the ladies; bells would ring; cannon would jar the glasses around the punch-bowl, or on the tavern table; hundreds would crowd up to shake hands; and, finally, off would prance the white horses in another cloud of dust. Nor must one forget the speeches. Every orator had a La Fayette speech, ready for use. But the best speeches were the spontaneous, non-oratorical ones. "General, America loves you!" "And I," said the General, "most truly love America." Some called him "Marquis," but he had disavowed "Marquis," and people warned each other: "Don't call him 'Marquis,' call him General." Nevertheless, some of the privileged belles he had danced with clung to "Marquis," and spoke it so sweetly and lingeringly that he smiled. Thus with every town *en fête,* and the countryside acclaiming him, he passed on from one triumph to another. It was the day of fife and drum, of smart cavalcades, of tall masts displaying streamers of red, white and blue and of all that old Colonial picturesqueness long since lost. Men still thundered forth their views, still pinched snuff. The old paddle-wheel steamboat was puffing up-stream and gliding down—as beautiful as any swan; but "it was six years before ground was broken with a silver spade for the first railroad in the State of New York."

Back in New York City in time for a dinner given by the Cincinnati on his 67th birthday, September 6, he was especially lionized, on the 14th, at an emblematic fête in Castle Garden. New York had laughed at an ambitious play, "The Siege of Yorktown," but was proud enough of the spectacular affair at the Garden.

La Fayette left it at two of a glorious moonlit morning to ascend the Hudson on the *James Kent*. West Point, Newburgh, Poughkeepsie, Albany, Troy,[8] entertained him, and it was the 22d of September before he got away from New York for Trenton and Philadelphia. Eight days La Fayette spent in Philadelphia,[9] which, famous throughout the nineteenth century for its patriotic parades and illuminations, now outdid itself—Masonic dinner, civic ball, military fête and a series of house-warmings at Independence Hall.[10] One of the oddest incidents was that when La Fayette was seized in the stalwart embrace of a Quaker in drab and broadbrim. He had been a fighting Colonel in the Revolution. In the Senate Chamber at Harrisburg, La Fayette seated himself in John Hancock's chair, exclaiming: "From this chair also he (Hancock) signed my early admission as a soldier in the American army." Having visited Chester and Wilmington,[11] La Fayette reached Baltimore near midnight to find the whole city illuminated in his honor. The bands in Baltimore played "La Fayette's March." Five days there were barely enough, but it was the 10th of Octo-

[8] At Troy La Fayette "was struck with astonishment." "What!" he exclaimed, "has this city risen from earth by enchantment?" When he had crossed the Hudson there, in 1778, he found but three or four cottages, at one of which he obtained a cup of milk and a bite of Indian bread.

[9] "The public is so excited by the arrival of La Fayette," said a Philadelphia newspaper, "that ten thousand persons have visited his portrait at the coffee-house."

[10] Six thousand militia under Cadwalader escorted La Fayette into the city. Only the sick remained indoors. "Steps," says Levasseur, "had been raised on each side of the streets, high as the roofs, to afford places for the spectators." Judge Peters sat in La Fayette's calash. Four tented wagons each contained 40 veterans of the Revolution. As they passed there was a roar. There were 30 arches.

[11] At the Delaware border La Fayette was met by a delegation headed by Colonel Allen McLane, who had served under him at Barren Hill. McLane, though over 80, presented himself on horseback "wearing on his head a revolutionary cap and feather."

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THE RECEPTION TO LAFAYETTE AT CLIVEDEN, GERMANTOWN, ON HIS RETURN TO AMERICA IN 1824

From the painting by E. L. Henry at Cliveden, by permission of Miss Elizabeth B. Chew.

ber, and his itinerary contemplated a visit to Washington and Mount Vernon before proceeding to Yorktown for a celebration on the anniversary of the surrender. So he hurried on to Washington, where he was the recipient of the heartiest and most flattering attention. President Monroe had hoped to be his personal host and have him at the White House; but it suited better to continue to regard him as the guest of the Nation. Three nephews of Washington received him at Mount Vernon. He went down alone into Washington's tomb and came out in tears. For a quarter of a century his hero had been gone on the long march where no drums sound. It brought a thousand memories to La Fayette—this quiet autumn hour at Mount Vernon with the yellow leaves thick under foot.

But there at hand was the blue Potomac; and it flowed in lovely reaches to the Chesapeake, whither he now passed by steamer. By this time steamboats were numerous in these waters and all of them seemed to bring loads of patriotic passengers on this 44th anniversary.[12] A thousand things happened, but the oddest was the discovery of a stock of Cornwallis' candles, which were "arranged in a circle in the centre of the camp, where the ladies and soldiers danced during the evening." At Williamsburg, Norfolk, Portsmouth, Richmond, Petersburg, there were La Fayette celebrations. La Fayette laughed when the people at Petersburg thanked him for burning their town of "miserable wooden houses" in 1781. Now Petersburg was of brick—a handsome place, indeed. No doubt La Fayette would have preferred a longer stay in the James River region—scene of his most successful campaign—but he wanted to see Jefferson and

[12] Chief Justice Marshall was present. For La Fayette's reception at Yorktown and Richmond see John C. Calhoun's memorandum to President Monroe, pp. 225–227, Annual Report of the American Historical Association, 1899, vol. ii.

Jefferson wanted to see him. Soon they embraced. A whole week was spent at Monticello.[12] Its master, fast aging, welcomed La Fayette to Charlottesville, but was unable to attend the dinner given at the University. "I joy, my friends, at your joy," he wrote; and his tribute was regarded as the most eloquent of the occasion.[14] From Monticello, La Fayette journeyed to Montpelier, where he passed some days with ex-President Madison. He was in Washington on the 23d of November, when he dined with President Monroe; and again visited Baltimore. It was all he could do to keep his engagements within bounds, so heavy was the press of hospitality.

Then came the great occasion when La Fayette was the guest of Congress.[15] That body voted him $200,000, and "one complete and entire township of land." It was a red-letter day in Washington when Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and John Quincy Adams met to bid him good-bye.

La Fayette left Washington [16] early in March for the South and West. On this grand swing around the southern circle, he was entertained in the two Caro-

[13] At the University of Virginia "a rattlesnake from which the fangs had been extracted, was seen disporting itself on the floor of a small hall, the interesting reptile being intended as a present to George Washington La Fayette, who had expressed a desire for one."—*Magazine of American History.*

[14] "The Marquis de La Fayette," by an Officer of the Late Army.

[15] La Fayette, in his reply to Henry Clay's speech of welcome, said that the United States reflected "on every part of the world the light of a far superior civilization."—Address of John Jay, "The Demand for Education in American History," papers of the American Historical Association, v. , p. 22.

[16] La Fayette wrote to Colonel Trumbull from Paris, January 24, 1824: "It is to me also an inexpressible gratification to think your admirable pencil has fixed me on the grand central rotunda of the Capitol of the United States, where I like myself seen, viz.: in my American Regimentals, under our republican continental colors, at the head of my beloved, gallant, affectionate light infantry, at the successful close of the Virginia campaign."—*Niles' Register,* March 6, 1824.

linas, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana and Ohio. He was interested in his namesake-town of Fayetteville, N. C., of which he had at home an excellent drawing made for him in 1814 by M. Horace Say. The old battlefields and the old fighters all through the Carolinas kept his curiosity on edge.

At Camden he laid the cornerstone of a monument to the Baron de Kalb. "He could have done more than I," said La Fayette, "but Fate took the better man." He was escorted along the old Indian trail to Charleston by a troop mounted on white horses. With him in his carriage were Governor Manning, George Washington La Fayette and Colonel Francis Kinloch Huger of Olmutz fame. La Fayette pressed Colonel Huger to take part of the gift voted by Congress. He said: "You shared my prison, now share my wealth! I cannot be rich while you are poor." Colonel Huger was touched; but he would not accept the money. He said he had enough for his daughters, and, as for his sons, he had taught them to make their own way unaided. At Charleston, La Fayette leaped from his carriage and ran to that of the patriot Pinckneys—General Charles Cotesworth (81) and General Thomas (78)—and kissed them, French-fashion, to the joy of a wondering multitude. Here is a description of La Fayette as written by H. W. Conner,[17] who said of him at the Charleston ball given in his honor:

"The Marquis is in form tall and stately. . . . He is lame in one foot, and a good deal infirm in age, though his appearance from the color of his wig and the brilliancy of his eye is altogether youthful. His features are long and somewhat narrow with a retreating but unusually high forehead. His features, take them together, are more expressive of goodness than any-

[17] Now in the possession of the Conner family and quoted in "Charleston, the Place and People," by Mrs. St. Julien Ravenel.

thing else. His eye is the only remarkably fine feature he has. That is a fine large dark eye, exceedingly quick in its transition from one object to another. I think the man's countenance expresses his character as intelligently as language itself could make it."

Spring was now opening. So hospitable were the people at Charleston and Savannah, where he laid the cornerstone of monuments to Greene and Pulaski, that it was difficult for him to continue his tour. But at last he was off, and soon among the welcoming Creeks and Alabama red men. Not until April did he reach New Orleans. On the evening of his arrival there he found that he had to decide whether to visit the French or English theatre that night. He drew lots, but when he went to the English theatre the play could not proceed because of the attentions he himself attracted. He quit the house, out of politeness, and went to the French theatre, where he also unwittingly broke up the play. The cry *"Vive La Fayette!"* was too much for the actors, and the performance was suspended. Up the Mississippi on one of the brag boats of the planter period, he arrived at Carondelet on the evening of April 28. There the steamer was made gay with flags; and on the 29th bore him to the foot of Market Street, where all St. Louis, headed by the Mayor, Dr. William Carr Lane, welcomed him. As in Louisiana, the French element at St. Louis made much of the hero whose headquarters, at the house of M. Pierre Choteau, were thronged with veterans and the sons of veterans. La Fayette recognized in the pioneers and plainsmen his old Continental comrades turning into a new kind of American. He was rejoiced to see that they were lovers of freedom, open-natured and full of manliness as their sires had been east of the Alleghenies.

On the night of May 8–9, while on board the steam-

boat *Mechanic,* passing from Nashville, where Jackson[18] entertained him, to Louisville, an Ohio River "snag enfiladed us (as La Fayette expressed it) and we sank." George Washington La Fayette heard his father lamenting the loss of a keepsake (a snuff-box, with Washington's portrait) and ran back in water waist-deep to get it; but otherwise the shipwreck was not thrilling. The steamboat *Paragon,* bound up-stream, rescued everybody. Captain Hall, of the *Mechanic,* was downcast. "Never will my fellow-citizens pardon me," he said, "for the perils to which La Fayette was exposed last night." Ascending the Ohio to Cincinnati and Pittsburgh, La Fayette also sailed up Lake Erie, admired Niagara, smoked the peace pipe with Indian chiefs, passed through New York by way of Buffalo and Rochester and thence continued eastward as far as Portland, Me. He "wanted to see it all"; he wanted to enjoy it all; and did enjoy it. No such "conscientious" traveller ever visited America. We blush for Mrs. Trollope when we think of La Fayette. Returning from Down East by way of Burlington, Vt., Lake Champlain and the Hudson, La Fayette found himself in Boston on June 16, as the guest of the Legislature of Massachusetts. On June 17 occurred the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of Bunker Hill monument. This great event, the semi-centenary of the battle, has gone into history. La Fayette's toast was: "To enfranchised Europe."

Back in New York for the fourth time, July 4, 1825, he said in a speech: "At every step of my visit through the twenty-four United States, I have had to admire wonders of creation and improvement."

[18] Jackson owned and highly prized the pistols La Fayette had presented to Washington. He had the greatest admiration for La Fayette, "a generous soul fired in the cause of liberty . . . which we enjoy."

La Fayette's name[19] was bestowed upon many places and things. Fifty-five cities, towns and counties[20] now perpetuate it. There is no State named after him, but Fayettevilles and La Fayette's nevertheless abound. La Fayette, Indiana, is especially notable. La Fayette Square, New York, long has been known; and for that matter, La Fayette Square, Washington. But what is a square to a mountain? We have Mt. La Fayette in New Hampshire; and what is a mountain to a college? We have La Fayette College in Pennsylvania. La Fayette hotels are numerous, though not quite so numerous as Washington hotels. Identified spots where Washington slept are so thick along the Atlantic seaboard as to force the inference that he slept all the time except when he was picking hickory nuts—his one weakness.

La Fayette left Washington by the steamboat *Mount Vernon* on the 7th of December. At the mouth of the Potomac his party and their belongings were transferred to the frigate *Brandywine,* which sailed for France on the following day. She made her start "under full sail, transversing the centre of a brilliant rainbow, one of whose limbs appeared to rest on the Maryland shore, and the other on that of Virginia." As he had come in under a bow of promise, so he had gone out. He should have been a happy mortal. He saw the battle bluffs of the York River—almost his last glimpse of America. This was his good-bye to a nation with a grand future. He had helped to make that nation what it was and what it would be.

[19] Marquis de La Fayette was a favorite name for vessels sailing under letters of marque, especially in 1781. A Massachusetts ship called *The Marquiss* (10 guns; crew 20) was bonded September 19, 1780; and another *Marquis* (16 guns; crew 80) 1781. But most of the naval namesakes of La Fayette bore the name *Marquis de La Fayette* and were bonded in 1781. Nine of these figure in the Naval Records of the Revolution prepared from the originals in the Library of Congress by Charles Henry Lincoln, of the Division of Manuscripts.

[20] Ainsworth R. Spofford, "Report on American Historical Nomenclature," American Historical Association Report, 1893.

XI

HIS LAST REVOLUTION

Imbert de Saint-Amand, citing Marshal Marmont, who was with the courtiers near the death-chamber in the Château des Tuileries just before day on September 27, 1824, makes a vivid word-sketch of the scene. M. de Damas, seeing that Louis had ceased to breathe, came out, and said: "Gentlemen, the King is dead!" His pause was but for a moment; then he announced: "The King, gentlemen!" and Charles X strode among them. Saint-Amand, quoting Madame de Gontaut, sketches for us another significant scene. It was at the Louvre, when the Chambers opened. The crowd was prodigious.

"The platform for the royal family was the one prepared for the late King [Louis]; there had been a slight elevation in it that the King [Charles] did not see, and he stumbled on it. With the movement, his hat, held on his arm, fell; the Duke of Orleans [1] caught it. The Duchess of Orleans said to me: 'The King was about to fall; my husband sustained him.'

"I answered: 'No, Madame; Monseigneur has caught His Majesty's hat.'

"The Dauphiness turned and looked at me. We did not speak of it until six months after. Neither of us had forgotten it.

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[1] Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans, was born Oct. 6, 1773. He married Amélie, Princess of the Two Sicilies. She was a niece of Marie Antoinette. Louis XVIII said in 1821: "Since his return, the Duke of Orleans is the chief of a party without seeming to be. His name is a threatening flag, his palace a rallying-place. He makes no stir, but I can see that he makes progress. This activity without movement is disquieting. How can you undertake to check the march of a man who makes no step? . . . The Duke of Orleans is near enough to the throne already. I shall be careful to bring him no nearer."—"The Duchess of Berry and the Court of Charles X."

"A few years more and Charles X was to drop, not his hat, but his crown."

At the time of his accession, Charles was the recipient of many felicitations. "I believe that they were sincere," comments Marmont in his "Memoirs"; "but the love of the people is, of all loves, the most fragile, the most apt to evaporate."

It evaporated in this instance because Charles tried to take away the rights of the people. Three days after he became King, he abolished the censorship and decreed the liberty of the press. An enlightened press was developing in France. That was in line with what the people wanted evidently, for Charles began to be applauded. "No one in 1824 could have predicted 1830. . . . The early days of the reign of Charles X were, so to speak, the honeymoon of the union of the King and France." But, after the jubilee of the spring of 1826, Charles felicitated himself on having "a bad ear"—else he would have heard the cry under his palace windows: "Down with Villèle!" M. de Villèle was his reactionary minister. The National Guard was particularly offensive in its dissentient noise. So Charles disbanded the National Guard. He exacted 1,000,000,000 francs for the *émigrés* and other purposes looking to the restoration of the ancient aristocracy. After the ultra-Royalist Villèle came the moderate Royalist M. de Martignac. Then Charles fell more and more under the influence of the ultra-Royalist Congregation and the Camarilla controlled by Jules de Polignac, son of Marie Antoinette's favorite Duchess. All these counter-revolutionists had as their motto[2] the favorite device of Louis XIV, "*Un roi, une loi, une foi.*" They grew bolder than they had been at any

[2] "The French Revolution of 1830," by D. Turnbull, London, 1830.

time since their return to power. France was ruled by a "cabal of absolutism."

La Fayette kept out of affairs. Nor was he molested. Charles even spoke of him patronizingly, with seeming solicitude, having heard of his illness:

"Have you any news of M. de La Fayette?" he inquired; "how is he?" "Much better, sire." "Ah! I am glad of it—that is a man whom I like much, and who has rendered services to our family that I do not forget. We have always encountered each other, although moving in opposite directions. We were born in the same year; we learned to ride on horseback together at Versailles riding-school, and he belonged to my bureau in the Assembly of Notables. I take a great deal of interest in him."

Very soon he would speak in a less friendly tone; but, for the time being, he was disposed to look upon La Fayette as quite worthy of a good word. Perhaps he hoped that what he said would reach La Fayette's ears. The Chambers had just been summarily dissolved; and La Fayette was rather particular concerning arbitrary dissolutions. Polignac was to be minister, and La Fayette knew the breed.

It so happened that La Fayette went down into his own and the Polignac country at this time. He visited Chavaniac. At Clermont, Issore, Brioude, he was given greeting, but when he arrived at Le Puy, with the feudal memories of the Polignacs, he was honored with a dinner at which Polignac's appointment was the theme. The toasts were: "To the Charter"—"To the Chamber of Deputies, the hope of France!"

At Grenoble, on August 16th, he was given an ovation and presented with "a crown of oak leaves made of silver." Wherever he went there were cries, "*Vive La Fayette! Vive la charte!*" At Vizelle, "he was conducted to his grand-daughter's house amidst the

salutes of cannon." At Lyons there was an outpouring of people. La Fayette, in his speech at the Lyons dinner, declared that France would resist all violations of the charter. Louis on his death-bed had said to Charles: "The Charter is the best inheritance I can leave you." And so it was. But the selfishness of despotism was unbounded. France must not hesitate. Frenchmen knew their rights and would defend them.

Tuckerman contrasts La Fayette's reception in Auvergne and Dauphiny with that of the heir to the throne who was travelling through Normandy. "Everywhere he met with significant silence. This hostile attitude of the Crown and nation continued through the winter of 1829–30."

Charles again dissolved the Chambers and ordered a new election. When he realized that this was going against him, he attempted a *coup d'état* against liberty. On July 25th, at a Cabinet Council, he signed a number of ordinances, one of which read: "The liberty of the periodical press is suspended." Another so modified the electoral laws as to put the Chambers practically at the mercy of the Crown. In a word he—Charles—was Dictator; in spite of the seas of blood he had seen, he was willing to risk the oncoming of another Terror. It was said of Bonaparte that he no more minded the pouring out of blood than if it had been dirty water. Charles, a pious man, was so convinced of the necessity of exercising firmness, in contrast with his elder brother's "weakness," that he again brought upon his House most ruinous revolution.

As he held his pen poised, a moment before signing the provocative ordinances, he said: "Gentlemen, these are grave measures. You can count upon me, as I count upon you. Between us this is now a matter of life or death."

This was on a Sunday. On Monday, the *Moniteur*

published the edicts. That morning crowds gathered in the streets of Paris. Forty-four journalists issued a joint protest. Among them was M. Thiers, of *The National.* The newspapers turned their workers out of doors, and these formed knots of rebellious craftsmen, who soon enlisted the sympathy of increasing crowds. Something electrical began to get into the atmosphere of Paris. Many who hitherto had paid slight attention to the excessive measures of the Polignac Ministry now bent their minds to quick consideration as to the rights or wrongs of the controversy between the ultra-Royalists and those in favor of the constitutional limitation of the powers of the King. It did not take long for the fair-minded masses to see and feel that a return to Privilegism would be fatal to France. The cries oftenest heard were "*Vive la liberte!*" "*Vive la Charte!*" "The Marseillaise" was sung. As Monday wore towards evening, the gathering crowds grew menacing. Marshal Marmont warned Charles at St. Cloud, but the King had been out with the Dauphin on a long hunt, and was too tired to talk revolution. "Stocks are down," ventured Marmont. "They will go up again," commented the Dauphin, airily.

Tuesday the atmosphere was surcharged. The crowds were swelling in size and wrath. Barricades were built. That afternoon Marmont appeared from St. Cloud with his fighting orders. He had been made Commander-in-Chief, and directed to put an end to the disturbance.

He had 12,000 troops—the Royal French and Paris Guards, three regiments of the line, a regiment of light horse and a train of artillery. His own particular column consisted of six thousand troops, with eight pieces of artillery. All night long preparations went on. When day broke on Wednesday the tricolor topped

the Hôtel de Ville and Notre Dame. The bourdon of the Cathedral rang out. Again the tocsin! Marmont threw three divisions of troops into the city. They were attacked: first in the Rue St. Honoré near the Palais; then fired upon from windows, housetops and barricades. Bloody battle filled the streets. Some of the insurgents used sticks and stones, but thousands were well-armed. The Royal Guards fought with determination for a while, so that the dead lay thick; but soon the soldiers were forced back. They were no match for the swarming multitude—students, artisans from the faubourgs, thousands of workmen. "It is no longer a riot," Marmont wrote to the King; "it is a revolution. It is urgent that your Majesty should adopt measures of pacification. The honor of the Crown may yet be saved; to-morrow perhaps it will be too late."

The infatuated Charles had said of himself and La Fayette that they were always encountering each other, though always moving in opposite directions. And it was so now. Marmont's plea met with no response. Charles moved on along the course he was going, which, as far as Paris and power were concerned, was decidedly centrifugal; La Fayette, on the contrary, hurried to the centre of revolution as soon as news reached Lagrange of the Royal outrage and popular opportunity. La Fayette arrived on Tuesday night. His Paris was again the Paris of 1789. Of the 430 deputies only a few were at the capital. These he met at the house of the great banker, M. Jacques Laffitte (1767–1844). He encouraged them to stand together throughout the crisis. Then he made his way from point to point, organizing resistance to the Royal troops, which had been withdrawn from all points

VASE PRESENTED TO LA FAYETTE BY THE NATIONAL GUARDS OF FRANCE

From a drawing by M. Jules Cloquet, M.D.

It is of silver gilt on a stand in the form of a votive altar. Handles of vine-stalks, supported by lions' heads. The four statues represent Liberty, Equality, Force, Wisdom. The scenes on the four sides of the altar are (1) The Surrender of Cornwallis (2) The Federation of 1790 (3) The Duke of Orleans at Hotel deVille (4) The Distribution of Standards to the National Guards, July 31, 1830.

except the Louvre[3] and Tuileries. Here they were held in a restricted space in the strip along the Seine, all day Thursday, with but one line of retreat. This they soon took, after a panic among the Swiss, who had been stationed at the Louvre. Many men of the line fraternized with the insurgents; a few thousand escaped from Paris to St. Cloud, whence Charles now dispatched commissioners to seek terms of settlement.

La Fayette had by this time become recognized as the director of affairs. At Laffitte's, upon being urged to take command of the National Guard, which, disbanded by Charles, was now rapidly reassembling, he said:

"I am invited to undertake the organization of the defense. It would be strange and even improper, especially for those who have given former pledges of devotion to the national cause, to refuse to answer the appeals addressed to them. Instructions and orders are demanded from me on all sides. My replies are awaited. Do you believe that in the presence of the dangers which threaten us immobility suits my past and present life? No! My conduct at seventy-three years of age shall be what it was at thirty-two. Duty obliges me, a citizen, to respond to public confidence and to devote myself to the common defense."

On this summer day strange and startling sounds came in through the open windows. M. de Vaux arose. "In the presence of the agitation which reigns without," said he, "it is necessary that General La Fayette should show himself to the citizens."

"General La Fayette," announced M. Laffitte,

[3] One of the wounded in the fighting at the Louvre was M. Levasseur, who, as his friend, secretary and fellow-traveller, had written the story of La Fayette's last voyage to America. Levasseur, a gallant young man, had been shot in the foot. La Fayette found him in a room up under a roof upon which a hot sun beat down. He was snatched from death. Later, one finds him enjoying life as Consul at Trieste.

" accepts the command of the National Guard offered to him by prominent citizens gathered together in the interest of the defense of the Capital."

There was much excitement at this time. Shots near at hand caused the cry to be raised that the Swiss were attacking. Some of the deputies leaped from the windows. La Fayette presently was surrounded by an immense throng. A number of the more sanguine citizens, guns in hand and decorated with tricolor cockades, told him the day was won. " Not yet! Not yet! " said he, checking them like a veteran who knew all too well the fatal danger of over-confidence after a preliminary success. The old soldier was back in his veins, and fired his blood. Watch for a feint—no foolery. They took him to the Hôtel de Ville, and painstakingly showed him the way. " Let me alone! let me alone! " he protested. " I know the Hôtel de Ville better than you. " He was soon in his assigned place and at work, directing an organization for the emergency, very much as he had done in the same headquarters nearly forty-one years before. Never has history repeated itself quite so picturesquely as in the La Fayette-Hôtel de Ville coincidences—each in a crisis involving the life of the nation, each in the cause of liberty, each against blundering Bourbons, each amid the plaudits of the people of Paris.

To the first Commissioners from Charles at St Cloud, La Fayette only shook his head. He would not treat with them. On Friday Charles signed an ordinance revoking the edicts that had brought on his disaster. Again his Commissioners called upon La Fayette at the Hôtel de Ville. " It is too late," said La Fayette. " We have revoked the ordinances ourselves. Charles X has ceased to reign."

That night Charles journeyed to Trianon; the next

night to Rambouillet;[4] later he withdrew to Cherbourg. Such was the revolution of "the three glorious days of July"—the 27th, 28th and 29th; but what was to follow? A Republic? Many favored the establishment of such a Government. La Fayette was more than ever inclined toward it. Not that he wanted to be President of France. He was urged to take the Presidency. But the "Cincinnatus" in him was by this time one of his ingrained qualities.[5] Added to this may have been an habitual feeling that France was unready for a Kingless Government. He believed with Lamartine that "the organization of democracy is the continuous and successive work of a century." Rome was not built in a day. Again, he knew his own limitations. He was old; but not too old to think clearly or undervalue a fact of great weight, to wit: that multitudes confounded a Republic with legalized bloodshed and monstrous disorder. As Baron Glandèves, Governor of the Tuileries, put it, when talking with M. Laffitte: "The tricolor! Why, it is, in their eyes the symbol of every crime." M. Glandèves represented the body of legitimist opinion, which was that

[4] According to Duke Ambroise de la Rochefoucauld-Doudeauville (in his "Memoirs"), the Prince de Polignac, while Ambassador at London, admired the way aristocrats took part in a Constitutional Government. He thought the same thing could be done in France.

D. Turnbull, in his "French Revolution of 1830," says that Polignac, disguised as a domestic, would have escaped during the flight of the Court but for the fact that he spoke more haughtily than was necessary to a wagoner, who, being nettled, cried: "If this man should be Polignac!" To make sure, the domestic was arrested, and proved to be the Prince.

[5] Metternich, at Vienna, said to General Belliard: "There are two noble, obstinate men of whom both you and I must beware, although they are men of honor, and noble gentlemen; those are King Charles X and the Marquis de La Fayette. Your days of July have crushed the foolish dictatorship of the old King, and you will soon be obliged to attack the majesty of M. de La Fayette; for this other days will be required and not till then will the Prince Lieutenant-General be really King of France."—Duc de Broglie.

Henry, the boy Duke of Bordeaux, should become King under the regency of the Duke of Orleans. Henry V it was who, at his birth, had been given a few drops of the wine of Pau. This was the wine with which Jeanne d'Albert's aged father had anointed the lips of the new-born Henry IV before permitting him his mother's nipples.

But surmise as to what was in La Fayette's mind and speculation as to what might have happened had he fought against a longer toleration of monarchical inefficiency are alike futile. As Charles at the Louvre dropped his hat, so he now dropped his crown into his cousin's hands. We have come to the era of Louis Philippe, son of that Philippe-Égalité, who played the conspirator's rôle in the grand tragedy of the Revolution, and who bowed his neck to the dropping blade. This political Prince had "played many parts" on life's stage. Not his own mother, but the famous Madame de Genlis, had brought him up. He witnessed the Fall of the Bastille. Of the blood royal, in the younger branch, he developed into an active Jacobin. He was a Colonel when a lad—a General in his youth. He had all the ups and downs—an exile, a wanderer in Europe, a teacher and traveller in America. Just now he was at pains to keep out of the turmoil, but on the Friday night succeeding the Three Days he appeared at the Palais Royal. MM. Laffitte, Guizot and Thiers were among the deputies who were in favor of offering Louis Philippe the crown. Saturday afternoon they went to see him; told him that he had been made Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, and sounded him upon his acceptance under the charter. The deputies were going a long way toward committing themselves and the nation; but they felt that the real power was with the people and those who, at the Hôtel de Ville, represented the people. "Where was the right to act?" said

M. Laffitte. "At the Hôtel de Ville." "Where was the power? Again, at the Hôtel de Ville. The people, La Fayette, the National Guard—all were there."

Accordingly, deputies and duke in solemn procession took to the street and marched to the Hôtel de Ville. The people made way for them and there were continuous cries: *"Vive le Duc d'Orlans! Vive la liberté!"*

"I could hardly control my fears," testifies a deputy. "The crowd was immense and almost universally armed. From a window, a door, a group, a shot might be fired so easily! My heart did not cease to beat until our entrance into the Hôtel de Ville."

Louis Philippe, pale, trembling, said, as he ascended the stairs: "You see a former National Guard of 1789 who has come to visit his old General." [6]

La Fayette knew just what was to be done. He handed a tri-colored banner to the candidate for the kingship and led him to a window overlooking the multitude. There he embraced the duke in the sight of the people. *"Vive la charte! Vive le Duc d'Orleans!"* cried the crowd; and the preliminaries of the affair were over. Louis Philippe would succeed his cousin.[7]

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[6] The Feuillant of '91, preserving a weakness for princes, did not believe that the Republic which was effected on this side of the ocean could possibly be suitable on that side. France ought, according to his idea, to content herself with popular thrones surrounded by popular institutions.

The sly Duke of Orleans knowing how to flatter the senile naïveté of La Fayette, presented himself to him with tri-colored flag in one hand, as "a former National Guardsman of '89, coming to pay a visit to his late General."—"The French Assembly of 1848 and American Constitutional Doctrines," by Eugene Newton Curtis.

[7] "In delivering his answer, the Prince was affected to tears. At its conclusion, he embraced M. Laffitte amidst exclamations of *'Vive le Roi! Vive la Reine! Vive la famille Royale!'* which burst from all present, and were repeated by the thousands collected in the courts of the palace. In answer to the call of the people, the Prince appeared on the balcony, accompanied by General La Fayette. They were both received

But the Hôtel de Ville determined that the charter was to be imposed upon the King of the French, and not "granted" as in the case of Louis XVIII. Therefore a list of modifications of the charter was made out in duplicate. One list was taken to the deputies for their approval, and La Fayette personally took the other list to the Palais Royal so that a complete understanding could be had. Louis Philippe was to be presented with the "Programme of the Hôtel de Ville." This is La Fayette's own account of his conference with the newly chosen King:

"'You know,' I said to him, 'that I am a republican, and that I regard the Constitution of the United States as the most perfect that has ever existed.'

"'I think as you do,' answered the Duke of Orleans; 'it is impossible to have passed two years in America and not to be of that opinion. But do you believe that in the present situation of France, and in accordance with general opinion, it would be proper to adopt it?'

"'No,' I said; 'what the French people want to-day is a popular throne surrounded by republican institutions.'

"'Such is my belief,' answered the Prince."

On the 2nd of August the fugitive Charles X abdicated, and proclaimed his grandson "King Henry V." On the 16th, Charles boarded the American merchant ship *Great Britain* at Cherbourg and sailed away for his place of exile—Lulworth Castle in Dorsetshire, later, Holyrood Castle, Edinburgh. Captain d'Urville of the *Great Britain* stood at his side as they left the shores

with acclamations, which were redoubled when the Duchess of Orleans presented her children to the people. Impressed with the unanimity of feeling which was thus manifested, La Fayette took the hand of the Duke of Orleans and exclaimed: 'We have performed a good work. Here, gentlemen, is the Prince we need, this is the best of Republics.'"—"French Revolution in 1830," by D. Turnbull, 1830.

THE KING OF THE FRENCH (1830-1848) AND THE MAN WHO MADE HIM SUCH
LOUIS PHILIPPE I GENERAL LAFAYETTE IN 1830

These lithographed portraits published by Colburn and Bentley, London, are from "The French Revolution of 1830," by D. Turnbull, Esq.

of France. The American ship *Charles Carroll* carried other members of the royal party. The two had a talk:

"'There is a fine ship,' said Charles, pointing to the *Carroll,* 'have we not some as good?' 'Sir,' replied d'Urville, 'I do not believe that we have in our merchant service a single vessel as well rigged, as shipshape and as well handled.'

"'The Americans are getting on well.'

"'Yes, sire; sixty or eighty years hence they will be able to dispute with England the mastery of the seas. It is to us, however, that they owe all that.'

"'Yes, sire; it is to your Majesty's brother, to King Louis XVI; they have not forgotten it.'

"'It was a mistake, a very great mistake, on the part of Louis XVI. But who commits none in the course of his life?'

"The name of La Fayette was mentioned.

"'Ah!' said d'Urville; 'he, at least, has never changed.'

"'Yes, he is an old flag; for a long time he had wished to be King of the masses, but he will never be anything.'

"'Still, sire, allow me to observe that if M. de La Fayette, during the recent events, had desired a crown, he had great chances for obtaining it. I myself was a witness to the enthusiasm that the sight of him inspired among the people, and certainly the Duke of Orleans was far from enjoying the same popularity.'

"'Bah! La Fayette is at once ambitious and a fool; they used his name, then they will leave him alone.' After a few moments of silence and reflection, he added: 'Still that would never have been said of him in his youth.'

"'Your Majesty knew him, then, when very young, sire.' 'Certainly; we used to pursue our gymnastic exercises together—he was clumsy, awkward, but he was gracious, amiable and amused us all. Never would we have thought that he would turn out so badly.'"

Charles X had thought to prevent the meeting of the Chambers set for the 3d of August. It was held in

spite of him, and a new era opened for the people of France. On the 9th, the Chambers assembled in the Palais Bourbon and gave the crown to Louis Philippe I.

Recognition of La Fayette's prime part in the Revolution came on the 15th, when he was the guest of honor at a dinner given by the city of Paris. Deputies, Ministers, Judges, officers of the Department of the Seine and the municipality, representatives of various notable institutions—in a word, all Paris—met to do homage to the great liberator and true friend of France.

Not long after, La Fayette was the chief figure at a review of 60,000 soldiers of the National Guard on the Champs de Mars. Following a revolution in Belgium, he was offered the crown of that kingdom; but lost no time in refusing it, with the remark that it "would become him as a ring would become a cat." Yet La Fayette had something to do with the insurrection in Belgium, as well as with other violent outbreaks in European countries. Revolutions are catching. That which was provoked by Polignac in 1830 resulted in a considerable extension of the liberties of mankind. Prince Polignac's trial (with three other ex-ministers) gave rise to disorder in Paris, and once more La Fayette was called upon to quiet the populace. But for this duty he would have resumed his life at Lagrange. In fact—as foreshadowed by Charles—Louis Philippe and his ministers were quite willing to be rid of him. They had put him to use in the crisis. Now that they were well under way, he could go home, and let them appropriate his popularity to themselves. Parties were changing. There were now the Legitimists, the Orleanists and the Republicans. It was the time of Casimir-Périer, Soult, Guizot and Thiers. But we need go no further along in the political history of France, since La Fayette's great work was as good as ended. Of course his influence was by no means ended with his

exit; it is felt to-day in France and throughout the world. It will continue to be felt. But he was well along in his last chapter when the Chambers gave him a vote of thanks for his services in preserving order.

At the time of the Lamarque[8] funeral riots, in 1832, he was appealed to by the agitators to join and lead them. He would have nothing to do with the affair. He felt that in the main the French people were the masters; and that was what he had always worked for and suffered for—the sovereignty of the people. The new charter of rights was theirs. France had been modernized. Aristocratic governments would no longer go unchallenged in any part of the civilized world.

La Fayette never gave up his seat in the Chamber of Deputies or lost interest in great affairs. He sat in that body from 1825 till his death as a representative from Meaux. His son George was a deputy; and the General was keenly interested in everything connected with the younger man's work. La Fayette's last speech (in 1834) was in behalf of the Polish refugees.

[8] General Maximilien Lamarque (1770–1832). He was a son of a deputy of the Constituent Assembly; a noted soldier; an exile after the Second Revolution; a popular orator. His funeral occasioned the emuté of July 5th and 6th.

XII

LA FAYETTE'S LAST DAYS

La Fayette spent his winters in Paris; his summers at Lagrange. Let us follow Lady Morgan,[1] who hunted her hero to his lair, and wrote about him in such a way as to bring down upon her the very same *Quarterly* "so savage and tarterly" that roused Byron's wrath. Not only did the *Quarterly*[2] take Lady Morgan to task for over-praising him, but got even with her by scolding La Fayette "like a very drab"; or rather like Dr. Sam Johnson, or any crochetty Tory of his type, might have done. The Château of Lagrange, she tells us, is so remote from any high-road so wood-embosomed, that her coachman and servant had trouble in finding it. They passed from one "deep-entangled glen" to another, forded stony brooks, floundered through mill-streams, frightened flocks of poultry, crossed the remains of a Roman road, traversed one of Bonaparte's battlefields; and, finally, saw the "five towers of Lagrange-Blenau," with the sunset gilding them, as well as beautifying the village of Aubepierre and the more distant village of D'Hieres, seen through the branches of fine old trees. Then, right before her, were the arched portals, the ivied towers, the deep moat and the velvet lawn of the castle. She continues:

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[1] In her two-volume "France," 1817, vol. ii, pp. 302–315.

[2] In its attack upon Lady Morgan's "France," the *Quarterly Review*, April, 1827, with Tory venom, said: "But the chief gods of her idolatry are the vain, feeble, doating coxcomb La Fayette, who after indulging his vanity, by insulting the King and overturning the throne, fled basely from the storm which he had raised; and only returned to public life to take a seat in Bonaparte's Champ de Mai."

LA FAYETTE

From a painting by S. F. B. Morse, fecit 1825; now in the New York Public Library

By Courtesy of the Art Commission of New York City

"We found General La Fayette surrounded by his patriarchal family[3]: his excellent son and daughter-in-law, his two daughters (the sharers of his dungeon in Olmutz) and their husbands; eleven grand-children, and a venerable grand-uncle, the ex-grand prior of Malta, with hair as white as snow, and his cross and order. . . . Such was the group that received us in the salon of Lagrange. Such was the close-knit circle that made our breakfast and our dinner-party; accompanied us in our rambles through the grounds and woods of Lagrange and constantly presented the most perfect unity of family interests, habits, taste and affection. La Fayette's figure is still as upright, bold and vigorous as the mind that informs it. . . . Bustling and active on his farm, graceful and elegant in his salon, it is difficult to trace, in one of the most successful agriculturists, and one of the most perfect gentlemen that France has produced, a warrior and legislator. The patriot, however, is always discernible."

His memory, she adds, is tenacious. He "talks with delight of his short visit to England (forty years before) and dwells with boyish enthusiasm upon the witchery of the late Duchess of Devonshire. He speaks and writes English with the same elegance he does his native tongue."

His library is in one of the towers; and his study, like Montaigne's, overhangs the farmyard. "It frequently happens," said he, "that my merinos and my haycarts dispute my attention with your Hume and our

[3] Georges Washington Motier de La Fayette (1779–1849) served with Grouchy as aide-de-camp. He went through the Austrian, Prussian and Polish campaigns. Bonaparte's enmity caused his retirement in 1807. He was a Liberal Deputy in the Chamber for many years. He was away during the Revolution in 1830, but took part in that of 1848.

Oscar Thomas Gilbert Motier de La Fayette (1815–1881) was a son of Georges. He served in Algeria. Entered the Chamber of Deputies in 1846 "and voted, like his father, with the extreme left." He retired in 1851, returning to public life in 1875.

Edmond Motier de La Fayette was the second son of Georges—born in 1818, died in 1890. He was a Liberal—a member of the Senate from 1876 to 1888.

Voltaire." In a spacious *salon-à-manger,* the neighboring country people and the domestics of the château meet on a Sunday evening "to dance to the violin of the *concierge,*" and are regaled with cakes and *eau sucrée.* The General is usually, and his family are always, present at these rustic balls. . . . In summer the affair takes place in the park, where a space is cleared for the purpose, shaded by the lofty trees which encircle it. Lady Morgan is struck with his gracious manner in talking with his work-people about the farm. It is *"mon ami"—"mon bon ami"—"ma bonne mère."* To walk in the noble park by moonlight with La Fayette and the Grand Prior of the snowy hair is a treat, indeed. The talk falls upon Bonaparte. "There have been splendid traits in the life of this man not to be reconciled to his other modes of conduct." So says La Fayette, with some solemnity, musing.

Such in substance is Lady Morgan's account of her pilgrimage; and, though her language be somewhat flowery, somewhat flattering, she has preserved for us a pleasing and useful picture.

While Charles James Fox[4] was at the Archives in Paris, transcribing material for his history, he had an agreeable surprise. Trotter describes it.

"A stranger of an interesting and graceful figure came gently in, advanced rapidly, and, in embracing Mr. Fox shewed a countenance full of joy, while tears rolled down his cheeks. It was M. de La Fayette, the virtuous and unshaken friend of liberty! . . . La Fayette at a very early age had visited London; he had there become acquainted with Mr. Fox, and they had not met again till now. There was too much congeniality in their souls not to produce an early and strong sentiment of friendship. Destined from their youth to be, in their respective countries, the protectors of the sacred

[4] "Memoirs of the Latter Years of the Right Honorable Charles James Fox," by John Bernard Trotter, Esq. (his private secretary), 1812.

cause of liberty, they had followed different paths, but each led to the same temple—that of glory founded on the people's happiness."

These excellent friends—Fox and La Fayette—soon journeyed together down to Lagrange, where they hobnobbed to their hearts' content. It was glorious September weather. Lally Tollendal was there; and soon came General Fitzpatrick, "who had known M. de La Fayette in America, and had vainly attempted in the English House of Commons to rouse the Pitt ministry to a sense of humanity and commiseration" when La Fayette was at Olmutz. "I have often contemplated with pleasure," writes Trotter, "General Fitzpatrick and M. de La Fayette walking in a long shady grove, near the château, speaking of past times, the war in America and the Revolution in France." Fox, Fayette, and Fitzpatrick! he mused, as he looked up from his copy of Rousseau; for, thought he, shady Lagrange, lovely Lagrange, where the birds keep up a sweet chorus, is just the place to read Rousseau. All around are the corn lands of the Isle of France. The grapes ripen. The soft winds blow. In one of the towers of the castle is a mark made by a cannon-shot fired by Turenne's artillery. Fox and Fitzpatrick spent a full week at Lagrange; and never a happier one.

The Duc de Broglie was another visitor at Lagrange. His reminiscences contain a score or more of references to La Fayette; notably an estimate of his character—a character portrait, indeed—which, for truth's sake, must be reproduced here. He met at Lagrange "young Ary Scheffer," who painted the best portrait in oil of La Fayette.[5] Perhaps some will regard the

[5] As a rule, La Fayette portraits resemble each other, which is not the case with Washington portraits. The Carson and Mitchell catalogues contain numerous La Fayette references. Here is a compilation kindly made for this work by Dr. William J. Campbell, of Philadelphia:

Duke's word-portrait as similarly true. With Broglie on this visit was George Ticknor (introduced by Jefferson to Madame de Staël) "now the pride and ornament of the town of Boston, itself still the pride and ornament of North America." Let us reprint a few passages from the Duke de Broglie's memoirs:

"I did not often see M. de La Fayette at Mme. de Staël's. He used to live on his estate at Lagrange, and it was only at intervals that he came to Paris. There I used to visit him at his house. I also used to meet him at M. de Tracy's and at the houses of various friends of his. M. d'Argenson had also renewed with him an intimacy which had been long interrupted. I loved and admired M. de La Fayette very much. I heartily shared his sentiments, and that made me rather more liberal than Madame de Staël would have wished me to be, and gave me in society the reputation of being an enemy of the House of Bourbon. It was not so, for my part; as for La Fayette, he had not yet changed his allegiance.

Engravings of Lafayette after *L. Barre:* See Mitchell, Part III, nos. 967–971; see Carson, Part II, nos. 1923–1929. After *Bournieu:* See Mitchell, Part III, nos. 972–978; see Carson, Part II, nos. 1930–1935. After *P. L. Debucourt:* See Mitchell, Part III, nos. 947–966; see Carson, Part II, nos. 1902–1922. After *Geille*, head after *Scheffer:* See Carson, Part II, nos. 2084–2088. After *Gerard:* See Mitchell, Part III, nos. 987–998; see Carson, Part II, nos. 1952–1974. After *C. Ingham:* 1. Half length, seated to left. Citizen's dress. Engraved by M. I. Danforth, from the original painting made in N. Y. in 1824. Published N. Y., 1825. After *Imbert:* 1. Landing of Lafayette, N. Y., August, 1824, Imbert, del. Engraved by Samuel Maverick. Portraits of Lafayette after *C. A. Jacobi:* 1. Lafayette Maréchal der Französischen Nat. Armée, 1792. Full bust, uniform (*Foreign*). See Mitchell, Part III, no. 899; see Carson, Part II, no. 1822. 2. Full bust, uniform, cocked hat (*Foreign*). Engraved by F. Bolt. See Mitchell, Part III, no. 900; see Carson, Part II, no. 1821. 3. Französischer Feldherr, 1792. Full bust, uniform, chapeau (*Foreign*). Engraved by F. Bolt, Berlin. See Mitchell, Part III, no. 901; see Carson II, Part II, no. 1820. 4. Full bust, uniform, chapeau (*Foreign*). Engraved by Bollinger. See Mitchell, Part III, no. 902; see Carson, Part II, no. 1819, see Carson, Part II, nos. 1819–1829. Engravings of Lafayette after *Julien*, head after *Scheffer:* See Carson, Part II, nos. 2070–2083. After *LeVachez:* 1. Maj. Gen. The Marquis de Lafayette. Full bust, uniform, profile. Etched by H. B. Hall, N. Y., 1871. 2. Il Marchese della Fayette. Full length, uniform. Bosio, Dis. Sasso. Inc. 3. Full bust, uniform, profile, A. P. D. A. See Carson, Part II, nos. 1868–1873. After *Mme. Marchand*, after the *Scheffer head:* See Mitchell, Part III, nos. 1067–1080; see Carson, Part II, nos. 2026–2069. After *Martinet:* 1. Aquatint (*Foreign*), full length, military cloak. Engraved by Charon. After *Al. Massard, Scheffer* head: See Mitchell, Part III, nos. 1081, et seq; see Carson, Part II, nos. 2089–2099. After *Maurin:* See Carson, Part II, nos. 1975–1982. After *L. le Payon:* 1. Full length in uniform, standing "Lafayette in 1781" Engraved by F. Kearny, Philadelphia 1824. See Mitchell, Part III, nos. 979–985; see Carson, Part II, nos. 1936–1949. After *C. W. Peale:* 1. Oval frame. Bust in uniform. Painted and engraved by Charles Willson Peale. 2. Gravé par Jean Young, London, 1789. (*Foreign*). See Mitchell, Part III, no. 894; see Carson Part II, no. 1808. 3. Etching by Albert Rosenthal,

"Seeing that I do not write history, I do not draw portraits. That of M. de La Fayette has indeed been drawn with a masterly hand by M. Guizot. In my opinion it is faultless, except that the odd mixture of the aristocrat and of the demagogue, so striking in La Fayette, does not perhaps come out in sufficiently strong relief. M. de La Fayette had to be loved for his own sake, which, indeed, required no effort, for one derived no satisfaction from being a true friend to him—he scarcely made any distinction between a respectable man and a rogue, or between a man of sense and a fool; the only distinction he used to make was between those who said and those who did not say what he himself used to say. He was a regular prince, surrounded with people who flattered and plundered him. All his fine fortune so nobly offered and received, was squandered by the hands of spies and adventurers. Neither was there any inducement to follow him as a leader; he was ever ready to mix himself in any undertaking at the bidding of anybody, exactly like the noblemen of the good old time, who used to fight for the sake of fighting, for the pleasure afforded them by the danger, and to gratify their wish to oblige a friend. What I say

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Philadelphia. See Mitchell, Part III, no. 896: see Carson. See Carson Part II, nos. 1807–1818. After *Quenedey* and *Cretien*. Circular, profile engravings, very pretty. See Mitchell, Part III, nos. 903–929, see Carson Part II, nos. 1830–1867. After *A. Scheffer*. 1. Full length, standing. Engraved by Annin & Smith after Leroux's print. 2. Full length, standing. Engraved by M. I. Danforth, N. Y. 1825. 3. Full bust. Painted by A. Scheffer, Engraved & Published by G. Fairman & C. G. Childs, Philadelphia. (Sometimes with Childs' alone & sometimes published by Atkinson for the Casket.) 4. Oval, small, Engraved by R. Campbell. 5. Full length, small. Engraved by Tiller. 6. Bust. Engraved by J. V. N. Throop. See Mitchell, Part III, nos. 999–1066; see Carson, Part II, nos. 1983–2025. After *Jean Weyler:* See Mitchell, Part III, nos. 930–944; see Carson, Part II, nos. 1874–1901. Artist not mentioned: 1. Oval, full bust, in uniform, profile to right. Engraved by T. Clarke, Philadelphia. 2. Oval in rectangle, July 1830. Engraved by A. B. Durand. 3. Full length standing (probably after Scheffer). Bank note vignette, Engraved by A. B. Durand. 4. Full bust in uniform. Engraved by S. Hill, & published in the Mass. Mag. Vol. 2. 5. Nearly ½ length, civilian. Engraved by Wm. Hoogland, published Boston 1824. 6. ¾ length, standing, civilian, Engraved by J. B. Longacre from the portrait owned by Mrs. Bloomfield. 7. Full bust, civilian. Engraved by Saml. Maverick. 8. Circular, full bust, civilian. Engraved by P. Maverick, N. Y. "La Fayette the Nation's Guest" etc. 9. Oval, full bust in uniform. Engraved by John Norman. 10. Small oval surrounded by ornamental script. Engraved, "written and published" by Joseph Perkins March 28, 1825. 11. Full bust, civilian. Engraved by B. Tanner from a lithograph published in Paris in 1818, Philadelphia, 1824. 12. ¾ length standing. Engraved by A. Willard. 13. Sheet music published by G. E. Blake, Philadelphia, 1824. Engraved by W. Woodruff. 14. Nearly ½ length, civilian. Engraved by A. Bowen and W. Hoogland. Miscellaneous: See Carson, Part II, nos. 2100–2159. Caricatures of La Fayette and scenes in his life: See Mitchell Part III, nos. 1117–1182; see Carson Part II, nos. 2160–2226.

here I told him a hundred times during the course of an intimacy which only closed with his life, and the recollection of which will end only when I die." [6]

This is unflattering yet welcome, since it gives us the seamy side of a man upon whom one is prone to look as a worshipful hero. At least that is our American bias. Even in the old days, it was so. La Fayette was " the Marquis " to our forefathers, who rolled the word under their patriotic tongues. The French, on the contrary, used " Marquis " in mockery. Ingersoll declared that the eulogists of Abraham Lincoln were overdoing their praise of the emancipator, and that they were making a steel engraving out of a rough and ready mortal—a real man. So we may not be far out of the way in looking at all such limnings as the one sketched by the Duc de Broglie. They will serve as a corrective in our proneness to hero-worship.

M. Jules Cloquet is neither flowery nor flattering like Lady Morgan, nor blunt like the Duke de Broglie; but quite matter-of-fact—minutely so. He tells us much. He wrote his book [7] at the suggestion of an American—Isaiah Townsend.

Lagrange, Cloquet says, was also spoken of as " Lagrange La Fayette." Château and farm made an almost perfect circle. Apple trees bordered the avenue that cut through the park, elbowed past fields, past a chapel, past a plantation of chestnuts and thus brought one among the evergreens by the bridge which spanned the moat. In M. Cloquet's own words:

" The château has two stories besides the ground-floor. The servants' bedrooms are immediately under the roof. The walls are ornamented and covered on

[6] " Personal Recollections of the Late Duc de Broglie (1785–1820), 2 vols. vol. i, pp. 269–270.

[7] " Recollections of the Private Life of La Fayette," by M. Jules Cloquet, M.D., 2 vols, 1836.

the outside with creeping plants, such as ivy and Virginia jessamine. They are surrounded with thick bushes and fine trees, and enormous weeping-willows, which rise to the roof, or tranquilly incline their branches towards the waters of the moat, which is about thirty or forty feet in breadth, and seven or eight in depth. It no longer completely surrounds the château, La Fayette having filled it on the side of the court, from which there is now a level passage to the lawn. The waters of the moat, which are limpid, and contain fine fish, are fed by a stream that runs from one of the ponds of the farm. On the outside, the moat is reached by a gentle slope, covered with a greensward, enamelled with flowers. On the ground-floor of the château, and communicating with the vestibule, is a small chapel, a large dining-room, capable of containing forty or fifty persons, and, farther on, the kitchens. A wide and handsome stone staircase, perfectly well lighted, leads to the two receiving-rooms, to La Fayette's museum, and to the corridors, which conduct to the other apartments of the family, and to those reserved for friends.

La Fayette's apartments, on the second floor, are composed of an antechamber, a bedroom, and a library, the windows of which look upon the park, and command the buildings of the farm."

There were two groups of these buildings—one court with the stables, cattle-barns and sheepfolds, with upward of a thousand sheep; another court with granaries, stores and other outhouses.

Of the 800 acres, 500 were arable. These were divided into 20-acre fields, each bordered with apple and pear trees. The woodland contained much oak and beech. There were two considerable ponds—one, La Garenne, used as a pleasure place for rowing or sailing. Water for the whole farm came from springs. The tenant houses were well placed and well built, indeed. La Fayette had the advice of M. Robert, the landscape painter, in modernizing his " moated grange."

"The aspect of the place is delightful," adds M. Cloquet, "especially on walking at some distance from the château at sunrise. In the distance the building, enveloped in mist, seems at first confounded with the dark masses of the surrounding trees; but as daylight appears, the immense carpet of verdure which separates the spectator from the château becomes colored and enamelled with flowers; the towers begin to stand out, and the foliage, soon after lighted by the sun's first rays, forms an agreeable contrast with the grayish tint of the old walls." To condense M. Cloquet: The ear catches sounds of human labor—one hears the workmen's songs, bird warblings, the lowing of kine, the bleating of sheep; in a word, all is happiness. And now La Fayette as a farmer: He slept seven hours; awoke at five o'clock; read, or wrote, for an hour or two in bed; dressed, paid homage to his wife; worked in his cabinet until ten, when he breakfasted; and, then, until noon occupied himself with French or foreign journals. At noon he left the château on his rounds of the farm. He returned at three; worked until six; and then, at sound of the big bell calling home guests and work-people, prepared for dinner. In the evening he was with his family and friends, often withdrawing in order that he might finish some piece of work in hand. It was his custom to reappear to say "good-night" to all.

He was a keen student of agriculture; liked to plan, liked to experiment and liked to know the best way to do a given thing. He was proud of his stock[8] and let

[8] His merinos were the best in France. His dairy stock was from Switzerland and England. Noted agriculturists sent him pedigreed animals. The most memorable battle at Lagrange since Marshal Turenne's day was between a Baltimore boar and a boar of Anglo-Chinese breed. It was to the death. La Fayette regretted the loss, but sided with the American.

the cattle graze even in his groves and perilously near lawns and gardens. He never mowed his meadows, but let his live-stock do that work for him.

He used a speaking-trumpet at his library window in giving his farm orders, and at times one might have thought the Battle of Brandywine in progress right then and there. He walked, or rode his saddle-horse, as suited him. Among his horses were old favorites, old friends—such as the white charger used by him in Paris in 1830. White chargers and revolutions went together with him. But at times, especially in his later years, at Lagrange, he went the rounds of his farm in "a small and very light Russian calèche, which ran with ease across the fields." His farmer was the excellent M. Lescuyer, who kept the farm books, accounting for everything. La Fayette was proud of his system, and took the set of books with him on his American tour. He grieved when he lost them at the sinking of the steamboat *Mechanic*. He said that a farm was a factory. Business rules should be adopted; every crop should be made profitable; every fruit tree, every animal, every egg, should have its record, however minute. Apparently ornamental were certain large alleys of green turf extending about the widespread acres of Lagrange; not so at all; they enabled the cattle to exercise as they grazed. One day as La Fayette was about to take carriage for Paris, Lescuyer said that he meant to have some swine free from mange by the time the General should return. He would wash and rub them. "Rub them well inside!" cried La Fayette. He believed in wholesome feeding, and wholesomeness of all kinds in all the affairs of life. To this end he experimented at Lagrange with artificial meadows, fertilizers, clover, lucern and what not. He wished to raise the standard in his own neighborhood, and everywhere else in France. Of course he knew his

own limitations of knowledge and capital and that he must keep within bounds. He had but sixteen farm assistants and thirty or forty hands. Like Jefferson at Monticello, La Fayette at Lagrange entertained in baronial style. Five-and-twenty guests, often more, sat at his board almost every day. La Fayette's seat was midway. Children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren were around him.[9] Silver covers were banished; wines likewise. In fine weather, if outdoors wooed, away went everyone after dinner to lawn, garden, grove to catch the breeze, play games or stroll sunsetward where the glory was and the birds sang sweetest.

"The families allied to that of La Fayette," says M. Cloquet—"the Tracys, Lasteyries, Maubourgs, Ségurs, and Perriers—frequently visited and passed some days at Lagrange." One of the prized guests was General Carbonel, who had been on Grouchy's staff with George La Fayette. M. Carbonel was devoted to his host. Another guest was M. Leon Frestel, son of the old preceptor. M. Cloquet himself was a favorite. Dr. Guersent was La Fayette's Paris physician, and M. Cloquet his surgeon. M. Sautereau was the doctor at Lagrange. Let no one fancy, of course, despite friends and fêtes and fine times generally, that everything at and around Lagrange was idyllic. That

[9] At his death, says M. Cloquet, La Fayette had three children, eleven grandchildren and twelve great-grandchildren, as follows:

1st, Mlle. Anastasie La Fayette, m. to M. Charles de Maubourg; two children. 1st, Mlle. Celestine (Mme. de Brigode), four children. 2d, Mlle. Jenny (Mme. Duperon), one child. 2d, M. Georges Washington La Fayette, m. to Mlle. Emelie de Tracy; five children. 1st, Mlle. Natalie (Mme. Adolphe Perrier), three children. 2d, Mlle. Matilde (Mme. Bureaux de Pusy), one son. 3d, Mlle. Clementine. 4th, M. Oscar. 5th, M. Edmond. 3d, Mlle. Virginie La Fayette, widow of Col. de Lasteyrie; four children. 1st, Mlle. Pauline (Mme. de Rémusat), two children. 2d, Mlle. Mélanié (Mme. Corcelle), one child. 3rd, M. Jules de Lasteyrie. 4th, Mlle. Octavie.

same Leon Frestel lost a hand in a shooting accident, and soon died; there were many poor people in the canton; there were bad crops; there was much sickness, and M. Sautereau and the La Fayettes were at times enabled to relieve considerable distress. Especially was this so in 1817, when there was a threat of famine. M. Cloquet says:

"To the indigent inhabitants of his canton, La Fayette's beneficence was unbounded. Two hundred pounds of bread, baked expressly at the farm for the support of the poor, were distributed to them every Monday at the château, and in times of scarcity the weekly distribution was increased to six hundred pounds. The bread given was of the same quality as that eaten at La Fayette's table. . . At times each individual received a mess of soup and a sol in addition to his portion. If the poor were afflicted with some grievous malady, La Fayette visited them, and had them attended to at his own expense by Dr. Sautereau."

Said Dr. Sautereau: "All La Fayette's moments at Lagrange resemble each other, for they are all marked by good feelings or kind actions." La Fayette helped to sustain the Noailles charity at Court-Palais; and, at times, he sent patients to the hospitals at Rosay, where they were attended to at his expense. He opened his park to his neighbors. Some of the fêtes were notable affairs; but the greatest of all was the one given by the people of the canton to La Fayette upon his return from America. Four thousand people feasted. Six thousand saw the fireworks in La Fayette's honor. The dancing lasted till dawn. But what of La Fayette's looks at that time—the period of his declining years? Dr. Cloquet answers the question:

"La Fayette was tall and well-proportioned. He was decidedly inclined to *embonpoint*, though not to obesity. His head was large, his face oval and regular; his forehead lofty and open; his eyes, which were full of goodness and meaning, were large and promi-

nent, of a grayish blue and surmounted with light and well-arched but not bushy eyebrows; his nose was aquiline; his mouth, which was habitually embellished (*sic*) with a natural smile, was seldom open except to utter kind and gracious expressions; his complexion was clear; his cheeks were slightly colored; and at the age of seventy-seven not a single wrinkle furrowed his countenance, the ordinary expression of which was that of candor and frankness. . . . La Fayette's sight was excellent; but of late his hearing had lost something of its delicacy. His perceptions were keen. . . . His deportment was noble and dignified, but his gait since 1803 was rather constrained, in consequence of the accident of a broken thigh, which compelled him to lean on his cane when walking, and prevented him from sitting down with ease and quickness, on account of a stiffness in the hip-joint. His other movements were easy and natural, and, though he had but little suppleness in his fingers, his gestures were graceful, and rarely abrupt, even in the moments when his conversation was most animated. The tone of his voice, which was naturally serious, was soft and agreeable, or strong and sonorous, according to the circumstances under which he spoke. . . . His frugal meal invariably consisted of a little fish and the wing of a fowl. He drank nothing but water.

"He usually wore a long gray or dark colored greatcoat, a round hat, pantaloons and gaiters, as represented in the full-length portrait executed some years ago by M. Scheffer, and which resembles him in every respect. He was remarkably clean and neat in his person, even to minuteness; and for this reason his valet de chambre Bastien, who had long been in his service, and never quitted him, became at last indispensable for his comfort. Bastien—Sebastien Wagner—then 50 years of age, was a quiet, sober, honest and sensible man. He was formerly in the service of General Carbonel."

Here we have excellent particularity—item upon item—and, when M. Cloquet, who is Boswellian in his minutiæ, goes with us back to the museum at the château, especially the American part, we are treated to

details *ad infinitum*—captured cannon, swords of honor,[10] paintings of scenes in which La Fayette participated, David's bust of Washington, portraits of the Presidents down to Jackson, the flag of the frigate *Brandywine* by which our hero returned to France, freedom flags from many lands, medals, souvenirs, silhouettes, and the what-not of a celebrity popular in two worlds. We are not to forget that Beranger called him "*l'homme des deux mondes.*" If we should be disposed to forget it no doubt La Fayette's white cockatoo, reposing on his perch, would remind us of it. "This fine bird," says M. Cloquet, "which was presented to La Fayette in 1829 by Benjamin Constant, always welcomes the General, whom he seemed perfectly to distinguish from the other inmates of the château, testifying the utmost joy at his approach, and lavishing on him the most affectionate caresses, whenever he stopped near his perch."

Probably also some admirer gave La Fayette a bird of freedom; at any rate, he built an aviary for his feathered gifts and a menagerie for the four-footed ones. Governor Clarke sent him a gray bear all the way from Missouri. Certainly La Fayette could have set up a cane emporium, in the event of further bankruptcy. There were canes with all sorts of heads, all sorts of stories attached. Canes, civic crowns, crystal boxes—these were numerous; but, most prized of all the souvenirs, were those associated with General Washington: a ring with his chestnut hair, and his wife's white hair; his glasses; his long ivory-handled sunshade, used in his horseback journey through the

[10] The most prized object in La Fayette's collection at Lagrange was the sword of honor voted him by the Congress of the United States, and handed him at Havre by Benjamin Franklin's grandson. Franklin's letter to La Fayette with reference to the sword was kept as a treasure also. On the knob of the sword was La Fayette's motto "*Cur non?*"

Carolinas. La Fayette's life was one of great length. When measured by what he did, extraordinarily long; and his accumulated relics represented many activities, many public services, many friendships.

The Paris home of La Fayette at this time was No. 6 Rue d'Anjou. A young American (George Washington Greene) thus tells of his visit there:[11]

"It was nearly eleven when I reached the Rue d'Anjou and began for the first time to mount the broad stairway of a Parisian palace. The General's apartments were on the *entresol,* with a separate staircase from the first landing of the principal one, for his lameness made it difficult for him to go upstairs, and the *entresol,* a half-story between the ground floor and the first story, when, as was the case here, high enough in the ceiling, is one of the freest and pleasantest parts of a French house. His apartments comprised five rooms on a line—an antechamber, a dining-room, two parlors and a bedroom, with windows on the street—and the same number of smaller rooms on a parallel line, with their windows on the courtyard, which served for his secretary and servants. The furniture throughout was neat and plain; the usual comfortable arm-chairs and sofas, the indispensable clock and mirror over the mantel-piece, and in each fire-place a cheerful wood-fire."

As for La Fayette's appearance:

"I found that Ary Scheffer's portrait had not deceived me. Features, expression, carriage, all were just as it had taught me to expect them."

The wife of General Winfield Scott (Miss Maria, daughter of Colonel John Mayo, of Richmond, Va., "Madame la Générale") visited Paris about this time. She wrote to the wife of Samuel L. Gouverneur (President Monroe's grandson) as follows:

"I have been introduced to the good and brave La Fayette and family. On Wednesday he came with his son to see us. The print seen of this distinguished

[11] *The Atlantic Monthly,* December, 1861, vol. viii, No. 1.

patriot is a correct likeness, and his manners are as benevolent as his countenance. He has a soirée every Tuesday night. . . . The gallant old General resides in the rue d'Anjou, where he has a suite of small neat apartments, illuminated for the reception of guests every Tuesday evening. We made our *début* there at 9 o'clock and found them crowded. Among the throng were many celebrated personages, for the enlightened of all nations seem ever ready to do homage to the virtuous patriot of Lagrange.

"At his soirées the greatest ease prevails. The refreshments are simple and plentiful; and in compliment to the Americans and English, tea is always served—a custom not practised among the French. We again saw Sir Charles and Lady Morgan, and Mrs. Opie, the English authoress.

"Then there was the orator, Benjamin Constant, a pale thin man, with light-blue eyes and snowy hair, looking as if he were far on the passage to the next world. M. de Marbois, who wrote the history of Louisiana, and Count Philip de Ségur, considered the ablest military historian of the age, were also guests."

When in September, 1833, James Buchanan,[12] afterwards President, then on a mission to Russia, was ill in Paris, "La Fayette called and sat nearly an hour" with him. Buchanan writes (in his Diary):

"Judging from what I have heard from the General, Major Poussin and others, I have no doubt the Republican party are making rapid advances in France. This is not confined to the lower orders, but extends to the highest circles. . . . Political virtue, with the exception of La Fayette, and a few others, don't exist among them. The policy of the latter [La Fayette] is

[12] In a speech in the United States Senate (February 1 and 2, 1836) on our "Relations with France," Buchanan called attention to the fact that we refused to urge our claims against France because of "our grateful remembrance of the days of other years." The testimony of La Fayette conclusively establishes this fact. In the Chamber of Deputies, on the 13th of June, 1833, he declared that we had refused to unite with the enemies of France in urging our claims in 1814 and 1815, and that if we had done so those claims would have been settled. This circumstance will constitute one of the brightest pages of our history.

that France shall now school herself, preparatory to republican institutions, for fifteen or twenty years. But I think he is afraid the change will take place sooner. He has lost much of his popularity in France because they believe him to be an imbecile, and because he will not lead the Republican party to immediate action. He has lost all confidence in Louis Philippe, who, in my opinion, is as desirous of being a legitimate as the Emperor Alexander. In case of general republican commotions in France a continental war becomes inevitable."

"Imbecile" or no, it is clear that La Fayette's judgment was sound. There was a prescience amounting to downright wisdom in it. Later, Buchanan being at dinner with Count Pozzo di Borgo, Russian Ambassador at Paris, that old, and sophisticated, not to say wily, diplomat, assumed that his guest had introduced La Fayette's name (which Buchanan had not) and began to talk of him.

"He said that the General had lost his influence with Louis Philippe, and in a great degree with France. I observed that whatever opinion others might express concerning him, I considered it the duty of every American to speak with gratitude of him. Mr. Harris [Leavitt Harris, then United States chargé d'affaires] here shook his head at me, but I continued to talk about him and the donation we had made him. The Count said it was all spent, and I replied I was very sorry for it." [13]

Let it not be thought that politics, government affairs, or matters relating to human liberty occupied all of La Fayette's time while he was in Paris. He did other things.[14] He was a model deputy—rarely

[13] "The Works of James Buchanan," by John Bassett Moore, vol. ii, p. 391.

[14] La Fayette delivered the funeral oration at the grave of Benjamin Constant, who died December 8, 1830. "There were eight or nine processions at a time crossing the Tuileries Gardens, headed by tri-colored flags with his name and '*Liberté et Droit*' written upon them."—"Mme. de Staël and Her Lovers," by Frances Gribbell.

absent, always attentive. He was a member of many associations and was much sought after by those who needed the weight of his name in carrying through some scheme for the public benefit. Hardly a day was without visitors of consequence.[15] He was fortunate in his secretary, M. Berger, of whom he was fond. "He often dined *en famille,* and almost every Sunday, with M. Destutt Tracy, the father of Mme. George La Fayette. He loved as his own his old friend's children, his daughter-in-law, M. and Mme. Victor de Tracy, and M. and Mme. de Laubespin, who were all worthy of his entire affection." The young people at No. 6 Rue d'Anjou knew how to be happy. There was music, there was dancing and there were merry times generally. La Fayette himself went to bed at ten o'clock. He never missed a Fourth of July dinner, nor did he fail to read the American news. He was in great distress because of Jackson's quarrel with Congress. He gave a soirée every Tuesday, when his house was thronged with distinguished guests.

And now occurred a grave, a tragic event involving both La Fayette and his son George. It was not their affair, yet it affected them most distressingly.

Two members of the Chamber, M. Dulong, deputy from the Department of the Eure, and General Bugeaud quarrelled. M. Cloquet says that on the 28th of January, 1834, at ten o'clock at night, pressure was brought to bear upon him by a friend, whose importunities he could not resist, to attend M. Dulong, as surgeon, on the following forenoon in the Bois de Boulogne, where a duel with pistols was to be fought. He was most unhappy. So seemed his whole company when, at nine, he and Dr. Girou got into a carriage with M.

[15] Several of these, notably among Americans J. Fenimore Cooper, published their impressions of their visits to La Fayette's Paris house.

Dulong and his colleagues, MM. George La Fayette and Cæsar Bacot. Let us continue the tale in Cloquet's own words:

"We proceeded first to M. Dulong's hotel in the rue de Castiglione, to fetch his pistols, and thence we directed our course towards the Bois de Boulogne. I was but slightly acquainted with M. Dulong, for I had seen him only three or four times at La Fayette's house, or that of M. Dupont (de l'Eure), whom I had attended in my medical capacity. . . . I confess a sort of evil presentiment. . . . M. Dulong was calm, but not free from concern. He had arranged his affairs. . . . We reached the Bois de Boulogne, by the gate called *Porte Maillot,* and proceeded thence towards the *Rond Point du Cèdre,* the place appointed for the rendezvous. The carriage stopped; it had been followed by another, from which alighted General Bugeaud, his two seconds, Messrs. De Rumigni and Lamy, and the surgeon-major of a regiment in garrison at Paris. Eleven o'clock struck; the sky was overcast and sombre, the weather cold and the north wind, which blew with violence, seemed to have benumbed all parties. Though the salutations exchanged on both sides were polite, but few words passed; and soon afterward the antagonists and their seconds struck into a narrow alley, to fix upon a suitable spot. After eight or ten minutes' walk, they followed a little sloping path to the left, which gradually lost itself in the copse. This path was selected as the scene of the engagement.

"The opponents entertained no violent hostility against each other; the seconds seemed by no means disposed to make them fight; and yet, by a singular fatality, no proposal was, to my knowledge, made to accommodate matters. The combat was not intended to be deadly, and the seconds appeared to hope that the point of honor would be satisfied without accident.

"It was agreed that the antagonists should be placed at the distance of forty paces from each other; and, the ground having been measured, a cane on one side and an umbrella on the other, were stuck in the ground, on the edge of the path to mark the space within which they were not allowed to approach. Each was to make

use of the arms which he had brought with him, and which were loaded by the seconds. General Bugeaud had the higher ground, and M. Dulong the lower, and, at a given signal, these gentlemen were to advance upon one another, and fire as they pleased, but neither was to approach nearer than twenty paces to his opponent.

"As soon as the signal was given, the combatants raised their weapons and advanced slowly towards each other. M. Dulong had made two steps, and General Bugeaud three, when the latter fired. A slight report was heard, and we perceived that M. Dulong was hit. I saw him stagger and fall to the ground. We immediately ran up to him to offer him our assistance, but, alas, he was mortally wounded. The border of his hat was cut by the ball, and his pistol which was still charged had fallen from his hand, and lay on the ground beside him. From a large opening on the left side of his forehead issued a stream of blood and portions of the brain; the sight was horrible. . . . General Bugeaud approached within a short distance of him, and seemed moved and unhappy. . . . We took him to a small public house . . . to his chamber . . . he died at five o'clock on the following morning.

"During the entire period of his suffering, General La Fayette had frequently visited him. M. George La Fayette and Dr. Girou had not quitted him once."

La Fayette felt a double friendship for the dead duellist. He had been his own close friend and George's, too. And, as the friendship, so was the shock a double shock. Moreover, M. Dulong had stood in the Chamber of Deputies on La Fayette's liberal ground. How could he do homage to the poor fellow's memory?

The veteran remembers his own hardships. When his soul is stirred, his grief profound, he bethinks him how most truly, most honorably he may do his duty. As occasion arises he deems it obligatory upon him to set an example of hardihood and self-sacrifice. It is his habit to say "I will"—he has the obligation to say

it. So now La Fayette felt that he must impose upon himself the obligation of a veteran—he must walk to Père la Chaise. It was foolhardy to do so, but he did it. He followed the funeral on foot, from the Rue de Castiglione to the cemetery.

"He with great difficulty supported so long a walk of several hours," says Dr. Cloquet; "and, on returning home, felt himself excessively fatigued and ill, and was attacked with a complete suppression of urine. As I was absent from Paris on that day (February 2) I was unable to see him before the next morning, but two skilful surgeons, who had been called in during the night, had made several fruitless attempts to relieve him. Having had him placed in a bath, I was more successful; and accomplished the desired object, though with difficulty. He supported a painful operation with great courage and resignation, but the organ affected having been struck with paralysis, he was kept in bed, and subjected to the usual treatment in such cases. "From that period I visited him regularly every day, with my medical brethren, Doctors Guersent, sen, Nicholas and Giron de Buzareingues."

La Fayette slowly improved. . . . "The organ affected recovered a portion of its power of contraction. . . . He was still tormented by slight fits of flying gout, which successively attacked the joints of the lower limbs, the bronchia, the digestive organs and the eyelids." But he got back to his desk and to some of his lighter duties. He was eager to be out; yet knew that he must obey orders. His house was besieged by his friends. Few were admitted. Princess Christine de Belgiojoso (her maiden name was Trivulzi) waited on him assiduously. He had "adopted her among the number of his children." M. Cloquet says: "I often found this excellent lady by his bedside; her information, no less solid than varied, and the

charms of her conversation, beguiled his fatigues, and made him at times forgetful of his sufferings. La Fayette often spoke to me of this lady's rare merit, of her nobleness of character, and of her benevolence towards her unfortunate compatriots."

Soon La Fayette had so far recovered as to be able to take the air in his carriage. "His appetite improved, his strength increased, he recovered his gayety; and the affected organ resumed some degree of energy. Every morning he took a drive to Beausejour, a country house at the entrance of the Bois de Boulogne. He passed the greater part of the day there, with his granddaughter, Madame Adolphe Perrier, who had retired there to take care of one of her children." He read the journals; talked of the affairs of France; discussed his friends' affairs much more than his own. Frequently he "spoke of America which he regarded as his second country—the country of his affections." He was ordered to take a few spoonfuls of Madeira wine. "Above all," said he to Bastien, "give me that from Lagrange; it will do me more good." The Madeira at Lagrange had come in the form of gifts from dear friends and old comrades in the United States.

"On the 9th of May," continues M. Cloquet, "the sky, which in the morning had been clear and serene, was in a few hours afterwards covered with thick clouds. The wind became high, the temperature of the air suddenly lowered, a thunderstorm came on, and the rain fell in torrents. La Fayette, who had gone out to make his habitual excursions to Beausejour, had not taken sufficient precaution to secure himself against the sudden change in the atmosphere; he was exposed for some minutes to a cold northwest wind, and was, moreover, wet by the rain. On his return he was ill and oppressed, and felt acute pain in his limbs. During

my first visit the following morning he was seized with a general shivering, which, in half an hour afterward, was followed by a violent feverish reaction. From that period the fits were renewed in irregular and quick succession; and besides the patient's situation was aggravated by coma, and other nervous symptoms. For some days, a painful swelling was manifested near the organ originally affected." La Fayette was patience itself. He suffered with smiles. Bastien, worn with constant watching, sometimes fell asleep in the room; and, though his services were needed, La Fayette would not permit him to be awakened. Our good Boswellian doctor adds:

"One morning, on my arrival, La Fayette regarded me with a smile, and giving me his hand exclaimed: '*The Swiss Gazette* has just killed me, and yet you know nothing of the matter! Nay, more—that I might die in due form, the celebrated Doctor ——, whom I hardly know, has been consulted.' He then handed me the paper, which contained the false statement, adding: 'After that, believe the public journals if you can!'

"During his malady, La Fayette was very fond of a small white bitch, which he had received, I believe, from Madame de Bourck, and which never quitted him. The animal permitted nobody except Bastien to approach her master's clothes when he was in bed, expressed joy or sorrow according as he felt better or worse, and might have served as a thermometer to indicate the state of his health. She followed Bastien to Lagrange."

When La Fayette was told by his doctors that they had decided to consult other physicians, he asked: "To what purpose?" "We think," replied M. Guersent, "that we have done what is best in your case, but were there only a simple remedy that might escape us, it is our duty to seek it. We wish to restore you as soon as possible to health, for we are responsible for your

situation towards your family, your friends and the French nation of whom you are the father." "Yes, their father," said La Fayette, with a smile, "on condition that they never follow a syllable of my advice!"

Such was La Fayette's last summing up of his lack of grand achievement in his own country during a devoted life. He was on his deathbed. His main achievement, as he well knew, was in America. But reviewing upon his pillow, solemnly, the work done for liberty in France he must have felt that his people were moving away from darkness and towards the light. Perverse, indeed, they were—hard to persuade, hard to lead and hard to hold when finally induced to follow; but there had been a great betterment of the masses in his time and much of the improvement is to be credited to him.

Professors Fouquier, Marjolin and Andral consulted with La Fayette's attending physicians. La Fayette found old friends among them; he greeted them heartily, but he knew that they could not help him. At times he became melancholy, but for the most part was resigned. "Life," said he, "is like the flame of a lamp; when the oil is out the light is extinguished and all is over." "Out, out brief candle!" was Shakespeare's way of expressing it.

MM. Girou and Cloquet were with their patient almost constantly. "On the 20th of May," says the latter, "about one o'clock in the morning, the gravity of the symptoms increased. Respiration, which for the last eight-and-forty hours had been much impeded, became still more difficult, and the danger of suffocation was more imminent. Drowsiness, delirium and prostration of strength became more decidedly pronounced; and at twenty minutes past four o'clock in the morning, La Fayette expired in our arms. A few minutes before he breathed his last, La Fayette opened his

eyes, and fixed them with a look of affection upon his children, who surrounded his bed, as if to bless them, and bid them an eternal adieu. He pressed my hand convulsively, experienced a slight degree of contraction in the forehead and eyebrows, and drew in a deep and lengthened breath, which was immediately followed by a last sigh. His pulse ceased to beat. His end was that of a good man, who abandons the world without fear or remorse—that of the wise man mentioned by La Fontaine:

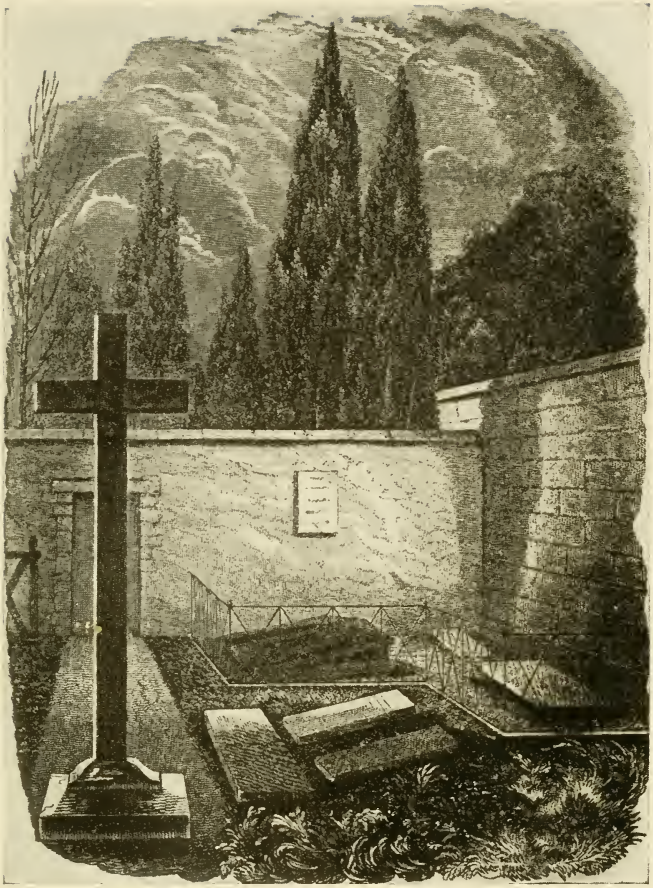
"*Approche-t-il du but? quitte-t-il ce séjour*
Rien ne trouble sa fin; c'est le soir d'un beau jour."[16]

M. David took a plaster cast of the features. Ary Scheffer made a painting of them. Madame de Maubourg (Anastasie) knelt by the bed and sketched them most lovingly. M. Cloquet also used his pencil in order to preserve the death-scene. As for Bastien, he was seized with the idea of burning around La Fayette's remains some of those wax-candles left by Lord Cornwallis at his headquarters at Yorktown and subsequently sent all the way oversea to Lagrange.

La Fayette's death was noted with sorrow throughout the world. John Quincy Adams, in Congress, gave eloquent voice to America's grief and gratitude. House and Senate went into mourning and recommended the people to do likewise. President Jackson ordered the army and navy to give La Fayette all the honors paid to Washington.

In Paris the funeral was one of the great events of the year. An immense throng filled the streets. Tri-color standards adorned each corner of the bier,

[16] The eulogy appears in a volume entitled: "Oration on the Life and Character of Gilbert Motier de La Fayette, delivered at the request of both houses of the Congress of the United States, before them in the House of Representatives at Washington, on the 31st of December, 1834, by John Quincy Adams, a member of the House."



TOMB OF LA FAYETTE, IN PICPUS CEMETERY, PARIS

From a drawing by M. Jules Cloquet, M.D., and reproduced in his "*Souvenirs sur la vie privée du Général La Fayette.*" The enclosure as shown here is oblong, with walls and three entrances. It contains two rows of mausoleums belonging to the families De Noailles, De Grammont, De Montaigu, and others of distinguished name. The two rows of tombs are separated by a gravel path, at the extremity of which is a stone cross. At the southeast angle of the ground is the LaFayette plot. General LaFayette's grave is fenced off with an iron railing. It is topped by two large black marble slabs, slightly inclined. Mme. de La Fayette's grave is side by side with her husband's.

following which was Bastien bearing his General's sword and epaulets. Soldiers formed a double line on each side of the cortege. The procession moved from the Rue d'Anjou to the Church of the Assumption, where La Fayette's old soldiers, who filled the porch, seized the coffin and bore it into the sanctuary. From the church the procession crossed the city by the interior boulevards to the cemetery of Picpus, where La Fayette was buried by the side of Madame de La Fayette, then twenty-five years in her grave. According to the "Memoirs of Bertrand Barère," vol. iv, p. 236, La Fayette had caused to be shipped to France a ton of the soil of Bunker Hill to cover his coffin. He felt that he belonged to America; and now all Americans[17] feel that they owe unending homage to him.

[17] Hence General Pershing's Picpus pilgrimage, upon the arrival of the American vanguard at Paris; hence, also, President Wilson's dutiful and patriotic obeisance when, on June 7, 1919, in the final scene of the World War, he placed on the tomb a bronze wreath inscribed: "To the Great La Fayette, from a Fellow Servant of Liberty."

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